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“HOSS”
DOCTOR



By
R. J. DINSMORE, M.D.V.

WAVERLY HOUSE - BOSTON

1940

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Foreword

THIS story of my life has been a bone of contention between my son and me for some time. He argued that it was entertaining and instructive, that it had novelty, significance and drama, and therefore that it was one of the very rare stories which was just begging to be told. I maintained that nobody would read it. He tried all the arguments he could muster to change my mind but none did until he adopted a stratagem.

He wrote down all the stories he heard me tell about my practice and, on one of those unusual days when I was in a receptive mood, he presented them to me. I read them at first just to humor him, but later with some interest. They didn't seem so bad after all. Then I compared them with the anecdotes in published autobiographies and concluded that the boy was certainly right. If people read these others, they would, I then thought, read mine.

In fact, I was surprised to discover that I had lived such an interesting life and that the people I had known as just "people" were in reality "characters" — many of them unusually fascinating. I had, perhaps, been too busy to realize what was evidently quite apparent to my son.

Therefore, thanks are due to him for his persistence (or cussedness!) in insisting that the book be written. And thanks are due further for his work in gathering, selecting, and organizing the material.

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BOOK I. BOTTLE AND ROPE

1. The Twig Is Bent

IN 1891, when I was sixteen, a railroad gate crashed down on my father and injured him seriously. As a result of the accident, I found myself in full charge of the livery stable he operated in West Medford, Massachusetts. That was one of the most difficult jobs I ever had.

Since I was twelve, I had worked as stable boy, groom and general helper around the livery so I knew a little of what to expect. But just a little, for I didn't realize things went so smoothly only because certain people suspected that Dad, because of his commanding personality and extraordinary physical strength, could more than take care of himself in a fight.

The fact that the owner of the stable was my father didn't make the job any easier for me; on the contrary, I had to make good just as much as any other employee. Dad had taught us that we got what we earned in this life and not one bit more. Exactly what we earned is what he paid us. So when I took charge of the livery, I knew what was expected of me: I must keep the business going as well as he had done, and when, and if, he got better, he would expect to find his horses as sleek as ever and as fit for their work as when he turned them over to me.

To add spice to this assignment, I, being the oldest of five children (four others had died), was now the only wage earner. We weren't rich—far from it. We depended upon that stable for our living. The income was derived from four sources: the

collection and delivery of express, rentals, the "hurry-up" wagon for the police, and cab service. The business was lucrative enough for us to have severe competition—how severe I didn't realize until one stormy day shortly after Dad's accident.

It was cold with a northeast blizzard raging. I was thanking my lucky stars our stand was on the lee side of the station where my horses—I was driving a pair—could rest without facing the teeth of the gale. On a day like that when horses are heated up as much as mine were from their afternoon's work, they should not be allowed to stand in the wind or they might develop pneumonia or the flu. Knowing this, you can imagine my surprise and concern when I arrived at the station only to find our stand occupied by one of our rivals, Harry Allen. Nothing like this had ever happened before. Allen, a big beefy fellow weighing at least two hundred, was standing in the shelter of the doorway and pretending not to see me.

"Mr. Allen," I hollered above the roar of the wind, "back up a bit!"

He didn't answer. He was seemingly too occupied in brushing the snow off of his mackinaw to notice me.

"Allen!" I yelled again. "That's our stand—back up!"

He deigned to notice me this time. "Go to hell!" he shouted out of the side of his mouth.

Well, that certainly told me where he stood. I was young enough to get ripping mad. I threw down my reins, telling the horses to "stand still," and jumped down into the snow. I wallowed over to Allen's horses and was going to back them up myself when he sprang into action. He grabbed his whip and made for me.

"Beat it, you bastard!" The whip whistled through the air and cracked against the seat of my pants. "Beat it!"

I was beside myself now. I caught at his whip, wrenched it

from his grasp and broke it into bits. He lunged at me. While he had nearly a seventy-pound advantage over me in weight, I was wiry and hard-muscled. So it wasn't going to be a one-sided fight by any means. I sidestepped as he lunged but his foot struck me a glancing blow on the hip, sending me spinning.

Before I could regain my balance, he was onto me again. His arms swept about me in a crushing bear hug. A smell compounded of whiskey, Allen and chewing tobacco almost turned my stomach. A button on his mackinaw ground into my cheek as he tried to squeeze the wind out of me. I hooked a leg behind one of his knees and then shoved. He crashed down into the snow, landing on his back. I popped out of his arms like the jack out of a jack-in-the-box.

I was on my feet first. He got up rather slowly, breathing heavily. When he lunged at me this time, I fainted towards his stomach and when his guard came down, I let him have a straight left to the nose. The result was gratifying—as nice a bloody nose as you ever saw. Allen was licked but he still tried to fight. I didn't want to knock him out, but on the other hand, my horses were out there in the cold wind and I couldn't afford to let them get chilled.

“Are you going to move your horses, Allen?”

“Naw you—.”

I let him have rights and lefts to the jaw until someone grabbed me by the back of the neck. “All right, Dinsmore. I seen the whole thing. I'll be locking you up.” It was Mackley, a West Medford police officer.

So that was it? Mackley and Allen were pretty thick. The officer didn't like the idea of my driving the hurry-up wagon for one thing and for another, he thought his friend Allen should have the job. After all, the Dinsmores had the cream of all the work. One of the best ways to convince the town officials

of my unfitness for the job was to arrest me for assault and battery.

For a moment I was so astonished I didn't do a thing. The whole situation was hard for me to grasp. I had been brought up to believe that if I worked hard and minded my own business, no one would ever molest me. Surely no one had ever challenged Dad in this way. Why not? Suddenly the text of a sermon I had heard flashed through my mind: "For unto everyone that hath shall be given and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath." My adolescent mind didn't probe for the deeper, spiritual meaning of the words but rather accepted them on a material basis. My father had been successful because he was one of those who *had*. I was being challenged because, being nothing but a sixteen-year-old kid, I *had not*. Well, I'd show them their mistake.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw a friend of mine grab Allen's arms and keep the irate and half drunk "cabby" from hitting me while Mackley held me. I started to twist in Mackley's grasp. His arm went up. I knew that in a moment his nightstick would crack against my skull so I bent over quickly, dodged and broke his grip. He tried to get me with the night stick again so I swung on him. The blow connected with his jaw and was enough to make him proceed with caution.

"Assaultin' an officer and resistin' arrest will only make it all the tougher for you, Dinsmore."

I had a retort ready. "Arrest me, Mackley, and you'll have to explain where you were at midnight, the night before last."

The effect of the words was almost magic. His attitude had a reversal of form. He suggested that Allen back up so I could get my horses out of the wind. Allen grudgingly complied, and there the matter ended. I didn't know for sure where Mackley

had been at midnight a couple of nights before but I had heard he was frequenting a house where it was better for an officer not to be seen. Evidently I had happened to hit the right night.

That experience was typical of the sort of thing I had to contend with the first few weeks. It was not the kind of job to fill a youthful mind with high ideals and a deep inspiring love for his fellow man. It seemed that almost daily some sort of trick was played on me. My rivals indulged in price cutting, they scattered rumors to the effect that Dinsmore's livery stable was not in operation since the accident and even framed up an accusation that I didn't turn in the money I collected for the express company. I met these charges sometimes with my wits and other times, I regret to say, with my fists.

The job of driving the hurry-up wagon for the police was not without its dangers. One night Mackley and I (after our little altercation he treated me well) had to go down on the banks of the Mystic river to pick up some fellows who were catching alewives illegally. There was good money in selling these fish as bait. This particular night these fellows were determined not to be disturbed. I was just drawing up close to the shore when something whipped over my head with a whining drone of a hornet. A shot rang out. Then more shots, all too close to us for comfort. The horse I was driving named Smuggler (Smuggler was a former race horse by the way) sensed the danger. He trembled, pawed and stamped to be on his way. I was scared stiff but I wasn't going to let Mackley see it. I wouldn't turn Smuggler around until the officer said the word. I didn't have long to wait, though.

"My God, Jack, you don't think I'm goin' to argue with *that* crowd, do you? Let's beat it!"

I pulled on one of the reins. Smuggler leaped sharply to the

left. One of the front wheels of the hurry-up wagon ground under the body, canted it sharply. I could have reached out and touched the ground—we were pitched that far over. “Go! Smuggler, go!” He took the bit between his teeth and leaped ahead. Mackley and I leaned towards the upside like a bobsled team on a turn. The wheel groaned out from under the body. The wagon jolted into its proper position. Thus, with bullets whizzing merrily overhead, we beat a hasty and disorderly retreat. The next time we went after that gang we had plenty of re-enforcements—a squad for each bank of the river in fact.

Another time I had to assist in a raid on a disorderly house (as the place was euphemistically called). One of the officers brought out two protesting prostitutes and instructed me to take them by the back of their respective necks and hang onto them. While I was thus “hanging onto” these women, one of their bosses came flying around from the back of the house, intent on rescuing them. Somehow he had dodged the fellow assigned to the back door. I was hardly in a position to defend myself. In fact, I was having all I could do to tame my protesting prisoners. We were standing on the sidewalk beside the gate. He had to come through the gate to get at us. That was my only chance and I took it. Just as he reached the gate I shoved out my foot, tripping him. He sailed through the air. But not with the greatest of ease for he landed hard and full on his face and lay still.

“You’ve kilt ’im! You’ve kilt ’im!” one of the prostitutes screamed.

That was a bad moment for me for I actually believed he was seriously hurt. When the officers came out a little later with the rest of the prisoners, I had some worse moments. My victim was fully ten minutes coming to. And during those ten minutes I was thinking of all the things that would happen if he didn’t. How I’d be charged with manslaughter or even worse, second

degree murder. I'd be jailed and there'd be no one to look after the stable, in that case, how could the folks eat?

The expenses caused by Dad's injuries were very high—we were cutting into our savings already—and with me out of the way even for a few months, it would be pretty hard on the family. I suppose I was overtired or I wouldn't have worked myself up into such a state. I was working day and night seven days a week so there was plenty of excuse for my nervous condition. But I should have had common sense enough to know the fellow was only knocked out. He came to all right and, fortunately, believed that he had tripped over something. Of course we weren't supposed to use rough tactics on these people unless they got tough—in which case we were permitted to put them to sleep with a billy.

But under no circumstances were we to punch their noses or cause any serious wounds. This fellow looked not only as if his nose had been punched repeatedly but also as if I'd gone to work with a curry-comb and scraped his face until the blood ran. So I had more bad moments on the way to the station. Would the officers tell the Chief I had tripped him? If they did, I'd be lucky to keep the job of driving the hurry-up wagon. After all, other people besides the Dinsmores owned vehicles which could readily be adapted to this work.

At headquarters the Chief took one look at the bleeding prisoner. "What happened to him?" He scowled at the Sergeant.

One of the prostitutes answered. "Dis pimp t'rew 'im down!" She leveled an accusing finger at me.

"Naw!" the fellow denied. "Dat half-pint t'row me down like dat? Naw. I tripped over somethin'."

"I'm talking to the Sergeant," the Chief snapped. "Just what happened?"

The Sergeant knew darned well I had tripped him and so did the other officers. If Mackley had been there, he might have told the truth and caused me a lot of trouble but these other fellows liked me. "The guy is right, Chief. He tried to give us the slip—almost got away too but he tripped over something and knocked himself cold."

The others assented. The Chief didn't pay any attention to the prostitutes. So I breathed easy once again.

The only antidote for the kind of daily life I was leading came on Sundays when I sang in the choir at Grace Church, Medford. The church was another world. If I developed any good qualities at all during my adolescence it was due to Dr. Charles L. Hutchins, and later in the period, Arthur B. Morehouse, rectors of Grace Church. It was in the church, too, that I realized I was paying a price for my quickness with my fists. My fighting and my black hair had earned me a title which stuck: the Black Devil of West Medford.

I was proud of the appellation at first for business rivals began to respect me and it carried with it a certain aura of reliability. Dinsmore might be tough, but he got you there on time. Indeed, I suspect that some of the good ladies of Medford were pleased to have the Black Devil as their guardian and temporary coachman when they ventured forth to the station or down town to the stores. The fact that they needed no protection in peaceful West Medford and the fact that most of the fighting occurred in connection with my duties on the "hurry-up" wagon made no difference to them.

They built up my reputation and augmented it not too judiciously, so that I was characterized as a colorful, and to a certain extent a somewhat lovable, rogue. But in the church it was a different matter. I said that the church was another world, but it was not a forgiving world. I was seldom spoken

to by members of the congregation and if I was noticed at all, it was with a distant, very distant bow, or a cold How-do-you-do.

Once or twice I overheard a whispered "Black Devil" and turned in time to see a young girl quickly stifle a look of interest. This made me feel like a modern François Villon but that feeling was evanescent and in no way compensated for the slights I received from the type of people with whom I wished to associate.

One of the few exceptions to this rule was Thomas Wright, a genial business man, the owner of a prosperous gold-leaf manufacturing plant, who, by the way, had the cutest little ten year old daughter in the church. Thomas Wright was one of the few who paid little or no attention to a man's or boy's reputation but found out what he was like for himself.

He and I used to have some enjoyable chats but he was so far above me both socially and financially that it was years before I summoned up the courage to accept his invitation to call at his house. And I only found the courage then because Mary Elizabeth, the daughter, was growing into a most interesting young woman.

After the first few weeks in charge of the livery stable I had little difficulty in maintaining the business end of it on an even keel. My rivals kept out of my way. But I did have a little trouble with the second duty which I had. Namely, keeping the horses in perfect health.

We had eight horses at the time and to keep the business going we needed all eight of them every day in the week. So, in a way, the success of the stable rested mainly on the health of the horses. The responsibility for their health rested not on the shoulders of the horse doctor—for his shoulders were inadequate—but on the man who was in charge of the stable.

And so, my early interest in veterinary medicine was compulsory.

Nor was it easy to keep the horses healthy, for I did not have strict control of their diet. If that had been the case, all I should have done was follow Dad's feeding schedule. He used to give them hay twice a day and four quarts of oats three times a day—that is, he did so unless he was pretty sure they were fed elsewhere. You see, much of our business was rental—we were the "Drive Yourself" headquarters of West Medford—and it was difficult for me to tell what the hirer had fed the horse, if at all. We didn't ask the customer whether he had let the horse browse beside the road for such a question was embarrassing. That would have been the equivalent of a "Drive Yourself" representative of today asking a client if he had used the car to park with his girl friend.

Most of our customers were young people, very much in love, and yearning for the intimacy of a drive in the country. Young people in love being what they are, they often gave the horse little titbits, like sugar, and even more often, the young swain would hang up the reins and let the steed browse beside the road while he made love to his sweetheart. A nice arrangement for the lovers. But the poor fellow in charge of the stable had a detective job on his hands if he wasn't going to overfeed the horse.

I remember one horse which had me worried. He was gentle, easy to handle and therefore one of the favorites. One day he went off his feed. I didn't know what to do so I called a horse doctor.

"The flu," he pronounced immediately. "Bad, pretty bad. But I'll see what I can do."

He mixed up some laudanum, salt petre and a conglomeration of other drugs and gave it all to the poor horse. "Let me

know how he is in the morning," he instructed and before I had a chance to answer, his hand was out. "That'll be two dollars, please." I paid him and he drove off at a mad rate as if he didn't have another minute to live.

I got up several times that night and watched the horse. I noticed that his bowels didn't move. I didn't say anything to the folks. They were worried enough about Dad who, in addition to the expected abrasions and contusions, was suffering a ruptured spleen. There was no need of worrying them any more. If I lost even one horse though, with the heavy expenses of Dad's accident, we'd have had a tough time making both ends meet.

The next morning the horse was no better. I knew now why Dad had never called a horse doctor. Not one of those available at the time knew as much about a horse as he did and in this case, since the horse had no fever, it was obvious, even to me, that it was not the "flu." I decided that he must have eaten a lot of tough, indigestible grass which had bound him up. I remembered that Dad used to have the druggist make up a physic ball which he gave in such a case. So I went down to the drug store and got the clerk to make one up—it was fortunate that he remembered the contents. I administered that and to make sure of a good job, gave the patient an enema. That was all the treatment he needed.

It wasn't long before I got so I could size up a couple nearly as well as Dad. Quite an accomplishment for a sixteen year old! If the couple were very much in love, I was sure the horse would do more browsing than working. I learned to check my opinion by the condition of the horse when he returned. If he was obviously fresh and had been out several hours, I knew he hadn't done any work. So he got less to eat. I learned one lesson while in charge of the livery that later scientific work has

supported, and that is that diet is the most important single factor in the maintenance of health.

I had another experience at about the same time which helped to nourish my incipient interest in veterinary medicine. It was a slight accident to Smuggler. It came about in this way. People never allowed enough time to get to the station to catch a train without making a race of it.

This was fine for Smuggler who always liked an excuse to race but the roads weren't in nearly such good condition as the race track. We were tearing around a corner one day in an attempt to catch the train when Smuggler lost his footing in the loose gravel. He staggered and stumbled as he fought to keep his balance. Finally he went down on one knee. He was up again in a moment and off to the station. I let him go for he didn't seem to be hurt. However, at the station I noticed blood was running down his leg. He had scraped his knee badly in the gravel. Dirt and small stones were imbedded in the wound. A horse doctor happened along—or at least, a man who called himself a horse doctor—and told me to do the wound up in vaseline immediately. This didn't make sense to me. Bind up a wound when it was full of bits of stone and dirt? Dad had always been fussy about cleaning out a wound and letting the air get at it. It seemed to me that vaseline would seal the dirt in and keep the air out.

So I did what Dad would recommend and not what this pseudo-veterinarian suggested. I procured some carbolic acid and washed the wound in the solution, being careful to get out every trace of dirt. I got a kick out of this—especially out of watching it heal. The carbolic acid made for quick healing and the prompt removal of the dirt and stones relieved Smuggler of a lot of pain. He was off the road only a few days. It's lucky I never tried carbolic acid on a small animal, though. A

dog or cat, in licking his wounds would surely be poisoned if there were any carbolic acid on them.

My interest in the health of Dad's horses was much less of a chore than it would have been had I not entertained the notion that I would some day become a physician. The earliest memory I have of this interest in human medicine dates back to the time I overindulged while on a visit to Grandma and was introduced to the singularly bitter cathartic known as Gregory's powders. The results were so prompt and so startling that I began to speculate about the effects of other drugs on the human system.

When I grew up, I'd be the kindly doctor who never prescribed Gregory's powders or castor oil for little boys who had over-eaten. I'd find something else, something like candy, which would do just as well. This juvenile ambition matured somewhat when diphtheria broke out in the neighborhood and visited our household. The physicians were helpless. I won't go into the horror of death from diphtheria—that has been dwelt upon often enough already. Two deaths from it occurred in my own family. These deaths brought home to me as nothing else ever could, the inadequacy of medical science at the time. I wanted to fight this disease and lick it. I wanted to fight all diseases and lick them.

00 When I was in my teens and particularly while I was running
the livery stable, I talked about medicine with every physician
who would discuss it with me. None of them were very responsive. In those days, the doctor was looked up to by all and sundry as a member of a highly esoteric group whose mission in life was to relieve human suffering. He was almost worshiped. Indeed, in the nineties, God ran a poor second to the physician in this respect. Naturally they were reticent with a young layman. One shouldn't approach the unapproachable. However, I soon suspected that their lack of responsiveness was due not to a

natural reticence or modesty, but to ignorance. Ignorance which was neatly hidden beneath a silk hat and an impressive grey beard.

This conclusion was partly correct. They didn't know much compared with today's standards, but they did know more than I gave them credit for. For a time, discouraged by their attitude, I gave up the idea of becoming a physician and thought seriously of the laboratory. There I'd be fighting in the front lines against disease. Vaccine therapy had been discovered. To my youthful mind the physician would become nothing more than the laboratory man's delivery boy distributing the serums, vaccines and antitoxins he discovered.

But this phase of my development didn't last long. My common sense told me I'd never stand the laboratory. I was too active, too restless. So again I began tentatively to think of becoming a physician. Perhaps by the time I would be graduated a large percentage of diseases could be cured. I'd then feel I was earning my money. Or would I? Somehow I couldn't see myself in a tall silk hat, carrying a cane and accepting the adulation plus the money of trusting patients. Deep down inside of me, I'd know I wasn't worthy either of money or praise. And there was always the possibility that I'd lose a patient. I'd always blame myself, or at least feel that I could have done something else to prevent the death.

By the time Dad got better, I was beginning to think seriously of veterinary medicine. I was proud to turn the horses over to him in as good condition as when his accident happened several months before. I had enjoyed looking after their health. However, I kept quiet about my ambition to become a horse doctor for several years for I was too young to consider going to a veterinary school. When I did mention it, the term "horse doctor" invariably brought one reaction. After a hearty laugh,

the gentleman would place a fatherly hand on my shoulder and advise me to stick to something honest—like livery stable work.

Nobody was laughed at more than the horse doctor. Horse doctors were supposed to be a coarse, ignorant group who had made a failure of blacksmithing or farming and had turned to "doctoring." That they actually knew anything about medicine was an absurd notion. In spite of my experience with horse doctors, I didn't agree with this. True, some of them didn't know a thing about medicine but I think that every one of these, including those with whom I had come in contact, were not real veterinarians, but farriers.

In the old days, anybody could set himself up as an animal doctor, for a license was not required. But not anybody could get through a veterinary school. I knew one Harvard Veterinary School graduate, the son of my dentist. What this young man didn't know about medicine was hardly worth knowing. He may have been an exception, of course, but I realized that if every veterinary student had to be as brilliant as he, things were going to happen in the profession.

Then one day I had an aching tooth, so I looked up Dr. Gage, this young man's father. I don't remember how he treated the tooth but I do remember that our talk about veterinary medicine was so interesting I didn't even notice the pain. He taught me the real significance of veterinary medicine. He made me see that horse doctors were important not only to horses but to every man, woman and child in the nation.

Before we had horse doctors—I mean graduate horse doctors—losses of cattle and sheep were so extensive as to threaten our meat and wool supplies. The veterinarian rescued both. In so doing he performed a service vital to the economic life of our country, for without a prosperous livestock industry no national economy of our type could survive.

Dr. Gage made another point, one that I had thought of only vaguely. That is, that the vet, and only the vet, is in a position to stamp out completely those diseases which are transmissible from animal to man. The general public—and that means you—is no healthier than the milk it drinks and the meat it eats. The vet would make this milk and meat safe.

You can well imagine that after this conversation with Dr. Gage my enthusiasm for veterinary medicine burst into flame. It has been burning steadily ever since. True, I've been the butt of a lot of jokes but like all vets, I have a sense of humor and don't give a damn. I could afford to let people laugh. They were laughing at a representative of a profession without which they might not be alive to laugh. So after all, the joke was on them—or you, if you've been one of them.

Now I was more than reassured as to the possibilities of the veterinary profession. I could expect a good medical education, if I could get into Harvard. I could fight in the front lines against many of the diseases which were threatening mankind. I could feel that I earned my fees, for I was choosing a profession which even then was licking a large percentage of the diseases it had to fight. In brief, I felt I was tackling an important job—a job which would give me no end of satisfaction in its execution. But even at that I had underestimated both its importance and the amount of personal satisfaction I was to obtain.

As for getting into Harvard, I had my doubts. I had worked full time since I was twelve years old so all the formal education I had was in grammar school. However, I had studied a lot and I flattered myself into thinking I had learned far more than most high school pupils. Now if I could convince Harvard of that . . .

2. Veterinary School

I NEEDN'T have worried about getting into the Harvard Veterinary School. The Board of Admission was composed of gentlemen who didn't care what formal education a prospective student had had so long as he was endowed with a certain amount of intelligence and common sense. Such a man was expected to have educated himself in both elementary and secondary school subjects and be on speaking terms with at least one science. I had done all that.

My science was zoology. Of course I had to take an examination. But fortunately it was designed, not so much as a test of factual knowledge, as to determine what aptitude, if any, the prospective student had for veterinary medicine. Evidently I had the required aptitude for I was admitted. In the fall of 1896 I started to study veterinary medicine. I haven't stopped yet.

In talking with clients, particularly new clients, I have been impressed by one thing: their lack of knowledge of the breadth of a horse doctor's education. It is not unusual for me to be instructed in the most elementary subjects. For instance, only recently one of my clients, a leading business man, instructed me to use sterile instruments and rubber gloves in the preparation of a specimen for bacteriological investigation by the Harvard laboratory. As if I didn't know! I smiled to myself.

This gentleman didn't realize that his horse doctor had made such an impression on the Harvard bigwigs during his under-

graduate days that they wanted him to continue in the laboratory as an histologist and research assistant on the completion of his veterinary course. Naturally I couldn't expect my client to know that, since I haven't advertised it, but I was surprised that an allegedly well-informed gentleman would think any veterinarian would not know how to prepare a specimen for bacteriological investigation.

The reason for such ignorance is not hard to find. It is due in part to the old notion that there is no distinction between the veterinarian and the farrier, and also to the fact that horse doctors have always had to be a close-mouthed group who have said very little about themselves and their work.

At the Harvard Veterinary School, I found I was getting as good an education as the medicos. In fact, there was little distinction between a veterinary student and a medical student except that the latter studied more human anatomy and pathology and the former concerned himself more with animal pathology. This welding of the two groups, while ideal as far as education was concerned, led to a lot of friction. Embryo physicians didn't like to rub shoulders with incipient horse doctors. Many of them refused to understand the reason for the veterinary students' presence. However, every intelligent student of either branch of medicine could not have failed to grasp the importance of the inter-relation between the two groups.

Harvard made it obvious that a horse doctor was a lot more than a doctor of animals; they made it clear that it was the horse doctor's job to know and understand the symptoms of all animal-to-man diseases both in animals and in humans. And in order not to be confused by diseases which have similar symptoms in man to those maladies which have an animal vector, the horse doctor had to study human pathology.

In such courses as chemistry, histology, physiology, human pathology and etiology, we studied in the same classes and under the same instructors as the medical students. One reason we were heartily detested was that being in the same classes we had a chance to show up the medical students. I was very unpopular with them because I was the only one in the whole school who couldn't be stumped on qualitative analysis—and being a “vet” student, that was a crime which could not be forgiven. As a matter of fact, I saw to it that they didn't want to forgive it—in other words, the friction between the two groups wasn't wholly the fault of the young physicians.

It was easy to see that the school wouldn't last long: one or the other had to go eventually and of course it had to be the vets. Harvard was, and is, one of the finest medical schools in the country and it could not afford to let a small group of horse doctors cause continual dissatisfaction among its medical students. Luckily for me, the final showdown didn't happen until several years after I had been graduated.

In conjunction with this policy of joint education of the two groups, we vets were given the privilege of witnessing operations at the surgical amphitheater in the Massachusetts General Hospital. This feature of our study deserves comment.

Many physicians have scoffed at the idea that students can learn anything from witnessing operations. That may be true today when there are so many assistants and nurses crowded around the table it is impossible to see either the surgeon or his patient. Dressed all in white, including masks and headgear, the observer might well believe this group a bunch of ghosts at a quilting bee—except that, presumably, you can see through ghosts.

In the late nineties, however, the picture was entirely different. Usually there were only three people near the table: the

surgeon, the anesthetist and the operating nurse. The nurse was invariably well over the half century mark so she never distracted the students from the business at hand. The anesthetist and the nurse kept out of the way as much as possible so we could see what the surgeon was doing. Any assistants usually sat in the front row of the amphitheater or kept well away from the table until they got a nod from the surgeon. The dress was similar to what is worn today except that the mask was omitted. Surgeons didn't go in for histrionics in those days.

The actual protection which masks afford the patient is very slight unless the surgeon drivels—which might well be the case, for a man is old enough to drivel these days before he is considered capable of wielding a surgeon's knife.

With so few people around the operating table we students absorbed a lot of surgical technique. It was fascinating to watch their gestures, the way they made incisions and dissected away offending lesions. We used to practice imitating the gestures in order to develop our own techniques so when our turn to operate came, whether our patient was human or animal, we had little difficulty.

Of the many great surgeons we were privileged to see at work two impressed me particularly: Dr. Morris Richardson and Dr. Arthur Cabot. Dr. Richardson used to wheel in a portable blackboard and set it up beside the operating table. While the patient was going under the anesthetic, he would casually do a feat that would stump almost any artist. Using both hands simultaneously, he'd sketch exactly what he was going to do, drawing the muscles, veins, arteries and nerves in different colored chalk. When he finished, the picture was so graphic even a layman could understand it and after a little study any one of us students could have made a pretty good stab at the

operation. We learned plenty from Dr. Richardson's ambidextrous sketching.

A man I shall never forget is Dr. Arthur Cabot. He was a little man. His arms at their thickest point were no bigger than an ordinary man's wrist. Yet there was no job too big for him to tackle. I remember one operation in particular which gave all us students a case of the jitters.

A woman had a sarcoma of the thigh bone—one of the most dreaded of all cancers. The only chance for her was to remove the offending limb at the hip joint. Dr. Cabot was to do the job. How he could ever summon up enough strength from his frail body to twist the femur out of its socket was more than we could understand. That is a job which calls for at least average forearms and wrists. We thought that for once the great surgeon had bitten off more than he could chew.

As soon as the anesthetist turned the patient over to him, Dr. Cabot was prepared. He lifted the amputation knife, poised it a fraction of a second as he studied the contour of the thigh. Perhaps there was a little tightening at the corners of his mouth but other than that there was no sign of emotion. Then the knife swept down and around the thigh in a perfect circle, slicing clean to the bone. A few strokes of the bone saw and the leg was off. In less time than it takes to tell it, he slashed along the side of the stump as far as the hip joint. Then came the thing that almost jerked us students out of our seats.

Where we had expected a long struggle and possible failure, Dr. Cabot gave us a demonstration of strength and skill such as we had never witnessed before. His small hands, hooked talon-like, dove and wrapped around the femur in a grip of steel. A lift and a twist and the bone was clear. That was all there was to it. Of course, a few arteries were spurting blood. Dr. Cabot nodded to Dr. Homans who was sitting in the front

row of the amphitheater. Homans got up, sidestepped the blood and calmly plugged the arteries with his thumb and fingers.

Cabot then tied them off and an interne sutured the wound. About three weeks later, Dr. Cabot proudly wheeled the lady into the amphitheater and, much to her embarrassment proceeded to display her stump. It had healed perfectly. It is no wonder that, after seeing so much surgical skill, many of us nursed ambitions in surgical as well as medical directions. I still preferred medicine but after that I was never averse to the use of the surgeon's knife.

Things didn't always go perfectly in the amphitheater, however. I was present at one operation which is probably the basis of a story, many versions of which I have heard subsequently. It was a case of cancer of the breast. Even in those days, the prognosis was favorable if the lesion were caught in time. But usually women were so prudish about displaying their bosoms, the cancer had burrowed between the ribs before a physician or surgeon got a look at it. It had been so in this case. The surgeon operated. It was a difficult and intricate job but he did it with even more neatness and finesse than usual. He was jubilant when it was over. I couldn't understand why because it was obvious that the operation was only a palliative measure—the patient couldn't live many months anyhow.

But then, I guess many surgeons believe in "art for art's sake" and whether or not the patient can be cured doesn't matter. After explaining his operative procedure to us, this surgeon summed up as follows: "Gentlemen, this operation has been an outstanding success. I think it safe to say it's one of the few jobs of which I am proud." An assistant said a few words to him in a low tone. He glanced at the patient and then faced us again. "The operation *was* an outstanding success. But god-damn it, Gentlemen, the patient is dead."

I wouldn't swap that Harvard training for anything offered today. Perhaps I am biased and on looking back to the veterinary school days, I see something that wasn't there. Still, when I review my instructors, there isn't a man among them who wouldn't deserve a place in any medical Who's Who. Professors Theobald Smith, Vincent Bowditch, Langdon Frothingham, Whitney, Wood, Hills, Minot, Ernst, Haskell, Osgood and Uncle Charlie Lyman—every man of them outstanding in his field.

Unlike the practicing physicians, these men impressed me by the breadth of their knowledge. Of course medicine made rapid strides in the nineties so these men had had an opportunity to learn much that my physician friends had not a chance to assimilate. Each of them knew medicine thoroughly and each knew more than anyone else about his personal field because he was, practically speaking, his field.

Theobald Smith was one of the outstanding professors. Ten years before I had entered Harvard, he had collaborated with Dr. D. E. Salmon in a study on the use of vaccines which led to our present vaccine therapy. A few years after that, he, in collaboration with several other medical men, did some detective work on Texas fever, the disease which was decimating the cattle population of the south and southwest. He and his associates found that the cattle tick was the vector. A huge livestock industry was saved. I've always felt that he should have a share in the credit for this idea of insects as the carrier of diseases but as far as I know he has never been cited for that.

When I knew him, he was busy proving Koch was wrong in his assumption that bovine and human tuberculosis sprang from the same organism and, in one of those delightful scientific controversies, he finally proved his point by discovering a way to differentiate the organisms. The sad part of it is, how-

ever, that humans are about as susceptible to the bovine type of T. B. as to the human variety. It was Dr. Smith, as much as any of my professors, who dinned the idea into my head that a horse doctor is first, last, and always a student. It took a student to keep pace with the discoveries in all fields of medicine and only the man who had the curiosity and the desire to find out what was happening could hope to be successful.

Without that quality a man would stagnate to such a degree that he would be incapable of practicing any form of medicine—more than incapable, he'd be dangerous, for he wouldn't know how to handle newly discovered remedies. Remember the old aphorism about a little learning. It sure is a dangerous thing in medicine—it has killed more thousands than absolute ignorance. Those students who followed Theobald Smith's advice never found themselves mystified by any medical discoveries.

All of these faculty men were practical men as only scientists can be practical. Professor Whitney (human pathology) traced every disease from its inception to its resolution so graphically that his lectures still stand by me after more than forty years. Dr. Minot in histology made a microtome—a fine instrument for cutting sections for microscopic examination. Uncle Charlie Lyman, an F.R.C.V.S. (but Uncle Charlie to all us students!) was our professor of theory and practice. He often took us into the out-patient department where sick animals of all types were available and gave each one of us an opportunity to demonstrate how much theory and practice we had actually absorbed.

Dr. Osgood was equally as practical. Much of his lecturing was done in the clinic where he could point out on a living animal the symptoms of the diseases he was describing. If we didn't do anything else at Harvard, we got down to earth and did things as pragmatically as they ever have been done in the two branches of medicine.

These professors were not high hat as Harvard men, justly or not, have often been accused of being. Although many of them were men of wealth, they didn't forget that some of their students—particularly the veterinary students—were poor. They gave us plenty of consideration as to laboratory costs and other expenses. Dr. Bowditch's advice, when you found yourself with a lone dime in your pocket, was to buy yourself a plate of beans (Boston variety, of course!) or a ham sandwich because, physiologically speaking, either one of these foods contains a more balanced ration than many other foods at twice the price.

I followed his suggestion quite often—particularly on Thursdays. Pay day fell on Saturdays so I had plenty to eat the first part of the week but by Thursday I was invariably down to my last dime. On Fridays, I didn't even have that so I dispensed entirely with the formality of eating.

But to get back to my professors, there wasn't one of them who wouldn't put himself out to answer a student's questions. Perhaps they were extra-attentive to us veterinary students to compensate for the attitude of the medical students. That may have been a contributing factor but I think the main reason was that they were all born teachers, with a teacher's passion to share his knowledge with anyone who wants it.

After talking with some recent veterinary school graduates and looking over the requirements for their degrees, I am surprised to find that the last forty years have brought such a slight change. The only thing that Harvard didn't offer which is offered today is animal husbandry. We were expected to learn that ourselves. Of course, with the enormous strides that medicine has taken the past forty years, there are vast changes in the context of the individual courses and there is much additional material which we oldsters didn't have to digest. Nevertheless, I wouldn't swap my education at Harvard for anything that is

offered today. We had a sound foundation for our work. We grew up with veterinary medicine, cognizant of all the changes and developments through books and magazines.

Thus we didn't suffer the mental indigestion which the veterinary graduate of today entertains after four years of stuffing seemingly irrelevant material into his mental craw. I note the omission of a course which meant a great deal to me at Harvard, and that is another reason I wouldn't swap my preliminary training for anything offered today. This course is etiology.

Today it is combined with the bacteriology and pathology of the different diseases. To me that seems unfortunate, for the science of causes is a study in and of itself and should not be relegated to a subordinate position. My etiology under Theobald Smith taught me the fundamental causes of disease as such, and was of infinite value in later diagnostic work. In one respect, however, today's vet is better educated than we are. In order to be admitted to any of the better veterinary schools he must have had at least a year or two of college training. The requirements approach the standards which the M.D.s have to meet. They should approach them even closer.

So much depends on the veterinarian's ability to recognize the communicable diseases and to take prompt measures to protect human health. I'd like to see every young vet know his comparative medicine cold. And physicians should know their comparative pathology. Together, correlating their work, further refinements in medicine, redounding to the benefit of the general public might well be expected.

It is quite possible that the riddle of infantile paralysis and even cancer might be solved quicker. Another thing I'd like to see is internships for veterinary students. They need such a period under the guidance of an experienced man before they are turned loose on unsuspecting clients. They would then have

more respect for the difficulties of the profession—particularly in diagnosis—than many of them have now. But even under present conditions, their education is adequate.

Another factor which is pleasing to note, is the increase in the popularity of the profession. All reputable schools have far more applicants than they can accommodate so they naturally select the most brilliant men. I don't know what happens to the rest of them—unless they become physicians.

I financed my education out of my earnings in Dad's livery stable. I never regretted Dad's teaching about getting what we earn. It's a philosophy of life which is sadly neglected today when the popular maxim seems to be you get what you can *grab*—and no more. I worked at night and spent the days in classes. I continued to drive the "hurry up" wagon for the police, which oftentimes necessitated working until the wee small hours. Still, it was fun. I was still the Black Devil of West Medford and young enough to get a kick out of the frequent scuffles with drunks and minor criminals.

Several times I, being younger and stronger than the police officer, surrendered the reins to him and took charge of a recalcitrant prisoner.

One day a huge gentleman—six feet two and broad in proportion—who was slightly inebriated got the idea the officer was trying to murder him. The drunk started tossing him around and yelling bloody murder. All this at 2 A.M. in peaceful West Medford. The officer was so dazed by the attack he couldn't use his night stick. I jumped in back there, landed on the inebriate's broad chest and got my hands around his throat. I didn't squeeze at all. In that position, I proceeded to give him a lecture.

"There's no murder around here yet but there will be damned soon if you don't keep your yap shut!" He didn't know where I came from or what I was. He started to toss me around but I

hooked my knees tight on his ribs and hung onto his throat until he thought better of it. Then he started to yell again.

One slight squeeze on his windpipe was enough to make him forget that idea. By this time the officer had the reins and was letting Smuggler race to headquarters. The drunk whispered something about being "good now" and relaxed. I relaxed too, but spent the remainder of the ride seated on his chest. Nights like this didn't serve to make me any too wide awake the next day.

Now and then my veterinary knowledge came in handy. I remember starting out early one summer evening and noticing a crowd collected around an ice wagon in West Medford square. When I got abreast of the crowd, I saw that the ice man's horse was down. Since it had been a torrid day and the sun was still pretty hot, although low in the west, I suspected sunstroke. It was. Temperature 107. It was lucky it happened to be an ice man's horse for ice was just what we needed to get the temperature down. The quicker you get it down in a case like this the better—and that applies to humans as well as animals.

Sunstroke is one of the few maladies to which humans are susceptible which requires immediate action—it's about the only time a physician is entitled to burn up the road to get to his patient. The same applies to animals. I grabbed a couple of chunks of ice and went to work, directing a few bystanders to do likewise. If we hadn't been able to give prompt treatment, that horse would not have lasted long. As it was we drove the temperature down in short order and he survived. Ice was all we used. Of course, we have saline injections now which bring up our percentage of recoveries considerably.

My earnings as "Johnny, the hackey," were sufficient to pay for my education with no hardship except for a little hunger on Fridays for which there was no excuse as I could have had less

expensive meals the first of the week instead of indulging in porterhouse steaks.

It was fortunate that I had a good memory for I had no opportunity to study at night. Much of my knowledge came from the exceptionally complete lectures and, of course, from the laboratory work for which I seemed to have a special aptitude. Still, I don't know how I could have gotten by at all if it weren't for Mary Elizabeth Wright whom I have mentioned before and who, with the approach of her eighteenth birthday, was becoming more and more interesting. She copied my lecture notes in a brief but intelligible form so that review work became a matter of a glance or two snatched at these notes at odd moments.

I admit that I could have had more time for study than I did have but Mary Elizabeth had the type of personality which I liked to investigate. Smuggler and I used every available moment during the civilized hours of the day in carrying out this investigation. I chose Smuggler because he was the classiest horse in the stable and one of the finest in all Medford. Mary Elizabeth showed herself a young lady of discrimination by falling very hard for Smuggler. In fact, she was seen in the company of the Black Devil of West Medford riding behind the dashing Smuggler so often that it aroused comment. "Kind" friends of Mr. and Mrs. Wright informed them of the dark doings of the aforementioned "Black Devil" and followed up with advice as to the course of action which they would take if "Mary Elizabeth were my daughter." Mr. and Mrs. Wright did not follow the course of action suggested.

I was warned about Mary Elizabeth too. And by none other than Mackley. He had always treated me well after our little trouble, though it was evident that he detested me for a full year after that squabble. Then, his attitude gradually changed and we became friendly. "You know, Jack," he said one night while

we were on duty with the hurry up wagon, "you ain't such a bad bastard after all."

"You're all right yourself, Mack," I said returning the compliment, "not bad at all—for a guy who is a sucker for a left hook."

He fingered his jaw reminiscently. "I was on the receivin' end of that wallop eight years ago, damned near, and I can still feel it as if it was yesterday. But you know in spite of that, I sort of like you."

"What's this? A mutual admiration party? Come on Mack, spill it. What's on your mind?"

"We-ell, Jack. P'rhaps I oughtn't to say this to you but you're a friend of mine an' I don't like to see my friends taken in."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't get sore, Jack. But it looks to me an' to everybody else that you are gettin' serious over that Wright girl. I wouldn't do that if I was you."

"Why?" I wasn't angry at all—I just wanted to know.

"We-ell, for one thing Mr. Wright's a warden in the church an' he knows a lot of big, important people. Guys like you an' me ain't got no chance with *his* daughter."

"Oh, I don't know as it's really *that* serious."

He wouldn't be sidetracked. "If you ask me, Jack, she don't care a damn about you. She's just a kid anyhow and she don't know better perhaps. But all she looks at you at all for is the rides."

"You mean she likes my horse—not me."

"Well, if you put it that way—yes!"

Poor Mack! He meant well anyhow. I thanked him for his advice but paid no more attention to it than the Wrights did to the well-meant suggestions in re the Black Devil of West Medford.

In the spring of 1899, just before my final examinations, I was

riding in a trolley between West Medford and Medford. As usual, Mary Elizabeth was beside me. All the horses were in use so we had to resort to the trolley this time. There was a turnout about half way between West Medford Square and Medford Square. Our motorman should have waited for the Medford Square trolley before starting along the single track but he hoped to make the turnout before the other car reached it. He was too optimistic.

As we topped Marm Symond's hill nearly half way to our destination, we saw the other trolley had passed the turnout and was just starting up the steep grade. Our motorman applied the brakes but the tracks seemed more slippery than a newly waxed floor. We slid down that hill at terrific speed and thwacked head-on into the approaching car.

It was a nice crash with lots of noise and screams and all the usual fixings. But I missed some of it as I was out cold. When I came to, Mary Elizabeth was bending over me. She was unhurt but worried. I was glad she was worried—about me. I didn't think I was hurt much until I tried to get up. Then my back hurt so much I could hardly move. So that little crash knocked into a cocked hat my chances of taking my finals on schedule.

However, it could have been a lot worse. The trolley company obligingly compensated me for my injuries in the amount of five hundred dollars. I wasn't in bed many weeks either so the five hundred came when it did the most good. The first thing I did, much to the disapproval of my mother, was to snitch enough of it to take Mary to see Sir Henry Irving and Ellen Terry in *Robespierre*. A shocking thing to do with compensation money, so Mother said. But after seeing the team of Irving and Terry in action, I was willing to go through any number of crashes if that was the only way I could get the money for Mary and me to do it. They don't have anyone who

can even approach Irving and Terry in histrionic ability these days.

Then, with the balance of the five hundred as a starter, I felt I was doing pretty well, so I asked Mary to marry me. She said "Yes." We were married on the 25th of October, 1899. We scouted around for a suitable location for a veterinary practice and finally decided on a place in the outskirts of Framingham Center, Massachusetts. Hill Top Farm was in almost the exact geographical center of the farming areas of Framingham, Marlborough and Sudbury. The price of the farm was fifteen hundred dollars.

We obtained a mortgagee without difficulty—in those days, people were willing to gamble on a man's character, and it wasn't a bad bet at that. There is no better collateral than a fine character. In addition to its central location, another reason for buying the place was that Milton Perry, a veterinarian and native son of Sudbury, who had just started practicing had accepted a position with the Federal Government. I was therefore able to buy his practice cheap—\$125.

I took my finals in June of 1900 and was awarded my M.D.V. Along with the degree came more opportunities to work in the laboratory than I had expected: chemistry, histology and bacteriology. I turned down all three of them, however. If I had had an independent income to augment the nominal salary paid for laboratory research, I would have accepted. But I doubt if I would have kept the job long, for I was too active, too restless in temperament for such confining work.

Anyhow, I was thinking of Mary and the possibility of children. We would have to live on my earnings, and earnings in a laboratory, or even as a professor, can't be compared to what a successful man can make in the field. Mary had been brought up in comparative luxury and I wasn't going to let her go with-

out the things she was accustomed to have if I could avoid it. Then too, from what I had seen of farmers, I liked them. And I liked animals. I could be of economic benefit to the one while relieving the suffering of the other. So I declined all offers. For a few years though, I regretted my decision.

In spite of the admonitions of my instructors, I felt that, being a *Medicinae Doctoris Veterinariae* and having outclassed even the budding physicians occasionally in their own subjects, I knew quite a lot about medicine. I hung out my shingle, confident that the good and prosperous farmers of Framingham, Marlborough and Sudbury would soon realize the value of a Harvard trained veterinarian and would jump at the chance to employ me. But, like the motorman on the trolley, I was—to put it mildly—too optimistic.

3. *The First Call*

IN the winter and early spring of 1900, I haunted the pawn shops, when I wasn't driving the "hurry up" wagon. I was able to pick up almost all of my equipment for about a tenth of its real value. I got one set of surgeon's knives which have given me such good service I still use them. Some of my floats (used to file horses' teeth) are still good. So is the mouth speculum and the dehorners. All things considered, I was pretty well equipped when I started practicing—or rather, when I started to wait for calls at Hill Top Farm after receiving my degree.

After moving in, my first job was to set up some sort of an office. This was not intended for public view, so I didn't have to be fussy about how it looked. I took the room on the east side of the house between the kitchen and the living room. I suppose it was originally intended to be a bed-room.

On the right as you enter from the kitchen, crowding the wall space between the kitchen door and the dining room door, is a huge ugly-looking secretary which reaches nearly to the ceiling. Opposite you, if you stand in the kitchen door and look around, is a little wall space about the width of the chimney between the closet and the short passageway (bounded on one side by the chimney) to the living room. All this space, including both sides of the passageway, is filled with book shelves and the shelves themselves are literally crammed with books.

They aren't all medical or veterinary books. There is fiction, poetry, biography, history plus the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

These books, except for the medical and veterinary volumes, were put there not for me to read—I'm too busy living to read about life—but because there wasn't any other likely place for them. Being good-natured, I didn't mind Mary coming in and getting a book now and then. Not that she ever had much time to read—when you are married to a horse doctor you don't have much time to yourself after keeping the books and the house besides answering the telephones.

To your left (you're still standing in the kitchen door) is my flat topped desk—nearly as ugly looking as the secretary. Flanking the desk on the side nearest the window, is a magazine stand crammed with veterinary magazines. Or at least, it was so crammed after I had been in practice a few years. In the secretary behind the glass doors are several shelves. Each one of them is loaded down with drugs. Epsom salts, salt petre, chloradyne, potassium permanganate and so on down the list.

As a matter of fact, there are only a half dozen basic drugs that have any real value but their combinations seem to be infinite. Iodine, sulpho-naphthol (later refined to *sylpho-naphthol*) and zanol. My apothecary scales rested against one of the glass doors on the part of the secretary which was supposed to have been used for writing. I never opened this door because it stuck like the devil so I reached around from the other door and got what I wanted.

On top of the secretary was my small microscope, which I still use for coarse work, although it has been largely replaced by a more powerful model. There were also cartridges for my shot gun, a revolver and various odds and ends which I stuck up there where they'd be out of the way.

In the cabinet in the lower part of the secretary, I kept my heavier equipment until such time as I could afford a horse to draw the buggy included in my purchase of Dr. Perry's practice.

Once I got a horse, I could pack most of this stuff in the buggy and keep it there. Included in this equipment were the mouth speculum, floats, hobble, cattle leader, dehorner, slings and about a dozen different types of horse shoes which were specially constructed as patterns designed to correct different forms of lameness. I doubt if these patterns could be duplicated today.

On one corner of my desk was my mortar and pestle and on another corner was a fine sieve. My desk was used both for bookkeeping and as a laboratory table. It was also used as a repository for odds and ends which I expected to require shortly and which I could never find because they were always buried under other odds and ends which I had expected to require even more shortly. In brief, my office was a mess. It still is and if anybody tries to put it in order, I'll break his neck.

The hundred and twenty-five dollars I gave Dr. Perry paid for another item besides his practice and the Concord buggy. That was "good will." This meant a lot to me. Dr. Perry's father remained in Sudbury and furnished the good will part of the agreement. If it weren't for the fact that he boosted my stock wherever he went, I doubt if I could have established a practice in Sudbury at all—and Sudbury, of course, was the most rural and most desirable community for a horse doctor of all the surrounding towns.

Then too, there was an excellent veterinarian in Framingham, Dr. Tilton, and I didn't want to poach on his territory so expansion in that direction was more or less forbidden to me. At least, that's the way I felt at first. I knew how I'd feel if I'd worked ten years to establish a practice and then some young squirt came along and tried to steal it from me. Dr. Tilton, however, never looked at things that way. If a client were dissatisfied with his work—and I couldn't see how one

ever could be—he was perfectly well satisfied if the fellow got somebody else.

I hadn't practiced long though, before I adopted the same view and since then I've never bothered about "territories" but have worked anywhere I was asked to go—provided they paid mileage. The Sudbury farmers, like all the old-fashioned Yankee farmers, were very clannish and resented intrusion by anyone—especially a "collidge eddicated" man. Although some of the veterinarians, besides Dr. Tilton and myself, who were within a radius of ten miles of Sudbury held veterinary degrees, there were still many farriers available on whom the farmers placed a great deal of dependence. That these quacks were often successful cannot be denied, but usually the animals got better in spite of their ministrations rather than because of them. I sometimes think that reasoning applies equally well to my own early cases.

To these farmers, I was as completely a stranger as a man can be. I came from the "city," I'd studied at Harvard where all them "dudes" go, and I had the audacity to settle down among farmers whose families had worked the land for generations. And I had the impertinence to expect them to employ me. This doesn't mean that these farmers were unsophisticated hicks. Sudbury was close enough to Boston and most of these men knew the city as well as I did. They used to sell their products at Faneuil Hall Market and then shop around town, picking up bargains both in merchandise and entertainment. Their aversion to a "city" fellow was due rather to the fact that most city people were too dumb to even try to beat them at a trade than to the belief that a city man was always a slicker.

"We've got along without his kind fer years," was the reaction Sylvester Perry often got when he suggested that I be called

to treat a sick animal. "An' I figger we kin git along a spell longer."

All of June went by and three weeks in July without a single request for my professional services. It was evident that I was not going to be able to support Mary in the manner to which she was accustomed. As a matter of fact, I was trying to figure how I could raise enough to eat on the none too fertile acres of Hill Top Farm. To add to my worries, I had not yet received clear title to the place and I couldn't imagine what was causing the delay. Or rather, I could. All my questions regarding it were parried so skillfully by Lawyer Works, the conveyancer, that I didn't know any more when I got through talking with him than I had before.

One day, late in July, I was out in the garden beside Parmenter road. It was one of the hottest days we had had—so hot, in fact, that you could not hold your bare palm against the surface of the ground. I heard a buggy rattling along through the willows at a crazy rate of speed for a day like that. I concluded immediately that it must be my first client for all the neighbors were farmers, who were careful drivers, and nobody ever had to be in a hurry to see a farmer.

Moreover, no one who had the least consideration for his horse would ever drive him so hard unless speed were a vital factor. I executed a few dance steps in anticipation of this first call and then settled down to my hoeing so I'd present a picture of casual indifference when the buggy topped the hill leading from the willows. I didn't even look up as it rattled along the level stretch until it was almost abreast of me. Then I saw it was what I had expected—a buggy. It was drawn by a wiry little Morgan driven by a Moses in a tattered straw hat.

"Who-o-o-a, Beelzebub!" yelled the bewhiskered driver.

Beelzebub didn't exactly "whoa." Rather, he wilted to a stop, head down, sides heaving as he fought to get his breath. His owner's faded blue eyes looked me over from their place of retirement beneath his shaggy brows. For a moment I thought he must have forgotten why he was in such a hurry but finally he spoke.

"Say, Boy, do you know whar the new hoss-ductor is at?" he asked in a nasal twang.

"I'm he," I replied, controlling my eagerness. "What can I do for you?"

Again he gave me the once-over, noting my faded blue overalls, my old, much-washed shirt and tattered straw hat—as tattered as his. Then he ejected an amber stream of tobacco juice as neatly and effectively as if his mouth were a squirt gun—didn't even get a drop of it on those flowing white whiskers. "Harumph!" he exploded. "I paid mighty dear fer Dan, mighty dear!"

I was mystified. Was this old fellow a nut?

"I figger he cost me over one hundred twenty-five dollars. Ten year ago it was. Kant afford to lose him yet. Ought to git at least ten more outa him."

I was on the point of asking what all this had to do with me when he enlightened me. "Ef I'd knowed you was only a kid, I'd never have driv way up here arter you. Dan's too vallable a hoss fer a kid to work on."

"Well, I may be young but I have a diploma . . ." I had started on the wrong tack.

"*Diploma! Diploma!*" he snorted. "Hell, Boy, you kant dose a hoss with a *diploma!*" He spat emphatically, once, twice, thrice. Then his tone settled down the scale, becoming very confidential—as if there were anyone to overhear the conversation.

"Sence you be young and ain't got no 'sperience, I don't figger you reckon to charge much fer a call?"

"That depends on where you live."

His eyes narrowed. "Whut's thet got to do with it?"

"The further you live from here, the longer it takes me to get to your place and the more it will cost."

"Harumph! I don't live fer!" How "fer" evidently depended on which foot the shoe was on—at first he had "driv way up here" and now it was "not fer." "Sudb'ry Center."

Well, whether that was far or not depended on your point of view. It was five miles of hilly, sandy road. "Well," I said cautiously, "all veterinarians are charging a dollar and a half a call plus the cost of the drugs."

"How much will they be?"

"It depends on what I have to use—not more than a dollar anyhow."

"Wal, ef you cure a one hundred twenty-five dollar hoss fer two dollars and a half, I reckon it's wuth it," he said grudgingly. "You got me anyhow—I ain't got time to ast nobody else. Dan's got colic, I reckon. I give him a lot of sody water but that didn't seem to help none. And I run him up and down and that didn't do no good. Ves Perry's been preachin' about how good you be, so now I'm gonna find out."

In cases of colic, soda water is a good thing to give while waiting for the veterinarian. So is ginger tea. But no layman should ever run a horse up and down, for in some forms of colic violent exercise may be fatal. It's a matter of common sense anyhow. I know that when I have a belly ache, I don't want to run up and down. Neither do you. So why should a horse? However, I thought I'd wait and see what the condition of the horse was before I gave this testy old farmer any instructions.

"The name's Rowe," he was saying. "Caleb Rowe." Then he gave me explicit directions as to how to reach his place which proved to be a good two miles *beyond* Sudbury Center. Then, before I had a chance to move, he was in a hurry again. "Git goin'!" he snapped. "Whut you standin' thar fer?"

I got going. Caleb wanted to take me in his buggy but I declined out of consideration for poor Beelzebub who would surely need my services if he hurried much more. I told Caleb to go ahead and take it easy.

He hadn't gone far before I breezed past him on my Rambler (the best buy I could get in a used bike at \$17.98, as is). Strapped securely to the luggage carrier behind the saddle was my Boston bag (which I still carry) containing half a dozen of the most important remedies, including plenty of chloradyne for colic, together with a large bottle for dosing and plenty of rope for tying up recalcitrant patients, or to be used in calving cases. I always carried my bottle and rope because farmers could never find anything suitable when you wanted it in a hurry. In spite of the heat and the treacherous condition of the road, I made the trip in less than forty minutes. I was puffing and sweating as much as Beelzebub had been by the time I neared Caleb's place.

As soon as I approached the big red barn I knew what I was in for. That horse was everlastingly at it, pawing, stamping and thrashing around as if the devil himself were after him. It seemed as if I could see the side of the barn shudder with each resounding blow. My fingers were all thumbs as I jerked at the straps around my bag and finally managed to tear it free. I dashed into the barn. A hired man in blue denim overalls was leaning indolently against the wall behind the horse.

"By heck!" he ejaculated, taking in my youthful appearance and my Boston bag. "Looks as though old Caleb ain't what he

useter be—sendin' a boy to do a man's work!" He slapped his leg and laughed raucously at this alleged witticism.

I was too much interested in the horse to pay much attention to him. The poor animal was reeking wet with sweat, which was so pungent it almost turned my stomach. Involuntarily I shuddered as he leapt, his feet smashing in all directions and booming against the sides of the stall. Spasmodic colic pains make them do that. And this was an unusual case of spasmodic colic for they are either dead or better within an hour or so as a rule. Spasmodic colic, for those of you who are interested in clinical arcanums, is produced by a contraction, or spasm, of a large portion of the small intestines. Indigestible foods, large quantities of cold water when the animal is overheated or sudden changes in the temperature often interfere with the nervous supply in the intestinal area and result in cramps. The logical thing to do, of course, is to give an anti-spasmodic. Chloradyne was one of the best anti-spasmodics we had in those days. Now we have other sedatives which we give hypodermically and save ourselves a lot of work.

"You know him better than I do," I said to the hired man, "so suppose you back him out for me."

"Nawthin' doin'! One crack from those hoofs would kill a feller. An' I got a wife an' three kids."

I had a wife too, whom I didn't want to leave with nothing but a mortgaged twenty-six-acre farm to which she might not even get title. But there was nothing else for me to do but take a chance. I couldn't dose the horse without getting to his head and I couldn't get to his head without going in beside him, for there was no opening in the front and the sides of the stall were high. Armed with the information that his name was Dan, I went to work.

"Steady, Dan old boy, steady!" I crooned as soothingly as I

knew how. He calmed down a bit and stood there trembling.

"You ain't goin' to chanct it, be you?" asked the hired man who by this time had identified himself as Dick Henery.

"Sure thing." I stepped in beside Dan, talking to him all the time. A well modulated voice has a hypnotic effect on animals while the least indication of fear is promptly reflected in the reactions of even the dumbest of beasts. This time the hypnotic effect worked. Or perhaps Dan didn't happen to have a pain just then. Anyway, I reached his head safely.

Dick Henery was shaking his head. "By heck, Dinsmore, you either gotta lotta guts or you're jest a plain dumbed fool!"

I led the quivering beast out onto the main floor of the barn and hitched him to a large staple placed in the wall for the purpose. Now when the spasmodic pains struck him, he'd have plenty of room to kick around in without hurting himself.

I prepared a dose of chloradyne as quickly as I could and then, feeling a bit helpless, I started to dose Dan. I hadn't dosed many horses. Dad usually did it at the livery stable and I had only done it once or twice at Harvard. Theoretically, to dose a horse, all it is necessary to do is tip his head up and pour the medicine onto his tongue. Actually, it is much more difficult than it sounds. Dan wouldn't open his mouth. I let him smell the bottle but all he did was turn up his nose and show his yellow teeth—sadly in need of dental beautification. I glanced at Dick who was eyeing me critically.

"Ain't dosed many hosses yet, have you, Dinsmore?"

"Oh, I've done a few," I shrugged nonchalantly. "Just a few!"

To demonstrate my proficiency, I did exactly what I had been taught to do at school. I tipped the horse's head up until his face was just a little above the horizontal, jammed my thumb into the interdental space at the side of his mouth and shoved. His mouth opened a little. I tucked the bottle neatly behind

his front teeth and tipped. Then something happened that wasn't in the book. Dan tossed his head, knocked the bottle spinning, and coughed, spraying me generously with the medicine that had spilled out onto his tongue.

"Haw-haw!" from Dick. "Haw-haw! Guess you're outta practice, hey?"

There wasn't time for any more wisecracks for just then Dan reared. I jumped for safety as he plunged. He bucked, leapt high in the air, all four hoofs fanning out in murderous blows. Then he lay down and rolled back and forth like a gargantuan puppy. When he got up again he was crying. Yes, horses cry! Huge teardrops ran down his cheeks like water from a leaky faucet. Believe me, witnessing such suffering made me feel funny in the middle again.

One or two more attacks like that and Dan would have been a dead horse. Why he wasn't dead already was a surprise to me. As soon as he was a little quieter, I went at him with more chloradyne. This time I was successful. Then for the next hour or so, I forgot everything and concentrated on winning my first bout with death. And incidentally, very incidentally, on saving Caleb one hundred and twenty-five dollars.

When he came along he gave me a lesson in economics. "It ain't how much you git out of a hoss or a team. It's whut it'll cost you to git a new one. It'll cost me one-hundred-twenty-five dollars to replace Dan. An' ef you lose him, I'm out the hull one-hundred-twenty-five dollars, plus your fee."

The way he said one hundred twenty-five dollars made it sound like a hundred twenty-five thousand, or a hundred and twenty-five billion if you've been reading government financial reports and are consequently inured to large sums of money.

I think no physician could get any more kick out of saving a patient than I did out of my victory with Dan. At least, I called

it a victory then. Today I'm inclined to call it luck. I've attended a lot of horses with less violent attacks than Dan had, yet they died. I've seen one or two even worse, and yet they pulled through. I've heard physicians say the same thing about people; one person will die of something that will hardly put another to bed. Heredity has a lot to do with it.

If you come from a stout-hearted stock who have lived to a ripe old age for generations, you'll be able to sink deep into the valley of the shadow and, to the amazement of your physician and undoubtedly the dismay of your heirs, you'll still be able to fight your way back to health. If they are frank, physicians and horse doctors alike will admit that luck, good old-fashioned luck, still plays a mighty important role in the fate of their patients. Without that something which is born in the individual, and which heightens his resistance to death, all therapy is destined to fail.

It was luck, then, that was with me on my first case. The chloradyne helped, of course, but it was really Dan's fortunate selection of ancestors that turned the tide in his favor. I stayed long enough after he got better to make sure there was no recurrence of the attacks. Old Caleb was pleased to see me take such an interest in the case. When I told him never to run a horse up and down when it had symptoms of colic, I half expected he'd lose his temper and tell me he didn't need any advice from a young whipper-snapper. But he didn't. He took my suggestion with equanimity and asked for feeding instructions. I told him to be sure to feed Dan light for a few days and to be careful about giving him water when he was overheated.

After that came the subject which I soon learned could be forecast by Caleb's look and tone. When his eyes narrowed craftily and his voice sank to a confidential whisper, you could bet your hat he was going to talk about money.

"How much do you figger I owe you?"

"Oh, call it two dollars," I said. I hadn't had to use much chloradyne and my time was almost worthless in those days.

Caleb actually beamed through his whiskers. I guess he had felt I'd go the limit and charge him two fifty. "You're startin' out with the right idee, Ductor. Ef you charge ever'budy as fair a price for savin' their vallable animals, you'll go fer, Ductor, mighty fer." I was more than a little proud of being called "Ductor." That made me feel more successful than the realization that Caleb felt I had saved him a hundred twenty-five dollars. He paid me out of the sweat-stained money bag which had originally been a salt bag.

I was prouder of that two dollars than of any money I ever earned. When I got home, Mary and I planned a celebration. The next day I'd ride down to George Hunt's general store in South Sudbury and buy a pound of chocolates.

"Everything will be all right now," I told Mary. "Old Caleb will get me a lot of work at other farms in Sudbury and we'll be making real money."

Mary didn't have much to say, though. It had taken Ves Perry, an old friend of many of these farmers, nearly two months to get even one of them to call me. True, I had demonstrated that I could be of value and my charge had been reasonable—only a little over a cent and a half on the dollar, considering the value of the property, which was the way Caleb Rowe figured it. But still, Mary didn't think I'd be much better off with only one more booster. She was right too.

4. *Muddling Through*

ALTHOUGH I had made a staunch friend in Caleb Rowe who was instrumental in getting several good-paying clients eventually, my practice didn't grow as quickly as I had anticipated. By the autumn of 1900, I finally gave up the idea that I'd be able to make a living from my professional work for several years at least. There were several reasons for this. The main one, however, was the character of the Yankee farmers which, as yet, I had failed to understand.

I thought that once I showed my worth, once I pulled a horse through for one of their number, they'd all flock to me. But I was wrong. Then, too, there was the problem of transportation and communication. I had no horse and the bicycle would not be any good to me in the winter. Farmers were willing to "fetch" me but *not* to carry me home. You couldn't blame them for that. I didn't have a telephone. Neither did many of my prospective clients, but all of them were within a mile of one, while only a few of them were within a mile of me. Needless to say, a man had to be pretty desperate for a horse doctor to drive five, ten, or even fifteen miles round trip in some cases. And that doesn't include the second round trip to take me home when I couldn't use my bike.

So there were many problems for Mary and me to solve, problems which must have faced all of my impecunious colleagues—and most of my colleagues were noted for their lack of money. First was the problem of obtaining food and clothing. Three

or four acres of the twenty-six which comprise Hill Top Farm were fertile enough for a garden. There was pasture enough for a couple of cows and hay enough to feed the animals in the winter. So it looked as if the food problem would be easy to solve. And it was. I traded my professional services for a cow and even procured seeds in this way.

We didn't go hungry at any time, although some of the gossips of the neighborhood snowballed our misfortunes into a case of near starvation. It was hard on Mary because she had had no experience with the limitations which a slim pocketbook imposes. Still, she didn't complain. If we'd been a modern young couple, I suppose we'd have had her folks support us. But forty years ago such an idea never entered a young man's head. When he married, he supported his wife with no help from anybody least of all her parents or his own.

In those first six years, our income averaged a hundred and fifty dollars a year. That was plenty to pay our taxes, interest and clothe us. We raised our own food and bartered for such staples as the garden didn't afford. We also raised a beef critter each year, slaughtering it in the fall. I've never had such good beef since. The only thing we missed occasionally was bread and that was in those lean times after the purchase of a horse or a few hens in which we didn't have the price of a yeast cake. Of course Mary made all our bread. Baker's bread was a luxury and lacking in vitamins and bulk. It still is.

Looking back at those lean years, I can see why I never swapped our life for a soft berth in a Harvard laboratory and the security of a moderate income. It was an experience in living which gave Mary and me a sense of security which we never could have had otherwise. We knew that come what may we could always feed ourselves, clothe ourselves and have a roof over our heads so long as we owned Hill Top Farm. I wouldn't

recommend the experiment to a modern young couple, however, for there isn't one in ten of them who could tolerate such a life without becoming candidates for the hydrotherapy division of the nearest institution for the mentally ill.

I spent a large part of the winter of 1901 in solving the problem of communications. It was not an easy problem to solve. The nearest line to me ran along the Boston Post Road from Sudbury to the Wayside Inn and to the home of Mr. Ellery Bright near the Inn. A Sudbury line was just what I wanted for I expected to do most of my work there. I went to the Marlborough telephone office, which had charge of the Sudbury district, and blandly asked for a telephone. The manager gasped.

"Why—why you can't be serious?" He peered at me as if I had asked him for a slice of the moon.

"Of course I'm serious. I'm a veterinarian and I can't expect to get much professional work unless I have a telephone."

"Well, I tell you what to do, Doctor. You couldn't expect the company to construct nearly a mile of telephone line for just one customer, so suppose you hustle around and get some more."

"And suppose I can't?"

He shrugged. "You can always pay for it yourself."

I—pay for a telephone line? I laughed to myself. Just then I was trying to figure a way to buy two dollars worth of food for fifty-seven cents—the exact amount I had in my pocket.

In response to my query regarding a telephone, most of my neighbors laughed, spat, and exclaimed "What in tarnation would I want with one of them gadgets?"

I had to admit it didn't seem so vital to them. The argument of its value in accidents, sickness and other emergencies fell on deaf ears. They had lived for generations without the telephone and if a fast horse couldn't get help in time, it just wasn't "meant to be so."

But there was one neighbor who needed a phone badly. He was a business man who commuted to Boston daily. I thought sure he would chip in with me. Mr. Podder didn't receive me any too cordially, however, although he listened to what I had to say respectfully enough. After which began an inquisition.

"Let's see, Dinsmore, you're the new veterinarian here?"

"Yes."

"You can't get much of any work unless you have a telephone?"

"That's right."

"You don't feel you can pay to put up a line yourself."

"No, Mr. Podder." I was beginning to feel uneasy the way a witness on the stand feels when he doesn't know just what his cross-examination is leading up to.

"You want me to chip in with you and pay half the expenses?"

"Well, I figured that if two of us would consent to take telephones the company would put in the line themselves and charge just the regular rent."

He smiled. "You don't know the telephone company, Dinsmore."

"Then, in that case, I'll simply have to raise my half of the cost somewhere."

"Wait a minute, young man." Mr. Podder held up his hand like a traffic officer telling you to stop. "I haven't said I'd pay one half."

"Why—do you want me to pay more than half?"

Mr. Podder drew himself erect looking something like a ham actor about to deliver a crushing tag line, laden with catastrophic irony which would dispense with the villain for ever and ever. Mr. Podder said, "I have no intention of installing a telephone in my house—ever. Further, I am not in business for altruistic

reasons so I hope you will take my decision as final. The telephone line is your own individual problem. And your own expense. You must not expect your neighbors to help you."

The act didn't go over. He talked too much and his delivery was too amateurish. He wanted a phone, all right, and he'd tack on after I installed the line, and after I had paid for it. If the line went up through the chestnuts along Wayside Inn Road from a point opposite the Inn and then turned off up Parmenter Road to my house it would be in easy striking distance for him. But, in any case, I didn't see how I could ever pay to construct a telephone line. However, Mary had an idea.

"Suppose you build it yourself?"

Well, why not? I went for a walk about Hill Top Farm immediately. Across the field on the right of Parmenter Road was a wooded hill and cliff. I counted a full dozen chestnut trees which would make excellent poles. Then I walked across Parmenter Road, through the oblong stonewalled pasture to the knoll where there were even more chestnuts. In all, I had about thirty-five trees suitable for poles. I was certainly a richer man than I had thought.

I went to see the telephone manager again. "I can't pay for the wire," I told him, "but I'll furnish the poles and set them myself if you'll take care of the wiring."

"Young man," he said. "I like your spirit. I'll see what I can do."

The upshot of it was that the company agreed to that proposition. I needed more than thirty-five poles if I was to build the line along Wayside Inn Road and Parmenter Road and I had no money to buy them. Also, I hated to let Mr. Podder get the better of me and tap onto the line after I had gone to all that work. So I took another walk, this time due west through the swamp to the Boston Post Road. It was tough walking. Wild

grape vines formed almost impenetrable thickets and bull briars formed pale green brakes as impassable as barbed wire entanglements. Underneath, the footing was treacherous. You'd see what appeared to be a smooth carpet of dead leaves on solid ground. You'd step forward confidently only to sink down to your ankle in muck. Still, I measured the distance carefully as possible and as close as I could figure twenty-six poles would do the job. The swamp was owned by Mr. Ellery Bright. Mr. Bright soon had a caller.

He received me cordially. I explained the circumstances to him.

"You'd like permission to run the wires through my swamp?"

"Yes, Mr. Bright."

"It's granted."

I thought that was mighty nice of him. After all, I was a total stranger and already some of the gossips had unearthed the legend of the Black Devil of West Medford. Fortunately, around here few people paid much attention to that appellation of mine.

I couldn't set the poles alone. My brother Stewart and my father-in-law, Thomas Wright, helped me. On either side of the swamp the ground was so rocky we couldn't sink a shovel into it so we set the poles on top of the ground and lugged stone and dirt to make a supporting mound around them. The swamp itself was even worse. The shovel sank out of sight if you didn't watch it and it was impossible to dig a hole as the gooey muck would flow back in place as fast as you shoveled it out. So we used barrels, sinking them as we dug the holes and then we set the poles in the barrels and filled them up with dirt. It worked well too. All my helpers got out of the job was a bunch of blisters and a thank you. But they didn't mind—they were glad to help me out. In the spring of 1901 the company strung up the wires

and I waited for calls over Sudbury, three ring twenty-four. Later, this number was changed to four ring three.

The job had hardly been finished when one day I saw a crew of men sinking poles along Wayside Inn Road. I stopped for a chat. Yes, it was for Mr. Podder and for Mr. Podder alone. I laughed. He was the man who a few months before wasn't *ever* going to have a telephone.

A few years after that my post office address was changed from Sudbury to Marlborough. This resulted in considerable confusion. I lived in Framingham, my post office was Marlborough and my telephone was Sudbury. When my children started going to school, they were promptly called into the office to explain why they were attending Framingham schools when their address was Marlborough. This ceremony was repeated nearly every year for it was difficult for school officials to understand why the Federal government allowed the Post Office department's rural routes to run over town lines.

Even the tax collector's office couldn't get the address straight and always sent the bills to Framingham. Some of them were forwarded and some weren't. Once, when for several years I was working at such high speed I didn't stop to think of anything else, least of all taxes, I found they had taken tax title to the place because I hadn't paid. I hadn't received any of the bills. The only thing that saved me was some neighborhood gossip about the condition of my pocketbook which happened to get back to me.

Naturally the place had been advertised for taxes but none of us bother to read tax ads. It's a pretty cheap, smelly way to collect taxes and particularly so when no effort is made to contact the delinquent tax-payer. Believe me, I was thankful that some of my neighbors read that ad or I might have waked up some fine morning to find I didn't even own the place. Don't

ever try to tell me that good old-fashioned gossip doesn't have its value. That time it saved me from possible eviction.

The transportation problem wasn't so easily solved. A horse cost about one hundred dollars—that is, one that would be much good. I didn't have a hundred dollars. So again, it was a case of trade. My first horse trade is worth recording for it is a fair example not only of Yankee trading methods but also of the character of the "poor" farmers. "Poor" is in quotes because the only poor thing about them was their mouths—a fact that I did not realize until I had been in practice some time. It was late in the fall of 1900 before I found anything I could use and I knew that horse wasn't any too good when I got it. But it was some time before I realized how bad a trade I had made.

I was pretty cocky in those days. I'd heard about Yankee proclivities for trading and witnessed some pretty clever tricks on the part of horse traders at the livery stable—tricks which my father invariably saw through. So I felt pretty certain no farmer would get the better of me. That was before this trade with Jeb Dobbin. I made several calls at his place during the fall and did a lot of work which came to a large sum of money for those days—\$37.50, to be exact.

Jeb was a tall lean young farmer whose drooping mustache made him appear twice his age. When I first called at his place I felt sorry for him. All the signs pointed to tough sledding. House needed paint, the barn roof leaked and he himself looked poor—his overalls were patched so much there were more patches than original material. And he talked poor.

"I don't know what's goin' to become of me," his plaint usually began. "Crops is pore, cows ain't givin' haff the milk they should ought, the wife's been sick and now one of the hosses is sick."

By the time the bill got up to \$37.50, I had got so used to his

poor mouth that I hardly paid any attention to him. He and Caleb were my only two clients—and Caleb had only had me once since Dan's colic case. So I needed the money pretty badly. Jeb's hard luck stories were monotonous—like hearing of the plight of small European nations who were too stupid to join hands against totalitarian aggression. There's a limit to a man's capacity for sympathy and as far as Jeb was concerned, I had reached that limit. After all, I had a wife to support and a mortgage to pay off, to say nothing of buying drugs and attempting to stock the farm.

"I know you're having a tough time, Jeb," I said, "but so am I. I must have something on account or I won't be able to pay my drug bill." That was the truth too.

Jeb pulled out a plug of tobacco that looked like a thick hunk of rope which had been soaked in road oil. He bit at it assiduously like a cribbing horse until he had a sizable "chaw" in his mouth. "I hain't got no cash atall, Doc. Nary a cent. But maybe I could give you a little somethin' in trade." He chewed meditatively for awhile and then seemed to get an idea. "Say, Doc, how'd you like a doggoned good hoss?"

"I'd like nothing better right now," I replied, "but like you, I haven't any cash."

"Don't say nothin' about money to me, Doc. You been mighty good to me an' I'm willin' to repay you. Give a look at that bay there in the barn." He spat voluminously but not so neatly as old Caleb Rowe. Of course, it takes time to develop the fine art of expectoration and Jeb was only half Caleb's age so he should be excused for having to wipe his mustache afterwards.

I sidled into the small door which led back of the horses and cows. "Sidled" is the word, because the door was flanked by two enormous cones of manure—the cow manure on the right and the horse manure on the left—and they had reached the stage

where they threatened to meet. The bay wasn't a bad chunk of horse-flesh but I noticed he had a spavin starting. Still, that wouldn't bother me much for I didn't plan to use him for heavy work. "What are you asking for him, Jeb?"

"This here hoss is a mighty good hoss, Doc. Shouldn't ought to part with him fer less than a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars for a spavined horse!" I exclaimed, surprised that he'd try to put a thing like that over on a horse doctor. At that time, I never suspected there might be something else wrong with the horse.

"You'll go far, Doc, mighty far," he said, eyeing me shrewdly. "'Course I warn't goin' to cheat you—jest wanted to see if you'd notice what ailed him. Now s'pose, afore we say anythin' more about price, you jest take him fer a drive."

I led the horse, Nathaniel, out between the heaps of manure which were steaming now in the sunshine and emitting the rich and questionable fragrance of ammonia. Nathaniel seemed to take an immediate liking to me. He obeyed every command promptly and jogged along at a nice rate. He showed no bad habits. If I could get him for the amount of the bill, I'd be doing mighty well, I thought. Back again at the barn I repeated my request for Jeb's price.

"Fifty-five dollars," he said after the usual disposal of excess saliva and tobacco juice.

I leaned back and scratched my head. I'd show this Yankee farmer I could trade and trade right. On the other hand, though, I didn't want to chisel too much off his price. My father's teaching to pay what a thing was worth always stood by me—except when I bought my veterinary equipment and I excused myself for that by calling it a case of have to. Jeb saw that I wasn't going to jump at his price so he started his sales talk before I had a chance to say anything.

"I could let you have him fer less, Doc, but you know how it is. The wife's expectin' an' Doc Olson needs his money bad—he's carryin' haff of Sudbury an' I figger I gotta do somethin' fer him this time—ain't never been able to pay him fer the last two."

"Yes, Jeb, I know you've had tough luck. But so have I. And fifty-five dollars is too much for me. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll take the nag along and call your bill squared up."

He doodled with his toe in the dirt and finally shook his head slowly. "Kan't do it, Doc. Thet hoss has stood me a lotta money. I'm takin' a big loss as 'tis but sence you've been so good to me, I'll come down to forty-five dollars."

I was beginning to get into the spirit of the thing. Jeb and the rest of these farmers got more kick out of a horse trade than out of a burlesque show. And in case you don't know it, burlesque stood very high in their repertory of entertainment. Practically all of them, when they took their harvests to Faneuil Hall Market, found their way to the Old Howard and elsewhere in the "wicked" city. I was getting a real kick out of this horse trade myself. I'd knocked Jeb down ten dollars—or fifty-five if you counted his first price of one hundred. Maybe I could get him down the rest of the way. So I started to expatiate on the value of my services. "No doubt Nathaniel has stood you a lot of money, Jeb. But I've got a lot tied up in that bill. Think of the cost of the drugs. Yes, and think how much it has meant to me to pedal over here and back so many times on my bike."

He scratched his head and added a refinement in which I hadn't indulged: he inspected whatever he had caught under his fingernail, then snapped his fingers and rubbed them off on his pants. "I'll come down another two dollars and a haff—but that's the limit. Kan't go no lower."

I had just two dollars and a half in my pocket. "Split the difference?" I offered.

He doodled in the dirt with his toe, spat voluminously and wiped his mustache, scratched his head and finally pronounced one word: "Sold!"

Jeb loaned me a bridle and I rode Nathaniel home bareback. On the way I met Caleb Rowe. "Whoo-oa, Beelzebub!" he yelled at the sight of me. Beelzebub obliged and so did Nathaniel, stopping beside the buggy where it would be easy for us to talk.

"Hain't I seen that hoss somewhars afore, Duc?" he asked, squinting at Nathaniel.

"Probably. It's Jeb Dobbin's old bay."

He squinted a little closer. "How much did Jeb pay you to take him away?"

"Oh, I got him cheap enough," I boasted.

"Ef you paid anythin' fer him, you paid twicet as much as he's wuth!"

I could see little lights of amusement flickering back and forth in Caleb's eyes and I imagined he was laughing at me behind those copious whiskers. That made me uneasy. "Why, what's the matter with him—besides the spavin?" For professional reasons, I thought I had better let him know I noticed the spavin.

Then he laughed aloud. "Hee! Hee! Hee!" he cackled, his bushy white beard quivering. "Hee! Hee! Hee!" He slapped his leg enthusiastically.

"Well," I was a little confused as you can imagine, "well, I can't see anything funny . . ."

"Wait 'til it rains, Duc. Wait 'til it rains!" He clucked at Beelzebub and rattled off, his high pitched "hee-hee" floating back to me.

Everywhere I went in Sudbury I heard that refrain: "Wait 'til it rains! Wait 'til it rains!" Fortunately it didn't rain very

heavily for some time but when it finally did happen, I wasn't surprised that everyone had laughed. I remember it was raining lightly when I started out that day. I expected Nat to rear or plunge or something but he didn't pay any attention. I made a call over near the Hudson road and by the time I got through, it was raining in sheets. Nat waited there in the yard patiently enough for me and started off calmly as usual, jogging along Dutton road until we came to a sharp bend near the Wayside Inn station. This corner was covered by a broad puddle about twice the length of the horse and buggy. As soon as Nat spied the puddle, I began to suspect something. He broke into a run and for the first time failed to obey my "Whoa, Nat, whoa!" even though I leaned back on the reins and sawed the bit between his jaws. When he reached the puddle he plunged into it giving me a showerbath of muddy water. About half way through he stopped short, the dashboard spanking into his rump. Then he squatted. I jerked at the reins, pleaded, cajoled and even got out the whip and gave him a lick or two. All to no avail. He wouldn't budge but merely turned his head and looked reproachfully at me until I stopped. And then, with a sigh of contentment, he laid down. I jumped out of the buggy and started to pick my way around to his head. As soon as he noticed me, he did the dumbest thing I ever saw a horse do. He rolled over, snapping the shafts like tinder. I won't record what I said. He rolled back and forth in that mud puddle until he got damned good and ready to get up and not a thing I did made a bit of difference. When he finally got up, I shoved the wrecked buggy out of the road and led him home.

It seemed that everybody knew of Nat's cute little trick but myself. They all had a good laugh at my expense but it didn't do me any harm—it was good-natured laughter—and when I made no attempt to overcharge Jeb Dobbin the next time he

called me, he was so surprised that I wasn't going to try to get even, I believe he would have taken the horse back and tried to pay the bill. But I figured it was a fair trade. I had taken the horse "as is" and it was just my tough luck. That spring, when the roads were just full of puddles, I had to do a lot of walking as I couldn't use Nat and I wouldn't ask the farmers to drive me home after coming after me as many of them did.

So Nathaniel only partly settled the transportation problem but the lesson about Yankee character which the trade for him taught me has stayed with me ever since. There was another matter which had hung over my head for some time. It was about the title to Hill Top Farm.

Lawyer Works, the conveyancer, called at the house one day and told me I'd have to pay more money or get out. It appeared that he had another customer for the place who would pay a fancy price. I hadn't received clear title to it because Works had done nothing about it, dickering with this gentleman in the meantime. Works thought he had me where he wanted me but he reckoned without one thing: I had an option on the place at a stipulated sum. If it weren't for this, he'd have beaten me for I was dumb about the transaction, trusting everybody, and it was only by chance that I got the option. At that he tried to bluff me but one of my clients who was a lawyer squelched him so effectively he hated me the rest of his life. A thing like this is always unfortunate and in my case, it was one of the reasons my practice didn't grow more rapidly.

"What's this about Works and young Dinsmore?" the gossip would run. "I hear tell there was some funny business over that deal for his farm."

"Yeah! Thet hoss doctor is a purty shrewd young buck. He'll bear watchin', I'm tellin' you. He'll bear a lotta watchin'."

Then a loyal soul would speak up. "Ef you ask me, ef they's

any funny business in the deal it's on the part of Lawyer Works. He allus was a slick un."

"Jest the same, we kan't 'ford to hire a tricky hoss doctor. How do we know he won't put somethin' over on us? Might hev a deal on with some hoss or cattle trader." The farmers thought it was easy for a vet to pick up extra money by using his knowledge to the advantage of traders. As a matter of fact, any vet who tried anything like that would be ostracized immediately. Still, if I am to believe some of the stories I have heard, some of those farmers felt they had been sold out by a horse doctor to some traders. I'm inclined to doubt this for all the vets I have ever known of my own generation invariably lean over backwards to be fair to the farmers and generally die poorer than the men they served.

"Once bit, twice shy," someone would quote sententiously. And thus I was tried before a jury of my clients and potential clients. Fortunately gossip among men is different from gossip among women. The former tends to ferret out the true facts while the latter enlarges and distorts these facts until they become unrecognizable. Eventually, the local farmers learned that all the trickery was on the part of Lawyer Works. They thought more kindly of me and some of them employed me. Not always as a horse doctor, though. In order to get by, I often used to do farm work. I traded for a used one-horse mowing machine and a better horse than Nathaniel so I was able to do a lot of mowing in addition to horse doctoring.

Before they would accept me completely on a professional basis, the farmers wanted to see some signs of my "sticking around permanent." There wasn't any sense in their starting to employ a man to take care of their horses and cows unless he was going to settle down for good. On May 8th, 1905, occurred an event which convinced many of them. A daughter was born

to the Dinsmores. Since Mary had a fondness for and a justifiable pride in her family names, the baby was christened Dorothy Copeland. If a man starts a family in a place, that's a sure sign he aims to "stick around permanent." So more of the farmers employed me in my professional capacity. Finally, I was able to put the mowing machine up and cease to do odd jobs. I had all the horse doctoring I could handle.

5. *On the Carpet*

BY the time the second and final addition to the family arrived (John Alfred—July 17, 1908), I was doing so well that I had no regrets as to my choice of field work instead of the laboratory. But shortly after that blessed event, Fortune turned her wheel.

It happened this way. Even back in the first decade of this century we had bureaus of animal industry in many states as well as the Federal bureau. The purpose of these bureaus was not only to regulate the sale and exchange of farm animals but to prevent the spread of disease among them and ultimately to check those diseases which are transmissible from livestock to men. It was a large assignment and it still is.

To my way of thinking, the Division of Livestock Disease Control here in Massachusetts is the most important division of the Bureau of Animal Industry. That is, to the citizens of Massachusetts. The Federal Bureau of Animal Industry is of course of great importance to every one of us, because of the extent to which our health and our pocketbooks are dependent upon the success or failure of it. Naturally, the State Division of Livestock Disease Control had some influence over veterinarians. How much I didn't realize until I had a couple of altercations with the ancestor of the Division, namely, the State Bureau of Animal Industry.

I had examined several cows and pronounced them in sound health, having "so far as I can determine to the best of my

knowledge and belief" no contagious or communicable diseases. At that time, authorities were already trying to get at the problem of tuberculosis and progressive men realized that control of the bovine type, which is readily communicable to man, would not only save a lot of human lives but would also prevent the loss of millions of dollars per year which the cattle afflicted with the disease represented. So the main purpose of the examination was to determine whether or not there was any tuberculosis and if there should happen to be, the cows could not be shipped from place to place. This particular herd was going up to New Hampshire to pasture. I examined them, okayed them, tagged them and they were shipped. I was so busy I forgot about the formality of sending a report to the State Bureau of Animal Industry. A couple of months later I received a hot letter from the head of the Bureau inviting me to see him immediately—or else. So I had to leave my work, take the train at Sudbury and go on the carpet.

This gentleman lit into me as soon as I got into his office. What was the idea of my withholding reports? Was that the type of cooperation I was going to give the Bureau? How would T.B. ever be stamped out if all the vets were like me? And so forth. It developed that the owner had written in, asking permission to move the herd back from New Hampshire and since there was no report from me of the herd being moved at all, the head of the Bureau had a good excuse to give me hell. However, I wasn't taking his talk with equanimity. When I could get a word in edgewise, I said:

"The last three weeks I've had only seventy-two hours sleep. I haven't even averaged four hours a night and you call me away from my work for a mere technicality!"

"Well, what are you doing that you can't get any sleep?"

"Practising, of course. What the hell do you think?" I was

young and flushed with success and quite evidently my hat wouldn't fit me any more.

"If you have so much to do, why don't you give us a ring? We'll send a man out to help you."

I laughed nastily. "Mr. Quackenbush," I said, "there isn't a man in this office who would follow me around a week—to say nothing of doing any work."

Luckily this fellow was more of a gentleman than I and he kept his temper. Of course, I reasoned that he had eight hours of sleep every night and it was easy enough for a man to keep his temper when he wasn't tired. Still, I felt a little cheap. I made out the report later and no action was taken against me for my negligence. But I had made an enemy who could do me a lot of harm if he wanted to. More than that, the fact that I was on the carpet leaked out to many of my clients and once again I was beginning to be the subject of gossip.

Shortly after that I became the main subject around the fire in general stores and grain dealers offices and wherever farmers congregated. It's quite a story. L. T. Emory's horse came down with an infection which looked similar to glanders but which I diagnosed as something else. At about the same time, Mr. Emory was taken ill. His doctor diagnosed his case as glanders contracted from the horse. That put me on the spot and if it was proven that the physician was correct in his diagnosis, I'd deserve to lose my license.

Glanders is a contagious disease of horses, mules and, to a lesser extent, other animals. As you have gathered it is transmissible to the genus homo. And it is fatal. Or rather, I should say it *was* for I haven't heard of a case of glanders in years. We vets have stamped it out by the simple and effective method of killing all animals afflicted with the *bacillus mallei* as it is called in the laboratory, and disposing of the bodies immedi-

ately. This saved not only equine life but what is commonly supposed to be more important, human life. It is one of the minor contributions of horse doctors to human welfare and like many others, it has been completely overlooked.

Dr. Frank, Emory's physician, lost no time in notifying the Bureau of Animal Industry that he had a case of glanders in one of his clients, whose horse was suffering from the infection. He obliged by giving my name as the vet who had failed to warn his client of the danger and who also had failed to destroy the horse. I didn't have to wait long before a State man was out on the case. I'll admit it looked like glanders. The horse had a case of the heaves plus an infected tooth which caused a nasty looking discharge. To a physician it would surely look like a case of glanders. One thing relieved me. I knew one of the State fellows on the case. In fact Harrie Peirce had been a classmate of mine at Harvard so I was sure the tests would be accurate. But still, I couldn't help but think what a vital duty it is for a veterinarian to warn his client if there is even the slightest possibility of communicable disease. How could I, still a comparatively young vet, be absolutely sure Emory's horse didn't have glanders unless I made the tests? If this man died, I was responsible for his death. Or so my so-called superiors would have me believe. Hearing so much from them, it was natural for me to think that Quackenbush was leading up to preferring charges against me. Charges which would result in my being kicked out of practice. I don't know yet whether this was what he was leading up to or whether he was merely trying to impress upon me the importance of my job and perhaps to knock a little of the cockiness out of me. I resented it.

Everywhere I went on my calls, I heard one question: "How's Emory?" I didn't know how Emory was. Being a horse doctor I wasn't allowed to see the patient. After all, the physician said

he had glanders. So he had glanders. And the physician said the horse had glanders. So the horse had glanders. But when the State Bureau's report came back negative, there must have been some mistake. So the state vets had to go out again. Then Emory died. The whispering campaign developed into a shouting campaign. Dinsmore wasn't half the man they had thought he was. Did you hear what happened to Emory? Dr. Frank said it was glanders. Glanders? Gad! And then someone would protest: But the horse is still alive. And the State vet said it didn't have glanders. Is that so? And thus, once again I was tried before the only court of justice which really counts so far as a man's financial success or failure is concerned: the men for whom I worked.

The State Bureau's second report came back negative. Yet Frank insisted that his client died of glanders and he was powerful enough to make the vets come out again for a third test. Of course, Dr. Frank had created the issue. He'd stuck out his chin where he had no business to. There was another angle to this, however. It was a form of professional jealousy—one of the regrettable and asinine things which has prevented closer co-operation between the vets and physicians. I was working for Theobald Smith at the time. He was even more famous then than when I was at Harvard. All I was doing was routine work, checking cattle which had re-acted to the tuberculin test to see if there were any lesions of a tuberculous nature—nothing of which any physician should be at all jealous.

Yet the fact that Theobald Smith, one of the most famous physicians of the day, would prefer my services as an assistant to anyone of Dr. Frank's caliber stuck in the medico's craw. Also, this checking was going on at the estate of one of the wealthiest men around here—one to which Lord Bryce was often a visitor. It was just awful that an ignorant horse doctor should be in such

company and it was even rumored that the great Lord Bryce had taken a fancy to the horse doctor's toddling brat, John Alfred, which meant that Dinsmore was sycophantically baiting these good people with everything in his power—including his allegedly cute kid!

There was a little paradox here which is also explained on the grounds of jealousy. No one was so cordially hated as the rich and successful; and anyone who "toadied" to them in any way was not fit to work for ordinary folks. At the same time, these "ordinary" folks were considerably swelled up and happy to bask in the reflected glory of being classed as a neighbor of these rich people. The fact that Amy Lowell, Lord Bryce and other famous people found their way along the same road which these ordinary mortals trod caused many a nose to tilt slightly upward. And if, perchance, one of these "greats" should pass the time of day with one of the neighbors, that man, or better, that woman, was made for life. "Did I ever tell you about the time I met Lord Bryce and *talked* to him?" Or, "Amy Lowell isn't really half so much of a she-bear as people say. You know *I* met her once. She was walking down to the mail box and I just happened to come along . . ." having timed herself to meet her and probably watched by the hour until she saw an opportunity.

So working for these people didn't do me much good with my regular clients. Many of them were willing to believe the gossip about me at first. There followed quite a lull in practice, only the most loyal clients sticking by me and, of course, the rich—but there weren't enough of them to make a good living for the family. The State Bureau's third report came back negative, however.

Then there was a change in the gossip. Guess maybe Dinsmore was right arter all and Doc Frank was barkin' up the

wrong tree. Glanders! It's dumbbed certain Emory didn't git no glanders from his hoss ef his hoss didn't hev it. And the State hoss doctors made three tests. Three tests to see whether it was heaves and a rotten tooth as Dinsmore said or glanders as the doc said. An' Dinsmore didn't hev to make no tests to find out what it was. He knew. Bet he'd hev saved old Emory too, ef the doc had let him at him. Pshaw! I'druther hev thet hoss doctor Dinsmore than Doc Frank any day. Heck, Frank don't know so much. Prob'ly Emory died of blood pisenin'.

That, by the way, I think was the truth of the matter. Emory had died of blood poisoning—perhaps a type that looked something like glanders. It can be deceiving. I think Frank was sincere but he let jealousy get the better of him. Then he became panicky when he realized he had made a mistake in diagnosis. Later, he folded his tent and stole away.

I never received any apology from the Bureau, or specifically, from Quackenbush, for the way he sailed into me on this matter and on others. Neither did I give any for the cracks I let fly. Until comparatively recently, relations between the State Bureau and myself have been of the cat and dog variety—with the exception of Dr. Harrie Peirce. I didn't like the political nature of the bureau and I still don't. No layman should be in charge of the Division of Livestock Disease Control. No layman should be over a veterinarian. My classmate and friend, Harrie Peirce, has worked there for many years. He's worked quietly and efficiently with no fanfare whatsoever. I've had contact enough with his bosses to realize what a tough job he and the other vets in the department must have had to eradicate some of the crass stupidities of politicians.

Every man of them has thought he knew more about disease than any vet. And every man of them would have pulled more boners than a vet could undo in years if it weren't for men like

Harrie Peirce. That is a job which should be under Civil Service and open only to the vet who knows, above all things, his comparative medicine. For after all, if I don't make anything else clear in this book, I want to drive home the fact to each and every reader that livestock disease is his concern: it threatens his life. And even the diseases which are not communicable to man but which are epidemic among livestock, if allowed to rage as they have raged in the past before there were veterinarians, would soon upset the economic balance of the country so seriously that the last depression would seem nothing but a foretaste of the real disaster. We're as healthy as our animals are; and our pocketbooks are as fat as their sides—and no fatter.

No other physicians were like Dr. Frank. Most members of the profession leaned over backwards to be nice to us vets. I remember Dr. Oliver. There was glanders on one of the large farms near here. I happened to be the vet and he the physician in charge of the men. Of course I reported the cases promptly and warned everybody. Then one of the men became ill. He was down flat. Little red nodules appeared on one of his arms. Dr. Oliver asked me to have a look at him.

"I never saw a case of glanders in a man," he confessed. "And I'm not at all sure this is one."

That is the way a man of science will talk every time. I always watch the physician or vet who is always positive he is right. Perhaps that is why I watch myself . . .

I had never seen a case of glanders in a man either so I didn't know whether I could be of any real help to Dr. Oliver. But I looked at the fellow. What the doctor was afraid of is the type of glanders which is called farcy. At least two of the horses on the place had this type and more were breaking out. It's a disease of the skin and superficial lymphatics. It is characterized by swellings which vary in size from that of a pebble to a small

stone and which, in the acute form, suppurate within a week, discharging a bilious looking material. This fellow thought sure he was done for. He lay there on the bed, pale and drawn. He extended his arm.

"Duz thet look like what the hosses git, Doc?"

Those nodules which spread over his arm were so small, they looked more like a rash. I didn't keep the poor fellow in suspense any longer. It wasn't like what the horses had, I told him. Still, that didn't mean the fellow didn't have glanders because I don't know what it does look like in a human but I did know that his condition appeared like nothing but a common everyday streptococcus infection. I told Dr. Oliver what I thought. He breathed a sigh of relief.

"That's what I thought it was, Dr. Dinsmore. But with glanders on the place, I couldn't be sure . . ."

I assured him that my diagnosis might still be incorrect and we parted friends, each sure that the other knew a lot because each one of us was willing to admit we didn't know it all. The man lived so our diagnosis must have been correct.

I have been on the carpet several other times in my career—details of one or two of them will be given later—and while the "carpet" is an unpleasant institution, it does have its justification. You'll note that I was called in only on cases which were transmissible to man and while I am not yet sure that there wasn't some little discrimination against me, the call-downs did make me realize that I wasn't cock of the walk and that it was possible for me to make a mistake. It probably did me more good than harm even if it did get under my skin. Perhaps the worst feature of it all was the interruption of my daily routine. For a time, I was afraid these interruptions and the gossip attendant with them would lose me some clients but it soon became evident that I would continue to have all I could do.

6. *Days Without End*

A “DAY” to me has a very special significance. It doesn’t mean a matter of eight hours of work, eight hours of play and eight hours of rest which in this era of mass laziness would be considered a pretty tough schedule. It means work, hard exacting work, of sixteen, twenty and even twenty-four hours. I like to think that there is a parallel between our work and that of the country doctor. Our busiest days occur, diabolically enough, during the worst weather and always the calls seem to come from the four points of the compass and from the remotest points at that.

The country doctor, however, has more of a nervous strain than we vets. If he doesn’t get through a human life may be lost. And a human life in these United States is still holy, something to be revered and saved. Thank God for that. If we vets are delayed by a storm we can comfort ourselves with the thought that at least if the patient dies the loss will be economic and possibly sentimental but never tragic.

On the other hand, we have to have as much medical and surgical skill as the country doctor and in addition we have to use much more muscle than the physician ever does. Our hands and arms are as powerful as a steel worker’s and the work we do is so exacting that the least misapplication of our strength might kill the patient. The country doctor is very lucky in one respect: in cold weather he always has a chance to warm up and

if he has to stay several hours and watch the patient there is always a chair to draw up beside the stove.

We horse doctors miss all that. In like circumstances, we have to stand around in a cold and drafty barn and almost freeze or curl up in the haymow and come so near actually freezing there is no fun in it. By and large, however, it does seem that our job is almost equal in difficulty to that of the old-fashioned country doctor.

An average busy day is like the one I've selected from my notes. It is mid-winter and it starts at four A.M. I don't know whether I'm awake or asleep. Didn't get in until one o'clock and I've sunk into a sort of stupor. I keep counting something. One-two-three, one-two-three. Over and over. Mary seems to be shaking my shoulder. Someone is playing bagpipes, playing them badly. They screech and shriek. One-two-three, screech, shriek, Mary. I'm having a nightmare. Bagpipes, Mary trying to wake me. Funny kind of a nightmare. One-two-three. "John! John!" No, it's no nightmare. Mary *is* trying to wake me. "JOHN!" One-two-three. Bagpipes screeching, shrieking. "JOHN! JOHN!" I answer Mary, murmur, "All right." Or I think I do. But it isn't all right. The one-two-three persists. So do the bagpipes. And Mary.

"JOHN! TELEPHONE!" I sweep the bed-clothes off, jerk into a sitting position. The one-two-three is the Sudbury telephone. The bagpipes is the wind howling about the Hill Top Farm buildings. And Mary is Mary.

She has just started down to the phone herself but she hears me moving and comes back, a white wraith in the darkness. Fine particles of snow chatter against the window panes. It was snowing hard when I came in. I swing out of bed. The window is open a crack and the wind has driven the snow across the room. My feet strike it. The cold drives up my legs

serving to wake me completely. I get into slippers, wrap a bathrobe around me and hurry down the stairs.

"Thet you Ductor?" It's old Caleb Rowe, so eager to get me he doesn't even wait for me to say "hello." He sounds pretty wheezy, too. "I feel like a ornery critter to ask you out on a night like this but Clover kant throw her caff." He's taken with a spasm of coughing. Caleb is over seventy now and should be more careful about going out to his barn on such wild nights as this.

Teeth chattering, I grab my clothes and dress by the kitchen fire. It's the only fire we keep. No central heating plant. Of course, on nights like this it gets down to twenty-five or so in parts of the house but we are still young and can take it. I light my lantern, pick up my Boston bag and open the back door. Snow particles needle into my face. Snow is knee deep at the door. The driving wind sweeps it into the kitchen and I hear it hiss against the stove. What a night! Or rather, what a morning! But I don't feel sorry I have to go out. Every man who has fought the elements knows there is a certain primitive exaltation in it. Perhaps it is childish but I look forward to the battle.

Caleb hadn't said a thing about the possibility of my not getting through. He knew I'd get through in spite of hell and high drifts. The wind battled with the lantern as I fought my way to the barn. The light flickered weirdly but held. The three horses whinnied a greeting as I stamped into the stable. I took Dandy because he hadn't worked since yesterday morning. And anyhow, Bob was liable to be facetious and dump me into snow-drifts—a favorite trick of his.

I hitch Dandy to the sleigh and we're off in a swirl of snow that spatters against the lantern globe. I'm a queer looking figure in the feeble light of the lantern. Something like an overgrown cocoon—at least, the part of me above the robe looks

that way—for I'm wrapped up in my cowhide fur coat (which formerly served Dolly, one of our cows, admirably) and cap of like material with ear-flaps which reach almost down to my shoulders. My cowhide gauntlets reach nearly to my elbows and since I hold my hands close to my body—even the one holding the reins—and only a small part of my face shows, you get the effect of a huge insect in the pupa stage.

Caleb *would* have to live in the part of Sudbury which is northeasterly from Hill Top Farm so Dandy and I have to butt the wind and driving snow all the way. He is a good trail blazer, a good wallower in snow. The snow clings to his fur, turning him into a white, almost invisible specter in the grey darkness ahead of me. I'm not much help to him in finding the road but he doesn't need help. I have started down Parmenter road so that means somewhere in Sudbury to him. I can tell by the jerk of the sleigh and change of direction of the wind as he swings east on the Boston Post Road directly opposite the Wayside Inn, but I can make out neither the Inn nor the elms which surround it.

There is nothing but the grey darkness and the wind whistling through the trees and the creak of harness leather. I bow my head to keep the stinging snow out of my face. Dandy will surely take me to the station but it would save me a mile or so if I could find Peakham road somehow. I wait until I figure we're at the top of the rise near where Peakham road turns off. I can tell by the way the sleigh pulls. I give Dandy a bit of a hint—just a guiding touch of the left rein. He pauses. Again I jerk slightly. Then he starts straight ahead. I hope he's got the idea. He has—too enthusiastically. He swings left through the edge of a drift. Before I know what it's all about, the sleigh is on it's side in the snow. So am I, but still in the seat. I make a grab for the flickering lantern—wouldn't do to let my robe burn up.

Dandy, unlike Bob who always makes the spill as complete as possible, stops short.

I crawl out feeling the cold snow melt in chilling trickles down my neck. I right the sleigh, make sure I haven't lost any equipment and clamber in again. "Gettup, Dandy!" He starts forth a little more cautiously weaving in and out among drifts, stopping faithfully at each driveway. This is sort of a game with him on a dark night. He stops at every driveway where he has ever stopped until I tell him which one to turn in.

At the Hudson road he pauses and I give him a hint with the right rein. Then in the square in Sudbury center he pauses again. This time I pull on the left rein. I still can't see a thing and I trust to his intelligence and instinct to get me to Caleb's. I can feel the lift of the sleigh as he digs his way up the hill past the cemetery. Nine times out of ten when I head up that way I land at Caleb's. He knows it and he doesn't stop until we get to Caleb's drive. I'm so completely lost I have to get out and look for landmarks with my lantern before I'll believe Dandy is right. I find the mail-box half buried in the snow. Caleb's all right. "Nice work, Dandy." He starts up the drive and soon I can make out the feeble glow of Caleb's lamp. I go straight to the barn, hoping he won't hear me—no need to chance his insisting on helping me in spite of his cold. I knew Dick Henery would be no good—he wasn't good for much of anything after his wife died.

Clover is in bad shape. She's been straining all night. I strip off and go at her. The calf is really too big—much too big. Clover is too weak to be of much help. I heave and toss and wrestle with that calf. I thank the good Lord it's warm in the barn—warm with the damp warmth of animals, a healthy humid warmth to work in. The lantern light throws broad grotesque shadows about the barn and I see myself, a Gar

gantua, etched along the floor and up the wall. The door opens and old Caleb stamps in, coughing and sneezing.

"You made it, Ductor! You made it!" He laughs his well-known cackle—a bit cracked now from his cold. Then he's quick to get down to business. "She's pretty bad, ain't she?"

I nod. I'm tugging so hard sweat is running into my eyes. My arms ache. Raw welts are raising on them from the ropes I have to use on the calf.

"Kin you save her, Ductor? I paid dear fer her—mighty dear." He is seized with another spasm of coughing.

I nod again, almost too spent to speak. I can save her if I can summon up strength enough to get that head clear. I need some help and Caleb notices it.

"Here, Ductor, let me give you a hand," he offers, starting to strip off his coat.

I stop working and look Caleb over. He is seized with a sudden chill. His flowing white whiskers quiver as his teeth chatter. "You aren't doing anything of the sort, Mr. Rowe. You're a sick man." Heavy work like that in his condition might cause heart failure.

"Sick!" he snorts. "You dun't know me, Ductor. I've hed colds like this fer nigh onto sixty year an' never give in to one of 'em yet." He coughs into a huge red handkerchief.

"That may be so, but you aren't doing this work in your condition," I snap. "How about Dick?" I ask doubtfully.

"He's under the weather pore chap. Hain't parted with his bottle sence Effie died—'cept to fill it."

Caleb has another coughing fit. "You get the hell back into the house. I'll work this out alone somehow."

For a wonder he obeys. "Dun't know but whut I will. I'm be-ginnin' to feel sorta peaked."

"Better get a doctor for yourself."

"No ductor fer me," he growls. "All they's good fer is to help you die easy-like."

After he has closed the door, I go to a window and watch him stagger into the house. It's stopped snowing now with the coming of the dawn and it is easy to see him. I always liked old Caleb once I understood him. Pinch penny? A "Mean old Yank?" Yes, typical. He'd cheat on a trade and be proud of it, but—there he was with a drunken hired man on his hands. Dick couldn't do half his work so Caleb was doing Dick's share too. Fire Dick? Caleb wouldn't think of it. Dick had three kids and Caleb was going to look after them. He did it, too. And the remarkable thing about it is that the old man lived to see these children grow up, marry and have children of their own. The old devil didn't die until recently—and then his death was due to an accident. He was not all good—pity the man who is!—nor was he all bad but he had just enough cussedness in him to spice up his personality and at the risk of sounding pious, I think the world a better place for his having spent a century in it.

As soon as he has reached the house safely, I scout around the barn to see what I can find to use on Clover. The ladder to the hay mow catches my eye. I take it down and tote it into the cowbarn. The cows look askance, sniffing and turning up their noses in much the same manner a dowager uses to look down through her lorgnette—except that the dowager usually has chins to ripple while the bovine creature does not. I jam the ladder in between the stanchion and the wall so that it runs along parallel to Clover. It's a good tight fit, too.

Then I hunt around for something to pry with. Pretty soon I come across a six foot crowbar. Just the thing! Making sure that everything is lined up as it should be and after trying a few

tentative pushes with the bar, I finally lean all my weight on it, hoping that the rung of the ladder I'm using as a fulcrum doesn't break. It doesn't. The calf's head comes free and the rest of the delivery is a mere gesture. Clover will pull out of it okay but the calf is dead—has been since before I got there. I'm willing to bet nobody ever used a crowbar and ladder as obstetrical instruments before—or since.

While washing up in Caleb's kitchen, the phone rings. It's for me. Mary. She has three calls for me. An emergency at Heneberry's in Stow—colic, Hammond Hill farm in Marlborough needs me "sometime today" and so does Saunders in Framingham who has a "sick" cow—which invariably means a retained placenta. Even today, when everyone is supposed to speak with complete frankness, a large percentage of my clients are too "delicate" in their conversation to mention the female difficulties of their cattle to a woman.

The going isn't so tough on the way to Stow. Some farmers have broken a track through on their way to the station with their milk. The temperature is starting to nosedive and the wind is howling across my face from the northwest but I don't mind the wind and the cold. The storm clouds have broken up into cold black patches with tattered edges and now and then I can see a streak of blue between them.

Old man Heneberry is in his barn watching his mare Mollie kick her last lusty kicks. "Gosh-all-hemlock, Doc! Ye got here in good time."

"That's so. But not fast enough to do anything for Mollie."

"Whut the hell—is she thet bad?"

Mollie has the puppy dog squat—sitting on her haunches like a dog—and when they get that with colic the prognosis is unfavorable and especially so if they are over twenty-five as

Mollie is. I put my hand on her heaving sides. They are cold, clammy. She struggles to get up but her hind legs are useless. Paralysis.

"By Gad ef I ever hear anythin' else that dun't sound right out here agin, I'll come out an' see whut 'tis." The old man was blowing his nose but he needed his handkerchief more for his eyes. "Thought mebbe it was just a door swingin' in the wind but 'twas Mollie stampin' 'round arter gittin' loose an' crammin' her belly fulla grain."

Mollie is breathing hard, stertorously. Death from colic is not easy, nor is it a pleasant thing to witness. Old Mr. Heneberry goes into a workshop and comes back with a hammer when I tell him the only thing to do is put her out of her misery. "Here Doc, reckon you kin use a hammer—the old shotgun makes too much of a mess. 'Sides, I dun't want to hear it go off." He hands me the hammer and half runs out of the barn. Poor devil.

Mr. Heneberry is unlike many of his friends. I think he is the only one who ever realized that a hammer, properly used, is every bit as merciful as a bullet. I talk to Mollie in low tones, working my way up to her head. She stops struggling, just sits there, her eyes pleading. Mollie knows me. I've cured her of colic several times. Soon after I come the pain is gone so she expects me to start dosing her now. It isn't easy to kill a horse, especially a horse you know. But that is the only way I can release her from her suffering. I draw two imaginary lines from each ear to the opposite eye. I mark the spot where these lines cross. There's a little tuft of white hair there. I swing the hammer. Mollie slides to the floor, her suffering ended.

I climb into the sleigh and wrap the buffalo robe around me. Mr. Heneberry sees me and comes running out of the house.

"How much do I owe ye, Doc?" I can't look at the old man—tears coursing down a seamed old face are not to be witnessed. Those of you who have had a horse and who have worked with him, tilling the soil for a score of years or more need no explanation of these tears when the parting comes. "How much do I owe ye?" he repeats.

I guess I had forgotten to answer. I didn't want to charge him anything—the old man had had plenty of tough luck and the sledding would be all the harder without Mollie. But I knew him. He hated anything that smacked of charity. "A dollar and a half," I say.

"Tain't enuff!" He pressed a two dollar bill into my hand. "Take thet." And then, huskily under his breath so that I hardly heard him, "and God bless ye."

Then he is gone. The sun is breaking through the clouds, its brilliant light hurting the eyes at first. The wind is rising higher, higher, driving the cold in, hurling the snow into huge drifts, swirling it into my face. Dandy loves it, jogging along ears forward, tail up. Some of the drifts are large enough for him to get an excuse to shy and execute a few dance steps. He is still fresh when we reach Hammond Hill Farm in Marlborough but I am not. My stomach is so empty it aches and even the inside of my mouth is cold. I drag myself out of the sleigh and into the barn.

Asa Grew, the manager, is cleaning out the cows. He puts down his wheelbarrow as I enter. "Say Doc," Asa never wastes time on greetings, "I'm worried about these three cows over here. Every one of them is gargety or something." He grabs a teat and squirts out a ropy stream. "Look at that—it's all gooeey. And the udder's kind of hard—'specially this quarter. And this cow here's got lumpy milk. Look." He demonstrates again. "She's one of my best—a two canner."

I feel her udder. Three quarters are all right but the fourth is hard to the touch. The other cows were in much the same condition.

"You'll have to watch this," I tell him. "It's contagious."

"Is that so, Doc? But what can I do? If it goes through the whole herd my milk customers will notice it and kick."

"Why, you haven't been using this milk have you?"

"Sure." Then he became a little apologetic when he saw I was going to give him hell. "I'm pretty short of milk right now and there's so little from these three cows when it's mixed up with the rest the people don't notice it."

"Yes, but they'll notice it quick enough when they get a sore throat or dysentery."

"God, Doc," he says, aghast, "You don't suppose that's what's the matter with my kid. He's got a sore throat. So has the boss's kid."

"Probably. You've got to throw all this milk away—even if you are short."

Asa is a young fellow with a nice wife and a couple of cute kids. He's doing his damndest to get ahead and I like his spirit. Of course he makes his mistakes—we all do—but he is progressive and willing to listen to advice. So I give it to him.

"Take these three cows out of here. Stable them out there in the shed if you have to but get them away from these others. Don't milk them until after you have finished work on the healthy cows. And whatever you do, don't go near this barn at all after working on these infected cows until you have cleaned yourself up thoroughly and changed your overalls. Yes, and your shoes too."

"Treat them as if they were in a pest house, in other words."

"Right." Then I prescribe all the remedies we knew at the time: poke root and salt petre internally and camphorated oil

on the affected parts externally. I've been isolating infected cattle and following up with this treatment carefully in several herds with good luck so I hope this will give Asa a break. Lots of farmers won't listen to me though, thinking the idea too new-fangled but if it works in a herd like Asa's more of them will be willing to try it.

Of course we use sulfanilamide today and we still isolate. However, we old-timers don't get any credit for this idea of isolation. Perhaps we don't deserve it. I did it every chance I could get from the very beginning of my practice. Naturally, after studying etiology under Theobald Smith, such a procedure would follow automatically. If one cow has a bad quarter and in a short time one of her neighbors has one it's logical to assume that the condition is contagious and even if we didn't know just what kind of a bug was causing it, we could feel safe if we isolated the affected cows.

We aren't quite so strict in this matter of isolation today as I was in the early days because we know the nature of the condition better. But we do insist on keeping the infected cows on one side of the barn and on milking them last. The treatment for mastitis has been worked out very carefully within the past few years and now what was essentially the method of old-timers like me is adopted by younger members of the profession as something new and different. As I say, we probably don't deserve the credit for it because we never advertised it. We old-timers are too busy to advertise—we let the youngsters throw the bull.

I call up the house. There is nothing else so I figure I might get a long evening's rest if I keep right on going to Saunder's and then go home. The grey-black clouds have all disappeared now and cumuli, buffeted by the winds until their edges are frayed like sheets left on a clothesline in a gale, march along the ho-

rizon, their pure white setting off the blue of the sky. The air is clear as only cold, snow-washed air can be clear. I breathe deeply through my nose—it's too much of a shock to the lungs to breathe air as cold as that through the mouth. I wish I had time to stop for something to eat but that would mean going a mile out of my way. A mile of drifted road is a mighty long way. I wish I had stopped to put up a little lunch before starting. Dandy doesn't jog along quite so fast and he shows little interest in the snow-drifts. Too tired to shy. It must be around two-thirty when I pull in at Saunders. The buffalo robe seems leaden as I throw it off and crawl out of the sleigh.

In the barn I find a "sweet" job. I don't get many of these "sweet" jobs today as most herdsman let me know as soon as it becomes evident that a cow won't "clean" without help. In the old days, however, they often waited several days hoping against hope that she would be able to expel the placenta and save them the price of a vet. After forty-eight hours, the placenta starts to decay. Like all decay, it is accompanied by a peculiarly pungent odor—an odor which will turn even the strongest stomach. Thus I call these jobs "sweet."

My stomach, being empty, isn't any too strong. It grumbles considerably and after only a few minutes' work the sweat starts to break out all over me. It's a cold sweat too because I'm working stripped to my waist and the barn isn't any too warm. That northwest wind is whining about the eaves and seeking every little crack and cranny. Now and then I feel it brush in an icy wave across my back. I have to hobble the cow as she is nervous and uneasy. Removing the placenta doesn't hurt much but some of them object strenuously to the process. This case does hurt more than most, however, as her ligaments have slipped back into their normal position and it is difficult for me to force my arm in sufficiently to work without some discomfort to

her. These ligaments usually slip back completely by the end of the third day after parturition.

Saunders, a light-headed, emaciated looking young fellow, comes into the barn. "Phew, whatta stench!" He retires to the horse barn and when he returns he is fortified with his pipe. That pipe is no incense burner either. In fact, before I finish that cleaning I decide that of the two stenchs I prefer the rotted placenta.

He squats on the milking stool and tilts back against the white-washed wall. At least, it was white-washed once. Now it is festooned with dust grey cobwebs near the ceiling and for about three or four feet above the floor it is generously spattered with dark brown gobs. Not mud, either.

"Say, Doc, you're lookin' kinda pale 'round the gills. How come?"

My arm is aching so much I think it will break off and my fingers send little darts of pain up to my shoulder every time I move them—which is plenty on a job like that. I tell Saunders I haven't had a thing to eat since one A.M. and that I've been up since four. He doesn't say much but a few minutes later he gets up and goes off into the house. He's back almost immediately, resuming his seat and his smoking. I feel dizzy and faint but I stick to the job. Dammit I want to get home and sink my teeth into some of Mary's cooking! I work as fast as I can which isn't saying much in my weakened condition but by half-past four the last button is freed. I'm a mess so I bathe my shoulders, chest and arms in strongly disinfected water.

"Come on up to the house, Doc, and I'll pay you," Saunders offers when I am dressed.

"Well," I hesitate. "In spite of my bath, there'll still be quite a stench about me."

"Hmm. Guess maybe the wife can stand it—she's smelt me several years now."

I don't dispute him but I'm sure that the aura which encircles me now is much more potent than any body odor he has ever had. In the house, stench and all, I'm ushered into the dining room where Mamie "the wife" insists that I "set down fer a spell an' eat somethin'." The table is set for one and there is a veritable feast: steak, mashed potatoes, onions, coffee on the stove, several thick slices of bread and apple pie. I suspected as much from the way Saunders left the cow barn and the way he invited me in—too studiedly casual to be a successful act. I demur as much as necessary to seem polite and then fall to. I hope that the steak and onions and other odors of cooking cover up the perfume that emanate from me but I don't worry too much about it. Mamie doesn't show any sign of smelling anything out of the usual, but then Mamie has "manners."

Refreshed, I jump into the sleigh, pull the robe up over me and before I am thoroughly packed in Dandy is on his way. Something about my attitude suggested home to him. Although home is nearly five miles away, he's already on the jump. He crosses the car tracks on the Turnpike, continues on along Maynard road across Pleasant street. As each street is crossed, he becomes more sure of his destination and when we come out on Grove street, he turns left so resolutely I doubt if I can make him head back towards the Center if I tried.

It sure is cold driving up Grove street with that northwest wind howling in my face much of the time. I make Dandy take it easy as it doesn't do a horse any good to get heated up in zero weather. One of my neighbors—they were all neighbors within a radius of four or five miles in those days—sees me and hails me. Dandy stops very unwillingly, letting him and me know

that this is no time for foolish discussions. He paws at the snow, tosses his head and at the least pause in the conversation, starts off with a jerk. The neighbor wants a little advice about feeding a foal—which he gets in spite of Dandy.

It's dark by the time I'm home again. The hired man has gone home for the night so I have to unharness Dandy, stable him and feed him myself. It hasn't been a bad day, I reflect. From four A.M. to six P.M. isn't bad at all. I anticipate an evening at home with perhaps a chance to do a little reading. However, my hopes are blasted as soon as I get into the house. Three is ringing. Damn.

"Kin ye come right down, Doc? It's an arful mess her belly's in, it is, it is!" There is nobody with quite such a rich brogue and picturesque way of expressing himself as Patrick McMahon.

"Whose belly?" I ask, a bit bewildered.

"Faith and ye know it's Patrick McMahon ye're speaking to? Shure and thin whose belly would it be but me own Katherine's?" Katherine, be it explained, is fifteen hundred pounds of female horse flesh who has some of her master's propensity towards excess conversation. She is one of the most talkative horses I know. Her language, like that of the Chinese, can only be understood and interpreted when you have learned that the pitch of her tone has everything to do with the meaning. For instance, a low nicker means simply, "Got any sugar for me?" But a high whinny means "Feed me or scam."

"And what happened to her belly?"

"Gorra but 'tis a lot of questions ye ask, Doc. Fallen through the scittle she has somehow and her poor belly 'tis ripped where it scraped along the planking."

"I'll be right down."

"Faith and begorra and ye're bringin' that fast horse of yours?"

I assure him that I'll take Lady. We make the run to McMahon's in an hour and a half. Lady can usually do the ten miles to that part of Wayland in less than an hour for she is one of the fastest horses I ever had—or rather, she has the ability to keep going twelve and even fifteen miles an hour, hour after hour, which is mighty fast traveling for a horse. Tonight the roads are so bad she has to waste a lot of time dodging drifts. Anyhow, it's bright starlight and I don't have any difficulty finding my way, which is something to be thankful for. The cold even penetrates my buffalo robe, however. It's the kind of cold that makes the runners screech in the snow like a plane on hard wood. Ten below zero with a wind that howls like a pack of hungry wolves.

As soon as I draw up in McMahon's yard, a lantern bobs out of the house and Patrick is beside me. "'Tis glad I am to see ye," he says through his thick black mustache. "But it's afraid I am that ye're too late. The little bitch, her belly's wide open. And frizz solid it is."

It's warmer in the drafty barn than outdoors but not much warmer. As soon as Katherine hears the door open, she starts nickering. It's a high pitched, excited nicker and she trembles as we approach her. I talk to her, tell her it's too bad but she shouldn't be such a fool, etc. After she has calmed down—her trembling was due to guilt over her accident rather than fear of a beating—I maneuver the lantern so I can get a look at her belly. Ripped is right and frozen is all too correct. Evidently there was a spike protruding a short way at the edge of the scuttle and as she went down through, it tore into her belly. It wasn't so bad as it looked however, for the tear wasn't very deep.

"I guess we can fix that up for you all right."

"Jaysus, Doc, ye don't mean the little bitch will be living

through all this?" Pat's vocabulary was even more picturesque when uninhibited by the telephone.

I don't remember how many stitches I had to take but I know that long before I am through my fingers are frosted. The light is bad in the first place and it's pretty hard to tell where I'm jabbing the needle. Katherine takes it well, never once trying to strike me or even shifting in the ropes I have used to restrain her. Some of the skin is frozen so solid I have to hammer it back in place like a band of stove pipe metal. That's one of the toughest wounds I ever tried to suture. It's eleven-thirty before Lady gets me home. I'm about ready to drop.

I hardly dare to go into the house for there is a light in the kitchen. Not that Mary, like Mrs. Mutt, is awaiting me with a rolling pin. I wouldn't mind that so much. What she's waiting up with is a call. I plod into the house.

"Too bad, John, you'd left McMahan's only fifteen minutes before the call came in. You've got to go right back to Wayland. Buggleby has a calving case."

That *is* luck! But things break that way quite often and I'm used to it. I gulp down a cup of coffee and start off again—this time with Bob. He has a certain amount of common sense in spite of his sense of humor and I figure he won't try upsetting the sleigh in any snow-drifts this cold night. He doesn't. I arrive at Buggleby's a little after one. There is no light. There wouldn't be. Mr. Buggleby never worries about anything and is always willing to let a man do all he can for him and then some. Mr. Buggleby thinks himself too important a person to wait up for a horse doctor. He is a businessman. Farming is merely a sideline—a sideline which must pay for itself, however, or he won't support it. Therefore, Mr. Buggleby seldom pays his bills.

Fortunately the calving case is not too tough. The cow has

plenty of strength and helps a lot. I have to go in once and turn the calf and that's all there is to it. However, it is so cold, I didn't take off my shirt and now it is covered with blood and soaked with amniotic fluid. By the time I get my coat on, my clothes are frozen to my skin.

I plod out to the sleigh. The high wind buffets me, drives the cold in until my head aches and my eyes feel as if there are sticks in the corners. Even Bob, usually willing to toss off all troubles with a mere toss of the head, is standing back to the wind, his head hanging almost to the snow. I'm tired. So damned tired I don't even remember getting into the sleigh or wrapping myself up in the buffalo robe.

It's no use fighting off the drowsiness. The wind becomes the howling of wolves, and the screeching of the runners in the snow, the terror-stricken cries of their prey. I don't know whether I'm their prey or not. I wonder vaguely but it doesn't seem to matter. Nothing seems to matter . . . Then, there is a light in my face. Light like the sun, strong, golden, dazzling. I open my eyes. There are no wolves, no prey. There is the wind but no sun. The sun couldn't be this awful thing—this broad beam shining in my face from a single cyclopic eye. I rouse myself, shake my head.

Then the train whistle rides high through the night, higher even than the wind. Am I on the track? Bob always shies at trains but he doesn't now. He isn't moving. I fumble for the reins. Can't jump out of the sleigh for I'm wrapped up tight in the buffalo robe. "Getup, Bob! Get up!" Bob pays no attention. By this time I'm fully awake. Suddenly I realize where I am. Safe off the track! When Bob heard the train coming he had stopped and waited, swinging the sleigh parallel to the track so he wouldn't have to face the wind. He didn't shy as usual because he knew I was asleep. Shying, whether in horses

or women, is not due to fear but to exhibitionism—and when there is no audience, there is no sense in putting on an act. So Bob doesn't even shy when the train thunders past—probably because he thinks I haven't waked up sufficiently to notice him.

At three A.M., I'm home in the kitchen again. Twenty-three hours earlier I had started out. I've had one square meal and a cup of coffee but I don't feel at all bad. Tired, yes, but healthily tired. I can't go to bed right away though because I have to thaw out my clothes before I can get undressed. It's three-thirty before I get to bed. A good day's work and I got a good day's pay out of it. In fact, everyone pays except Mr. Buggleby. I go to sleep happy.

After looking this chapter over, I'm convinced that it is as good an example of a busy day in the horse and buggy era as I could give you. But as I said in the beginning, it's not even one of the worst days. There were several that I wouldn't ask anyone to believe. Days when the snow was so deep the horse would sink out of sight in the drifts and have to be dug out. Days when I couldn't make calls without snowshoes or skis and some days when there was an icy crust over the drifts, I had to trudge through it, mile after mile until the continued shock of breaking through the crust made me sick.

One night it sank to twenty below zero—yes, right here on Hill Top Farm—and the wind was so cold Bob wouldn't face it to go home. I had to lead him. There were days when I'd have three or four cleanings, all devilishly hard. Other times it would be calving cases or colic. Time and again, I've slept beside a sick animal, rousing myself every twenty minutes or half hour through the night to dose him. And I've started out the next day and even the day after that without even a fresh change of clothes.

Mary made this work possible. If I weren't home to do the

chores in the days before we had a hired man, she did them. She shouldn't have worked so hard but she thought my job more important and enough for me to do. I got a lot of satisfaction out of my profession. I was saving money for the farmers and guiding many of them to success. I was not only relieving the suffering of animals but actually preventing illness among people. Those were great days!

7. *I Didn't Shoot That Horse*

REMEMBER Smuggler? He had a history which is worth relating. Smuggler was not always a poor livery stable horse, humble and obedient. Not by any means. Smuggler was one of the finest race horses you ever laid eyes on. He could run and he loved it. But one day tragedy struck. He slipped on a muddy track. Down he went. His humerus was fractured. Instead of being despatched by a bullet as was the custom in many such cases, the injured hero was carefully removed from the track, the broken leg prevented from swinging so that tissue would not be destroyed. The fracture was reduced, the high-spirited steed placed in slings and in due time the break healed.

This happened prior to 1890. Even in those days, if given a chance, vets could set horses' legs successfully. Since it was through bone-setting that I was enabled to break into the choicest field for practice in this vicinity and since there has been so much misunderstanding of the horse doctor's ability in this direction, a discussion of bones is in order.

An article in the *Reader's Digest* for June, 1937, brought a smile to my lips. It's a condensed version of one of Alexander Woollcott's *Town Crier* broadcasts, entitled "Don't Shoot That Horse." It's an article about a dentist, a substance called dental stone, and some race horses with broken legs. The dentist applied the dental stone in the form of a cast about the broken legs and cured them. Nice work! Mr. Wooll-

cott states that vets know only one way to set a horse's leg: plaster cast and slings. That is not true. Further, he states that the slings put so much pressure on the horse's belly that it wrecks the liver and lungs. That also ain't so. Moreover, he alleges that a farm horse sometimes survives this type of treatment but never a sensitive race horse. Smuggler is the answer to that.

Evidently, Mr. Woollcott was thinking of the belly type of sling. This sling, however, is merely used in those cases where it isn't advisable to let a horse lie down. Naturally, if this sling, which is nothing more nor less than an exaggerated belly band, should be used in a case of a broken leg, it would, as Mr. Woollcott says, put enormous pressure on the lungs and liver and might cause pneumonia. But I think no graduate veterinarian would ever use that type of sling for a broken leg.

To go back to Smuggler's case. My acquaintance with him is limited to the years following his accident so I can't say I actually saw how he was cured. However, I can vouch for the nature of the break because I could feel the point at which it knitted. To my mind, the only way such a difficult break could have been set successfully was to employ a plaster cast and sling—but not the belly type sling. The sling should be designed for perpendicular and not horizontal distribution of weight. By this I mean broad bands of webbing placed in such a way that the horse's weight is supported almost completely by the perpendicular skeleton and distributed more or less equally between the main points of contact of these bands, namely, the breast, chest and buttocks.

In the old days such slings had to be made to order but all us horse doctors knew about them. For years now we have been able to buy them just as easily as the belly type. Smuggler's recovery was complete enough for his owner to race him again

if he had wanted to but he didn't like to take the chance. We used to race him to the station as you know and there was one time when we let him go as fast as he possibly could. That was when he was racing the stork. When a lady was expecting a visit from the stork and the avian appeared to be arriving ahead of schedule, it was Smuggler, gallant Smuggler, who was always chosen to race the bird to the hospital. Gallant is the word for him, too. When he heard that "Go, Smuggler, go!" in the tone that meant just that, his ears pricked up and he went at a smooth high-kneed pace that was beautiful to see. Only once did he lose a race with the stork and that was because the dear lady had inadvertently given the bird such a head start that no race horse could overcome it.

One of my ambitions was to do as good a job of bone-setting as had been done on Smuggler. I got the chance sooner than I had expected. It was well over thirty years ago. J. C. Galehouse, a millionaire, owned Speedboy, a spirited Thoroughbred. One day when Galehouse was riding him, he broke a leg in a chuck hole. I was called. I suppose I was expected to put a bullet into him but when shooting was mentioned, Speedboy rolled his eyes pleadingly at me as if he understood exactly what was to be his fate.

"What do you think, Doc?" Galehouse asked, surprising me that he'd even consider *my* setting the leg. "Want to tackle the job?"

You can imagine I jumped at the chance. Galehouse had money enough to get any horse doctor he wanted—no matter how much mileage he had to pay—and I was flattered. Then too, if I were successful, there'd surely be a lot of additional veterinary work and sure pay.

"What's your prognosis?" he wanted to know.

I examined the injured member again. The break was in the

lower part of the leg. There was only a little crepitation but enough to make me wish I didn't have to give a prognosis. Tissue was bruised but seemingly not wholly destroyed.

The superintendent spoke up. "Listen, Boss, it's going to be pretty tough on Speedboy if he's got to be trussed up in slings. A bullet's a lot more merciful." That was before Matt Manawig knew me. He was soon to become one of my best friends and boosters.

"If Speedboy's got a chance, I want him to have it." Galehouse was a hardboiled business man with a chrome vanadium heart but nevertheless, where his horse was concerned, he was as soft as the next fellow. His eyes were moist as he turned to me.

"He's got a chance," I told him, "a damned good chance if you'll let me do exactly as I want to do even if it sounds crazy to you."

His eyes cleared and he gave my shoulder a good-natured slap. "Go to it, my boy, go to it!"

I was going to set that leg and I was not going to use slings. I had noted that there wasn't much of any swelling and I saw no reason why the idea I had in mind wouldn't work.

"All right," I said and turned to Matt Manawig. "Have a man mix up some Portland cement."

"But what the hell, Doc—"

"Go ahead," Galehouse ordered.

Matt went, muttering good-naturedly under his breath. He was a nice sort.

When the cement was ready, I procured a bandage. Matt and Galehouse were even more mystified. "Well, Doctor, I guess you know what you're doing but I'm sure I don't," said the millionaire.

I grinned. The funny part of it was I'd never done anything

like this before and whether I knew what I was doing or not remained to be seen. I reduced the fracture and then bound part of the bandage around it tight to hold it in place temporarily. I slapped a coating of cement over the bandage. After that I applied another section of bandage, added more cement and so on until it had formed a sizable cast.

"Well, Doctor," the portly millionaire said around his pipe when I had finished, "that looks like a pretty neat job but I don't see how you are going to sling a high spirited horse like Speedboy."

"Let that harden and he won't need a sling."

Galehouse's eyes widened. "By God, Doc, I believe you're right."

I was right too. Speedboy didn't need any more attention from me. The break knitted perfectly which—yes, I dare to say it—was one of the luckiest breaks I ever had. I have worked for Mr. Galehouse and Matt Manawig ever since.

Many fractures cannot be set in this way. They require supports of some kind if you are going to avoid the use of slings. I have used light steel splints, a specially constructed shoe and bandages successfully. This was in a case where there was considerable swelling and the cast would have been ineffective if applied, for as soon as the swelling went down the horse's leg would have wiggled up and down in the cast like a piston in a worn cylinder. I have also used rope and burgundy pitch but the only place I had any real luck with it was on a cow's tail. Yes, they break their tails occasionally. There are probably dozens of other ways to set horses' legs. It's just a matter of common sense. The longer I live the more firmly convinced I become that this common ordinary horse variety of sense is the most valuable asset a man can have.

I hope that in the future the custom of shooting a horse just

because he has a broken leg will be discontinued. Give the horse a chance. Let a competent veterinarian examine him on the spot—don't attempt to move him and don't let him move if you can help it. If the break is high up in the humerus, for instance, the least swing or sweep of the leg will make the sharp edges of the bone puncture the tissue around it. Repeat this motion a few times and tissue will be destroyed. If the break is comminuted, the prognosis isn't favorable but even in a case like that, I'd hesitate to shoot a valuable animal without giving him a chance. Of course, if he's a fool and persists in thrashing around, you might as well shoot him on the spot for he'll mess up the break and the tissue around it so badly, nothing could be done for him anyway.

The reason that so many race horses are shot when they break a leg is that most owners either don't want to bother with an injured horse or don't feel they can afford the veterinary care. Experience has demonstrated that in a large percentage of the cases, even if the horse recovers, he is not fit to race again. There is a tendency toward repetition of the accident. This is not necessarily due to faulty knitting of the fracture—often the second break occurs well below the first—but rather to the character of the bones of that particular animal. So nutrition enters into the picture. If the brittle condition of the bones is due to a lack of vitamins or to the faulty assimilation of vitamins, there is no reason why it shouldn't be corrected in younger horses. Of course, the oldsters are a different problem. All of these things mean time, money and care. I should think the owners would be glad to make the sacrifice, however, if their love for their horses is real. My guess is that about half the horses which are shot because of broken legs could have been cured had their masters been willing to give the vets—and their horses—a chance.

This is a good place to point out one of the main reasons for the improvement of recent years in bonesetting by the vets and, indirectly, by physicians and surgeons. It is due to the fact that motorists are so adept at hitting dogs. Each week-end, especially in the summer, small animal hospitals are flooded with mangled and mutilated pets. When a car grinds a dog into the dust or pavement, it smashes the bones in all sorts of fancy angles with every conceivable complication. The motorists do a good job—even better than a first-class war. Occasionally, of course, the accident is unavoidable but usually it is lack of consideration for the dog that is under it. I've driven well over 600,000 miles without ever hitting a dog, so it hardly seems excusable to me. I've hit a man, though. But then, I like dogs . . . I slow up when I see one crossing the road. You and I and everyone, however, should salute the motorist for by so mutilating our canine friends, he has given the veterinary profession a chance to develop techniques of bonesetting which it would have taken a century to perfect with the low incidence of fractures prior to the automobile.

A veterinarian has developed a fracture adjuster which not only brings the bones in proper apposition but holds them there. There is the Thomas splint which acts like a glorified crutch and its modifications. Further, at least one veterinarian has, for several years, employed pinning and clamping techniques which specialists in human bones have adopted. So if some motorist misses your dog and hits you and you find a few bones shattered, while the doctor pins the segments together, you can be thanking your lucky stars that the Sunday motorists have done such a neat job of bone crushing, or your physician probably wouldn't know how to pin the segments together. You'll make a perfect knit, while if the accident had happened ten years ago, you might have been lame for life.

I'd be interested to know how many vets, just plain horse doctors of the old school like myself, have set horses' legs without the use of plaster cast and slings. I'll bet the number would surprise you. Now and then a surgeon tries the stunt and advertises it. A couple of years ago one tried it on a foal and got considerable publicity for it. Any dope can set a foal's leg—it's common practice among vets and thought nothing of. But then, we have never gone in for ballyhoo.

However, Mr. Galehouse ballyhooed my work so loudly to his friends it looked for a time as if I'd become a rich man's vet exclusively—a thing which I didn't want to happen. I'll admit I liked the prestige of working for them and I wanted the work because they could pay more promptly than the farmers. But I didn't want to work for them exclusively because they had no real, economic need for my services. The farmers did. And that makes all the difference in the world.

BOOK II. FLIVVER DAYS

I. Theopholus

I SUPPOSE I should wax philosophical about the coming of the automobile, expounding the old theory that it is responsible for the death of one of the most romantic eras a nation has ever known. I ought to be describing certain very sad emotions which the picture of a horse doctor trading his horses for an automobile must certainly evoke. Think of the irony of it! The poor horse doctor surrendering at last to the machine age, surrendering to such an extent that he admits his horse is no longer suitable as a mode of transportation even for himself.

By such a surrender, he admits that the work he has done, the work he loves, will soon perish from the face of the earth. When a man's work is dead, so is the man. To all intents and purposes then, the horse doctor in purchasing an automobile, should be confessing that his own death warrant has been signed. That is what people thought and even today, many people still think that the horse and consequently the horse doctor will soon be a thing of the past.

Such is not the case. Nor was it when I bought my first flivver in 1915. I had not the least fear that the machine I was buying was symbolic of the death of the horse although I was constantly reminded that it was such a symbol. Naturally, I expected the number of horses to decrease but I did not expect the horse to perish. Developments of recent years have proved I was right. Horse population has declined all that it is going to and the next few years may even bring about a slight

rise. It is interesting to note that in the latest book about horses, *History and Romance of the Horse* by Arthur Vernon, a book which one would expect to find dealing with the horse as a thing of the past does nothing of the sort. It speaks of the horse as an integral part of our civilization not only in the past but in the present. And as to the future, the author says, "As long as the geography of the earth remains the same, as long as there are deserts and mountains and seasonal rains, the horse will survive as a working ally of man." I agree.

In 1915 you recall that the Europeans were engaged in their international pastime of slaughtering each other on the battlefields and starving the women and children behind the lines. The usual propaganda was already bombarding the United States and any observing individual could tell that it wouldn't be long before we'd be making the world safe for democracy. Since we were to be suckers enough to get into the war and since prices would go up naturally when that occurred, I thought I had better invest in an automobile as soon as possible. No need of paying twice what a thing was worth. Or is worth.

I looked over all the cars but none of them appealed to me except Mr. Ford's latest creation, a dashing five passenger touring car. It had power and looks and rode like a church. So I bought it. I think the real reason I bought a Ford, however, was a few phrases from a song about the flivver, "The gas ran out of the big limousine, but the little old Ford don't need gasoline, just fill her up with dope etc." I think it went something like that but I'm too lazy to look it up for you. Do it yourself if you want to find out.

This flivver had a personality. I don't know exactly what its P. Q. rating would have been but it must have been fairly high. It was reliable. If any car could get you there, it would. But it didn't have a wishy washy personality—one of those who

will do everything anyone says when they say to do it. No, not on your life! It demanded certain things of me. For instance, on cold mornings, no matter how much I cranked and spun the thing, it wouldn't go without hot water either introduced gradually into the radiator—it used to be drained off at night—or doused generously on rags about the manifold.

Sometimes, it even refused to go then and that meant jack up one of the hind wheels, stick a block of wood against the other, put her in high, and then spin her. She always went then. Or he, for I finally named it Theopholus. I am told that in order to have a high P. Q. a person must have a certain amount of affection for others. Theopholus, I am sure, thought a lot of me. Sometimes when I cranked it out there in the carriage house, it would start up suddenly and nudge me with such a display of affection that it took nearly all my strength to keep it from pinning me against the bench.

It had other little tricks too. Like getting out of gas five miles from the nearest gas station. And sometimes when the gas was low, it would balk on the hills unless I turned around and backed up. Which I did quite often. Every five thousand miles or so, the "rear end" would give out—and that, too, always happened in some out of the way place. But it was good in mud, ripping through past many a stalled limousine and splashing it with the same impertinence with which an uninhibited ten year old brat would heave snowballs at a silk-hatted millionaire. Incidentally, Theopholus was supposed to be black but usually it was a muddy grey. I had a chance to give it a bath only about twice a year and the result was that Theopholus became known as the dirtiest car on the road. All you had to do to find Doc Dinsmore was pick out the dirtiest car, look in back to see if a whole lot of junk was stored there and if so, wait. It couldn't be anybody else.

The coming of Theopholus brought a new era of prosperity for me. I still kept my horses and used them when the roads were so bad Theopholus couldn't get through but since I wasn't working them, I didn't have to feed them twelve quarts of oats a day apiece and the price I saved more than paid for Theopholus' gas and oil. And it wasn't long before I only had one horse anyway. Bob pulled the trick that has killed more horses than any other single factor outside of epidemics. He got loose one night and raided the grain bin, gorging himself. He went quick. None of us heard him that night and the next morning when the hired man opened the door Bob was stretched out on the floor just about finished. He was gone before I could get even one dose into him. Poor Bob! We buried him in the sand pit where the digging was easy.

Lady followed him soon after. She slipped and broke a tibia—a nasty break, complete and comminuted. Even if she had been younger, I doubt if I'd tried to set it but as old as she was the only thing to do was put her out of her misery. So there was a second grave in the sand pit. I wouldn't mind being buried there with my horses and dogs myself. The loss of the horses and the coming of Theopholus cut the grain bill by more than two thirds but I'd have preferred the full grain bill.

In good weather the speed with which I could get around to the sick animals made it possible for me to make twice as many calls. Fees remained the same and overhead was not much more than it would have been with the three horses, so I was "coining" money. Theopholus was good for fifty miles an hour on a smooth road and twenty-five to thirty on the gravel and sand variety which was so common around here.

But Theopholus brought me something else which I valued more than increased efficiency and a larger pocketbook. It may have been coincidental, but I doubt it. Anyhow, my ac-

ceptance into the clan of Yankee farmers as a friend dates from 1915. Or at least I think so.

It may seem strange to you that a man could live fifteen years in a place, tend to his neighbors' animals constantly and still not be accepted as a friend except by a very few. But it won't seem strange if you've lived in New England rural areas at all. These people are hard-headed, smart—they've got to be or they'll starve—and they aren't going to be taken in by anyone. "Go slow!" is one of their mottoes—and a mighty good one. Many of them had worked their land for years and years and their fathers before them and their fathers before that. Men like that know that fifteen years is not too long to test a man's mettle.

First and foremost, if a man is worthy of friendship, he must be able to make a living and I was watched to see if I could fulfill that requirement. The purchase of Theopholus was taken as conclusive evidence that I was now "comfortable." The fact that I managed to be "comfortable" without pushing the poor for the money they owed me, was a strong point in my favor. However, if I had not been "comfortable" and bills were owing me, there would be no excuse for me—and I'd be unacceptable as a friend.

These people weren't so inconsistent as they sound. The tricks they'd do in trading may not be strictly honest but they were lily white to some of the things I've seen so-called "big" business men pull off. The epithet "mean" has often been applied to the Yankee farmer because of his trading instinct, but I have yet to see a Yank take a mean advantage of a genuinely poor man. They aren't mean in any sense of the term. Or they weren't, for they, like the country doctor, are fast dying out. They had a rather queer sense of fairness perhaps, but it is a natural one: poverty is a man's own fault, making him unworthy of friendship but at the same time rendering him immune from trading

tactics which would be employed on his more fortunate neighbor.

I didn't realize I had been accepted on anything more than a business basis by these Yankee farmers until I had an accident. True, I had noticed a more cordial attitude but I had discounted it as the sales approach used towards one who could peddle considerable gossip if he would. One question which I was always asked about a newcomer who happened to be a client of mine was, "Did he pay you?" Only slightly less often, I was asked, "Has he any propity?" I sometimes answered the former because it was the one way the farmers could find out whether the newcomer could be trusted to pay his bills—and such information was vital to them and no less vital to the newcomer. If the client happened to be one of those who didn't pay I always managed not to hear the question. As for "Has he any propity?" I never had an answer for that one. What property a man has is his own business; but whether he is honestly disposed is the business of his community.

It was a cold November evening. I was cleaning a cow at Holmes in South Lincoln. It was a tough job—one of those cows which always wanted to lie down or toss me around like the last kid in a game of snap the whip. Several times she twisted around so she bumped into her neighbors on either side, thus irritating them so that they forgot their usual placid bovine natures and tossed their horns in her general direction in quite belligerent attitudes. I was a bit careless and in a hurry or it wouldn't have happened. I could easily have hobbled the cow so she couldn't twist me around so efficiently, but by that time I was so used to these little games of snap the whip with cattle that I worked just about as effectively without hobbles as with. Suddenly this cow started weaving about like a skier slaloming. I hung with her. Somehow she tossed me up against her neighbor's rump.

Said neighbor had had enough. Just as my slaloming queen twisted me slightly away from the other tail end, the indignant neighbor let fly with her foot. The full force of the blow caught me just below the heart. The foot drove in with a sickening thud. I gasped for wind, panted like a dog after a rabbit on a hot summer's day.

"What's the matter, Doc," Holmes asked, coming into the barn and seeing me leaning against the wall.

I couldn't speak. Holmes hurried closer, holding his lantern up to my face. "Gad, Doc, you hurt?"

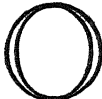
I managed to nod. He led me out into the air. I leaned against Theopholus' mudguard until I could get my breath. By that time the feeling had come back in my side. And what a feeling! With every breath, sharp, needle-like torture from the broken ribs. Holmes wanted to get a taxi from Waltham for me but I refused. He even offered to drive me home, but nothing doing. Instead I had him help me into Theopholus, prop me up with some pillows and then crank it for me. That was some ride home. I don't know what would have happened if Theopholus had stalled on some of those back roads. That part of Lincoln was a good twelve miles from Hill Top Farm and it seemed about two hundred before I got home. I couldn't put my foot on the brake because of the excruciating pain in my ribs. Everytime I had to turn either left or right I almost fainted with the pain. However, I made it without accident, even drove into the improvised garage in the carriage house and stopped it by shutting off the magneto. It stopped about an inch from the bench. I couldn't have put my foot on the brake even if it had hit it. It was bad enough to nudge the magneto onto the off position with my right foot. I didn't drive again for three weeks.

After I had had my ribs set, I began to take stock of the situa-

tion. The hired man had quit so there was no one to do the chores except Mary who had no business doing chores because she wasn't well herself. However, I knew she'd do them if I couldn't get somebody so I called one of the neighbors. He was glad to help me out. As soon as he spread the word of the accident, everybody was anxious to help. It wasn't the too-often falsely meant, "Is there anything I can do?" you hear these days. They didn't ask. They went to work. I think the barn never looked cleaner, and since Mary got worse instead of better, the women folks vied with the men to help out the unfortunate Dinsmores. They made cakes and pies and even got complete meals for us until Mary was able to cook again. And money? They wouldn't take a cent either for doing the chores or for the cooking. Don't try to tell me Yankee farmers are mean!

Further evidence of my acceptance as a friend also came about the time I purchased Theopholus. Caleb Rowe, Jeb Dobbin, Asa Grew, in fact, practically everybody except Mr. Buggleby, would give me apples or peaches or whatever happened to be in season. And if I tried to shave on my prices to return the compliment, they'd be hurt. That's New England.

2. *Dairy Inspector*

 OUTSIDE of 1938 and 1939, my busiest years came when I was dairy inspector for the Honey Dew Milk Corporation. It was a lousy job. The only reason I took it was that I was an altruistic sap who thought he could do a favor both to the Corporation and to the farmers by smoothing out many of the differences between the two.

My feeling toward the Corporation was kindly because they had employed me steadily on their farm, one of the largest dairies in this section of the country, for several years. And my feeling toward their producers was also kindly because many of them were my clients. All I had to do was teach the farmers to be clean and to manage their herds efficiently. By so doing, I'd be contributing my bit toward giving the numerous individuals who purchased their milk from Honey Dew a cleaner and safer product, as well as helping my farmer friends make more money.

I should have been old enough to know better than to think that I'd be the exception to the rule that the peacemaker and the Good Samaritan usually are not paid in kind. In fact, such people get it where the chicken got the axe and that's exactly where I got it eventually. People are funny, hating those who help them. Dogs, now, are eternally grateful for help. But then, they have better personalities than humans. We are hampered by superior intelligence which isn't quite superior enough to permit us to receive generously.

However, this is not supposed to be a chapter on human weaknesses and vagaries but rather a discussion of dairy inspection. A whispering campaign had started up against the Honey Dew Milk Corporation and they were losing a lot of customers. The foundation for this whispering campaign, as far as I could trace it, came from some minor official or laboratory man who claimed he found a hemolytic strep in their milk. Unfortunately, the pathologist who handled all this type of work at the Harvard laboratory was in California at the time. Boston mothers went wild. What could they feed their children if *all* milk were contaminated?

No sooner was this fear expressed than it was ostensibly confirmed by tests of other milk—including samples from another one of my client's herds. There they found the alleged hemolytic strep also. There were more and more cases of sore throat in Boston and everyone of them was due to this "bug." (History is repeating itself,—everyone is having a streptococcus sore throat now.) Why shouldn't there be when all the milk sold to the good ladies of Boston contained this dreaded strep? The pathologist was called home from California to see what he could do to save Boston. In the meantime, mothers were boiling the milk—not trusting, or not knowing the process of pasteurization—and shoving the foul tasting liquid down their unfortunate children's throats. We vets, however, were enjoying a laugh. We were positive that there was no dangerous strep in the milk so we kept on drinking ours raw.

I happened to be in the laboratory when the pathologist returned from California and was conducting his usual tests. He examined several specimens and made no comment whatsoever. Finally, he got a bit hungry, procured a sandwich and poured himself a glass of milk which was supposed to contain

the dangerous hemolytic strep. Somebody remonstrated with him. He grinned ever so slightly and drained the glass.

After enjoying the shock and concern of his colleagues, he announced that the only bacteria in the milk was the same old harmless variety which is found everywhere that bacteria likes to abide. The sore throats of Boston were suddenly cured. However, Honey Dew had lost a lot of customers who preferred to think of the milk as "dirty" or "bad." While dairy inspection was nothing new, the Corporation decided to be more strict with the farmers in the matter of cleanliness and I, being somewhat of an amateur diplomat, was selected for the job.

In looking back at the job, I can see that it was not without its element of humor but at the time it was pretty much a constant headache. Ed Bullock is a fair example of what I was up against. Ed was elderly at the time, tall and bowed, with gnarled work-calloused hands, a small face with a frugal "set" mouth almost hidden by a sandy mustache, high cheek bones, and avid eyes under thin brows. I never saw him with his hat off so I don't know what color hair he had.

I had been remonstrating with him about the presence of certain foreign matter in his milk strainers. "Ef it don't taste manury, Doc," he protested, "why to hell kan't we use it?"

What could I do with a man like that? The only thing I could think of was to give him a short lecture on bacteria but I hadn't half finished before he interrupted.

"Folks never useter bother with bacteery an' they lived a mighty long time in the old days."

I was supposed to be a good salesman. I employed the well-known "Yes-but" method which insurance agents use. "Yes, Mr. Bullock. I know your folks have lived on this place—let's see since—"

"Yep, Doc," he rose to the bait, "they've lived on this here place more 'n a hundred years. Sence 1815, to be eggzact. Never had no sicknesses neither 'cept measles an' chicken pox an' now an' then a stomach upset. Never died of nawthin' 'cept old age. And Granther, he never cleaned out the barn,—jest hollied a place out in the manure fer the cows to lie in. That helped keep 'em nice an' warm in the winter."

Now I figured he was ready for the "but" part of the sales talk. "I know they didn't bother about bacteria in the old days, *but* people were stronger then than they are today. They lived right. They didn't have the bad habits we have and consequently they could take their bacteria straight. We can't." Then I proceeded to spill out a lot of hot air about the contrast between the generations as far as health and resistance to disease was concerned. As a matter of fact we are much more healthy than our ancestors but it may be due to acquired immunity as much as anything. But Ed's only interest was in his own cows.

"Wal, mebbe they's somethin' in whut you say, Doc. An' mebbe they ain't. But tell me this: how to hell kin a man keep the manure outa the milk?" There was a gleam in his eye as he said that. He thought he had me stumped for sure.

"It's not too hard, Mr. Bullock. Just keep the cows cleaned out."

"Jest keep the cows cleaned out,'" he mimicked. "Listen Doc, ain't you never raised a cow? Look at Polly there. Ever'time she goes to do somethin', she hunches all up, let's it drop and before you know it, she's lyin' in it. I kan't stay out here all day an' all night cleanin' her out."

"Then get a pair of clippers and clip the hair off where the manure gets matted into it—along the belly, on her udder and flanks. Then it's easy enough to wash it off before you milk."

It was no use to tell him he ought to reconstruct his gutters so the cows couldn't lie in the filth.

"Fer Gawd's sake, Doc, whar kin a pore man git the money to buy clippers?" He plucked a straw from a pile of hay and chewed it so avidly you'd think he hadn't had anything to eat. Maybe this was to impress me with his supposed poverty. As a matter of fact, he was comparatively wealthy but he just wouldn't part with a cent unless he was sure at least ten cents would come back in its place.

"It would pay you. I could give you a higher score and then you could get more for your milk." The higher the score, the better the class for the dairy and the higher the price the producer could obtain.

"Mebbe so; mebbe not. I ain't fergittin' the surplus."

Nobody ever did forget the surplus. It was a lousy trick on the dairy producer and a point which I never tried too hard to smooth over between producer and distributor. It was not a thing which should be smoothed over. It should be abolished. As explained to the producer, the surplus allowed him to get rid of more than his quota at a reduced price which was better than throwing it away. There had to be a surplus because too much milk was produced so to be fair to all the farmers (so the distributor claimed!) the individual dairyman could sell only a certain amount of milk at the full wholesale price. Anything over and above that was surplus and was paid for at a ridiculously low rate.

A nice racket! I always noticed that in, say a fifteen-can-barn, even if the producer were making only twelve cans, a portion of his milk was sold at the surplus price. And if he were making twenty cans all over fifteen was surplus. So you couldn't beat the surplus racket no matter how you tried. That there is actually a surplus is so much phooey, but much the same situa-

tion obtains today. We have a Milk Control Board now but I can't see that it has been of much help to the dairy farmer, although conditions are not quite so flagrant as they were when I was inspecting. Now the distributor catches it in the neck as much as the farmer.

"At least, Mr. Bullock," I told him, "you can get more per quart and your surplus won't be any greater."

"Wal, mebbe it's wuth takin' a chanct. But I kan't see myself clippin' all these here cows."

So I got after him on things that were nearly as important but which would require an expenditure of effort rather than much of any money.

"Tell you what I'll do, Mr. Bullock. I'll boost your score and forget about the clippers if you'll clean up around here. Sweep down all those cobwebs"—the cowbarn ceiling was festooned with them—"whitewash the walls, wash the windows, strain the milk in the milk room instead of behind the cows, patch up that milk room screen so the flies can't get in, clean all the goo out of the cooler"—most coolers were nothing but covered troughs with cold spring water running through them but they did a good job—"use a small mouthed milk pail instead of that big open pail, wipe the cows' bags before you milk and instead of dumping the manure beside the door make a new heap about a hundred feet from the barn."

He blinked a few times, nibbled at his straw like a hungry rabbit and then spat. "Is thet all?"

"I guess that's all for the barn."

"You fergit somethin', Doc."

"What?"

"About the toilet paper."

"What toilet paper?"

"Why, from the way you was talkin' Doc, I coulda swore you

meant to tell me to use toilet paper on the cows ever'time they do somethin'." His words were more picturesque than that—more vulgar, depending on your point of view—but that expresses the thought. It was quite a common re-action to my requests for cleanliness. After I had laughed as much as etiquette demanded, I asked to see where he washed his milking utensils. He ushered me into the kitchen.

Mrs. Bullock, a mousy little woman, looked me over suspiciously but she answered my questions civilly enough. She boiled the utensils so I had no criticism there but she dried them behind the kitchen stove.

"I wonder if you couldn't set a rack up on the back piazza to dry your milk pails, etc. I could up your score a little bit and they'd be out of your way during the day."

"Doc Dinsmore, ef yore meanin' my kitchen ain't clean—." She left the sentence unfinished.

"Oh no, Mrs. Bullock. Nothing like that. In fact, your kitchen is the cleanest kitchen I've been in for many a day." It wasn't long before I learned to make this speech first in like circumstances and thus save myself a few bad moments. Not all the women were as easily smoothed over as Mrs. Bullock. "But in any kitchen, no matter how clean you keep it, there is a lot more odor than outdoors in the sunshine."

"Oh!" she said, and became mousy once again.

The Bullocks were typical of many of the people I interviewed while inspecting. And their farm was equally typical, although not many in those days were using boiling water on the milk pails and strainers. Before I got through I had about all of them cleaning their utensils by boiling, thus cutting the bacteria count down considerably. Many of them reconstructed their barns so they'd get more light and air space where required, to say nothing of proper drainage and facilities for dis-

posing of the manure. When they rebuilt, and sometimes even when they didn't, I persuaded them to move their milk rooms out of the barns completely where the milk could not be contaminated so easily. However, there were several things I never succeeded in convincing them to do, things which are done today as a matter of course. Clipping the cows, disinfecting the teats before milking—whether by machine or hand—scrupulous cleanliness on the part of the operator, including a thorough washing of the hands and the use of clean overalls—my score on these points was nearly zero. "Whut, wush up to pull tit?" they'd say. "Nawthin' doin'!"

Anybody can teach cleanliness after a little study but not everybody can fulfill one of the main requirements of a dairy inspector. He must know animal health from A to Z. In other words, he must be a veterinarian. Any dairy inspection carried on by anyone other than a veterinarian isn't worth a damn. This job gave me a chance to make periodic checks on the herds of many of my clients and resulted in an improvement in the general health of the cattle.

Diet, as always, entered into the health problem and I was able to help the farmers along these lines considerably. Of course, cattle should all be tested for T.B. and checked daily for mastitis by the use of a strip cup. Nowadays, they test for Bang's disease too—of which more later. The veterinarian alone is capable of doing all these things and so should have the job of dairy inspection if he can be persuaded to take it. However, I hope that any such vets get more out of it than I did. Twelve hundred a year was all I got and it nearly ruined my practice. If I'd had any brains, I'd have quit sooner—before there was danger of my practice falling off—but I had to hang onto the sure money.

Everybody is interested in milk so perhaps a few words on it

here would not be amiss. Milk, as most people know, is as near a complete food as we have. It contains vitamins A, B, D, and some G. Plenty of protein for body tissue and for general growth including calcium for bone growth. If I had my way everyone would drink a quart of milk a day and children would drink up to two quarts. As it is now, I doubt if we average more than half a pint daily although I haven't seen any figures recently so that is only a guess.

Bacteria multiply readily in milk and that's why we have to be so fussy about seeing that as little bacteria as possible gets into it. The T.B. bacillus is the only type of bacteria which doesn't grow rapidly in milk although its presence is often in sufficient quantity to cause the disease. Remember, you can get tuberculosis, undulant fever, diarrhea, vomiting and septic sore throat from the milk of cattle carrying the germs of these diseases. Also, there is typhoid, scarlet fever, diphtheria and possibly other diseases which can be transmitted by an individual handling the milk who happens to be a carrier of any of these diseases. That is, you can unless it is pasteurized.

Personally I detest pasteurized milk. Everyone tells me that it is my imagination which makes it taste so flat, but I don't believe it. I always drink raw milk or I don't drink any. However, that doesn't mean I don't approve of pasteurization. I do. If it is done properly—whether in the bottle or out—it is a protection to the consumer of inestimable value. As a veterinarian, I know better than the average person how difficult it is to produce clean raw milk and for that reason alone, I'd like to see a law requiring all milk to be pasteurized properly before it is sold. The change in food value is very slight and more than made up for by the protection given the consumer.

If you happen to live in a community in which it is impossible to obtain pasteurized milk and you are not at present

entertaining any desire for a vacation in the hospital, acting as host to some such disease as undulant fever, you can pasteurize your milk yourself. Or at least, you can have as good, if not better, results from these two methods as the regular pasteurization plants.

You can bring the milk to a boil. That'll kill all the bacteria very promptly. It may also kill your desire to drink the milk for the taste of boiled milk is very unpleasant to most people. In that case, you can pasteurize by heating the milk to 143 degrees Fahrenheit and *keep it at that temperature for a half hour* before cooling. But whatever you do, don't do as I do and drink raw milk. After all, I'm a horse doctor, I know the cow from which I get my milk and the man who handles it. There is no disease in either one of them so I'm perfectly safe. Your own motto should be the reverse of mine. You should say: "Pasteurized milk—or none at all."

As I said before, these were my busiest years except for the late thirties. But I realized at the same time that it was raising general hell with my practice. Many farmers employed me now not because they wanted to but because they feared I'd be offended if they didn't. It doesn't pay to have people afraid of you. Whether a man employed me or not didn't make a bit of difference in his score but they thought it did and that thought was enough to make them wish to be rid of me. Caleb Rowe, Jeb Dobbin and all the Sudbury crowd as well as my neighbors stuck by me but the rest did not.

I could tell easy enough. The number of blind telephone calls was the answer. "Doc home?" Mary'd be asked. "Not just now," she'd say, "but I'll be glad to give him a message." "Never mind, thanks." And more often than not there'd be no "thanks" to it. The fact is that that individual didn't want me—all he wanted was an alibi in case I should hear he employed someone

else. He could say, "Wal, Doc, you warn't home . . ." At that very moment, I might have been in the client's neighborhood, so that alibi would be pretty thin if he ever had occasion to use it—which he wouldn't anyhow as I'd never trouble to give him the chance. The longer I'm in practice the more firmly I believe that a dissatisfied client is far worse than none at all. Luckily, few of my clients are dissatisfied. Then too, in some cases where there was a genuine attempt made to get me, Mary couldn't locate me and so had to lose the call. I had around a hundred dairies to inspect once a month and many of them didn't have a telephone so it was sometimes several hours before I could get in touch with the house for messages and often it was impossible to get me in time for an emergency.

By the time I was ready to quit the job and let the corporation and the producers fight out their differences among themselves, I felt I was financially unable to quit. I expected that there'd be a big drop in my practice once the farmers didn't have to think about their scores and I couldn't afford to have a big drop then. Dorothy was attending Wellesley college, and Alfred was preparing for Harvard. It would take plenty of money to send both of them to college. Also, Mary had a serious accident.

I had purchased Gwen, a saddle horse, for the children to ride. The stable wasn't ready for her so we tied her to a staple driven in the wall in the barn. Somehow, after the hired man and everyone else had left, she twisted the rope around her neck and started to choke herself. Mary heard the racket and went out to the barn. Gwen was tied to the wall and was standing between it and a democrat (the four wheeled kind!). To get to Gwen's head in order to release her, Mary had to jump between her and the democrat. That was the only thing she could do—Gwen was groaning and writhing for want of breath. Just as Mary jumped, Gwen fell on her, pinning her to the hub of a

wheel. How Mary got out of it, she doesn't know. When Gwen fell she broke the rope and released the pressure on her neck. Eventually, she must have shifted, so Mary, who was barely conscious, could move. Mary made her way into the house, phoned the doctor and then collapsed. She had broken her pelvis in two places.

I had saved very little money for such emergencies and while there was a small fortune in uncollected accounts on my books—and an even larger one in accounts which I knew it was no use to write down—it would take me about as long to collect the money as it would to earn it. Also, some of the people were having a tough time—remember, there was a depression in the early twenties.

I couldn't bring myself to turn such accounts over to a lawyer. My drug bills always made my earnings look sick anyway—it's not unusual to spend a hundred dollars a month on drugs alone. My transportation costs went up too after the retirement of Theopholus in 1920. Theopholus had gone over one hundred thousand miles and I thought it deserved to retire. After this first Ford, I couldn't seem to get a car that was any good until I began buying rebuilt Packards.

In the twenties my transportation costs were sixteen to eighteen hundred dollars a year and sometimes even more. I usually had a row with the income tax investigator over this item but I was always polite to him—until he got nasty. After all, we shouldn't condemn a man for being an income tax investigator—it's our own fault that we have such methods of bilking the public as income taxes, and other taxes. But these taxes also cut into my income substantially. So did my charity work of which I did too much for my own good, but I'd rather err on the side of generosity.

So it was a case of have to hang onto that job and its paltry

twelve hundred dollars a year as long as I could. Another factor entered into it, however, which served to offset many of the unpleasant phases of the work. I think I'll put it in a separate chapter for it is an important point, illustrative of my thesis that veterinary medicine can be made a much greater help to human medicine than it is at present. Of course, I didn't do much about my discoveries—it was only the result of a hunch anyhow; but if there had been some set-up by which I could have gotten my hunch across to the physicians, the matter of undulant fever, or Malta fever, in human beings could have been settled much sooner. I don't doubt at all but what other vets thought as I had thought, that undulant fever can be contracted from a cow suffering from Bang's disease.

3. *Undulant Fever*

ONE thing I have always hated to do is prescribe for a human being. Of course, I have that privilege just as much as anyone else and it is perfectly ethical so long as I don't accept money for it.

However, I don't think a horse doctor should have that privilege at all—even if he doesn't accept money—because people are much more liable to take his advice seriously and act upon it than they are that of the average layman. I am a little bit more fortunate than my younger colleagues, in that my education included such a thorough grounding in human pathology. Without that knowledge, I would never have given anyone any advice whatsoever. That rule of a little learning being a dangerous thing applies to us horse doctors as well as to everybody else and our knowledge of human medicine can often be included in that "little."

Even with my grounding in human pathology and my almost continual contact with and study of human diseases, I realize that my own knowledge of human medicine comes so near being that "little" that I am extremely cautious about giving advice and I have always limited myself to remedies which under no circumstances could cause any harm.

I remember one case of a Finnish farmer—one of my most valued clients because he always paid cash and followed my instructions implicitly—who was troubled with severe pains in the joints and slight swelling. "That Finn doctor," he told me,

"he no guddam good. He no hellup my knee. Maybe you hellup my knee." Well, his knee wasn't a thing anybody could "hellup" very much without the investment of a lot of time.

It looked like rheumatoid arthritis to me so I told him that there wasn't much to do but build himself up, remove some infected teeth he had and take the juice of a lemon before breakfast every morning for three mornings, then skip three and start over again. (Physicians: please don't laugh!) He got better—probably it wasn't rheumatoid arthritis as I had thought—and even now, occasionally, some Finnish acquaintance of his comes to me with his medical problems.

Rheumatoid arthritis, by the way, is a crippling disease of the joints—or rather, the soft tissues around the joints—which is very serious unless caught in time. Even if it is caught too late for a permanent cure, however, the orthopedic surgeon can probably prevent the total loss of the ability to use the joints. If you have severe pains in your joints, better see a good general practitioner immediately and, if necessary, an orthopedic surgeon.

Several other times I have been asked to prescribe for people and in every case, with one exception, it seemed to me that the patient hadn't given the doctor's remedies time to work. I usually sniffed the doctor's medicine, looked wise and told them he was doing all anybody could do for them—which invariably was the truth. I hope the physicians do the same for me when they are quizzed about the animals I am treating. The one exception was a case about which the doctors couldn't seem to make up their minds. And small wonder they couldn't, for none of them had seen a case like it.

It came about in this way. I was called to Frank Westerley's to attend a cow which had aborted. It looked like another case of contagious abortion and I was getting worried about ways

and means of controlling the disease. Frank was a new client so I asked him the history.

"I guess this is about the tenth cow I've had lose her calf in the last year. Looks like that bug's contagious." Since he only had twenty-five cows that seemed to be the only conclusion to draw. "By the way, Doc, what do you think about using the milk?"

"Don't—unless you pasteurize it."

"Why?"

Frank was an intelligent young fellow who was anxious to learn. He was the kind of fellow with whom you can be candid without any fear of misinterpretation. So I said, "I don't know exactly why. But I do know that the germs of this disease like the milk as a medium in which to grow and I, for one, wouldn't want to be entertaining any of them in my system."

"Sa-ay, Doc, you don't suppose that's what's the matter with my wife, do you?" He had turned white. "Would it be serious?"

"I don't know." I didn't even know what the disease would look like in a human being but I just had a hunch that the *Brucella abortus* (it has a fancier name now, *Alcaligines abortus*) might cause some fever in the human. It was just one of those fool hunches that are as likely to be wrong as right.

Frank persuaded me at least to have a talk with his wife. As soon as she saw me, she said: "I don't blame Frank for bringing in a horse doctor. You sure can't know less about my case than the physicians." She was a frail appearing young woman with deep lines about her mouth and between her eyebrows.

"Well," I replied, "perhaps you have something nobody knows anything about as yet."

"That may be so, but Dr. Smart knows what's the matter with me."

"And what does he say?"

"Typhoid fever. And Dr. James is almost positive it's tuberculosis and Dr. Welles thinks it's a sort of recurring flu."

It developed that about three months before, Mrs. Westerley began to feel ill. She was feverish, tired and had no appetite. In the morning she'd feel pretty well but towards evening, the fever would return. This kept up for about a month and then disappeared for about three weeks only to return again. The second attack had not been so long drawn out but now a third one was starting. It did seem like typhoid, tuberculosis or, to a certain extent, influenza. Cases of Malta, or Mediterranean fever were so rare in this country at that time that few if any physicians would have recognized it.

"Now what do you think it is?" she asked me.

"I don't know." I would have liked to make a thorough examination of her, including various blood tests, but I felt such a procedure would be unethical. I told her the best thing for her to do was to go to bed and stay there until the fever subsided. She did that and Frank got a young woman to take care of her and do the work around the house. It was three months after that before Mrs. Westerley was completely cured.

I am convinced that hers was one of the few cases of undulant fever (called undulant rather than Malta or Mediterranean fever because the fever undulates) in this country prior to 1927. Now we have several thousand cases annually. Strange to say, there has been no change in the treatment other than what I recommended except to take the usual precautions where contagion is suspected. There is no serum or drug which can lick it as yet.

Its complete eradication in the *genus homo* is up to the veterinary profession. All we have to do is eradicate Bang's disease in cattle and goats but we're having a hell of a job to do it. I don't know why but there is official opposition to curing the disease in cattle by means of vaccination. Perhaps it's due

to the fact that none of the officials ever suffered from the disease. Let any of them get it about once and they'd sing another tune. I had it once. It was a few months after Mrs. Westerley's case. I didn't go to bed—couldn't afford to—but I was pretty darned sick for nearly a year. I was just about out on my feet when night came and my temperature would soar to 103 and sometimes I felt it was even more.

I had to work slowly and take extraordinary precautions against infecting any cattle where I happened to be. So my work wasn't done very efficiently. Nearly every morning around 3 A.M. I'd wake up with one of those night sweats that leave you weak as a dishrag. I don't want anybody to get it but if it would change the official attitude towards vaccination to have one of them have it, he's welcome to it.

Why, however, they can't listen to what veterinary experience can tell them about the vaccination method of eradicating the disease, I don't know. I have used this method for over fifteen years effectively—one hundred per cent effectively in young cattle and much better than ninety per cent effectively in the older cows. Other vets have had the same experience. I am delighted to note that in the August, 1939, issue of *Veterinary Medicine* Dr. S. L. Stewart of Olathe, Kansas, reports that vaccination for him for Bang's disease has been ninety-five per cent effective and that's including all the herds in which he has employed that method over a period of 17 years.

Officials who won't listen to this type of evidence need to be kicked out of office. Unlike many of my colleagues who have more respect for officialdom than I do, I recommend vaccination every time rather than the conventional method of slaughtering infected cattle. These "officials" will probably be on my neck for writing this, but then, I'm used to that. We ought to have more intelligent regulation than what we're getting now as

far as Bang's disease is concerned and since this is a problem of human health as well—not all milk is pasteurized effectively or undulant fever wouldn't be spreading—it seems doubly important that something intelligent be done about it.

At present, the United States Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Animal Industry, Tuberculosis Eradication Division has a department devoted to Bang's disease eradication. I don't like their program. It's smelly. I am proud that our State Division of Livestock Disease Control has not joined it and I'll be ashamed if they ever do.

This program started as one of the "emergencies" of 1934 and has been going strong ever since. I believe that the only good feature of it is the fact that they approve of vaccination of heifers four to eight months old; after that age, however, the claim is that vaccination is hopeless. They have been trying to sell this drivel to the dairy farmers ever since. Of course, in 1934 there was a serious drought and it was to the dairyman's advantage to listen to the Federal Government's co-operative plan for if he couldn't get water for his cattle, they'd die sooner or later anyhow. But if they had Bang's disease he could get a considerable sum over and above the amount he'd get from the salvage. A good talking point during a drought. But I can't help but think of the old days when a farmer took his own losses with a smile and scorned any help from any source.

The Federal program of Bang's disease eradication is expensive and unscientific. It is a needless waste of the tax-payers' money; it's the kind of waste that should jolt us voters out of our lethargy. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are thrown away annually on something that isn't worth a tinker's damn. There is no need whatever of slaughtering a cow with Bang's disease, for vaccination will cure her and at only a small fraction of what the Federal Government alone pays the dairyman in compensa-

tion. That's not even mentioning what the State or other co-operative agency chips in. Also, it's a burden on the farmer for he can never get the actual appraised value of his cattle. In fact, if the program were put into effect in some of the herds I have treated, the farmer would have had to go out of business.

It is unscientific because (1) the slaughter method does not clean up all infected herds, (2) it makes no attempt to find out why some herds are free and some are infected although no precaution may be taken in one and every precaution taken in the other and (3) it excludes the obvious, inexpensive method of vaccination.

No one should object to intelligent regulation or should feel it unfair if a farmer accepts a certain compensation from the government when it has been demonstrated that his cattle harbor a disease which is dangerous to human life. In the tuberculosis eradication program, some farmers would have been wiped out completely if it were not for this compensation. But when a government bureau willfully and needlessly slaughters cattle and then shells out a fraction of their value to the dairyman it's time the rest of us started asking questions.

In one way, it is laughable. The Bureau representatives convince the farmer that his diseased cattle are dangerous both to humans and the rest of his herd. They then slaughter the diseased cattle and pay the farmer a fraction of the difference between the appraised value and the salvage value of the cows. The farmer then thinks what a wonderful government we have—they kill our cattle and share the loss. So what? I suppose he's willing to vote the right way next time—or I suppose, he's supposed to be willing to. It's kind of a round about way of buying votes. Congressmen who come out for the Townsend plan and various other share-the-wealth programs are at least more frank about it: everybody knows they are using this means to buy

votes from the older people. There isn't one of them who doesn't realize that such programs would ruin the country once they were put into force. But for our Bureau of Animal Industry, after having done some of the finest work of any government agency, to indulge in such paternalistic—and spuriously paternalistic as that—tactics, is a disgrace.

Don't get me wrong and think I'm criticizing all the activities of the Bureau of Animal Industry. It's only the Bang's disease eradication program and the way it is conducted that sticks in my craw. Outside of that, the Bureau still is tops as far as I am concerned and it deserves the whole-hearted co-operation of every veterinarian in the country. Remember, if you think I should pull my punches in this connection, that a severe critic is often a man's closest friend. The same applies to an organization or to a nation. Also don't write and tell me that is not an original statement. I know it, but I don't know who said it first—probably Shakespeare.

At the time I had undulant fever and even when I had my hunch regarding Mrs. Westerley's case if there had been any way I could have gotten this hunch across to physicians there would not have been so much confusion when they were presented with a case of undulant fever. Even today, I strongly suspect that many physicians confuse undulant fever with tuberculosis or typhoid. My idea would not have prevented the spread of undulant fever, but it would have saved considerable needless suffering to those unfortunate individuals who thought they had typhoid. And if the veterinarians could get the co-operation of the Federal and State bureaus, in a vaccination program, they could stamp out Bang's disease in cattle, and with it undulant fever in man.

4. *Boners*

IT inflates our egos a little bit—and in some cases quite a lot—when we see other people make mistakes. That is probably why boners are so popular as the bases of jokes. The type of boners I'm going to tell you about are both funny and instructive, and in some cases, tragic.

I remember one job I had which was a tough one. A Caesarian operation on a cow. Caesarian section is quite common among the smaller animals (particularly if the owner can afford the operation) but it is not nearly so common on large animals. In cows, births by Caesarian are comparatively rare. It is not a particularly dangerous operation unless the calf happens to be dead but it is not an operation which has to be resorted to very often. About the only excuse for it is when the calf's head is so large it can't possibly get through the birth canal.

Many, however, resort to it in cases of torsion of the uterus but this, I believe, is a habit of the younger vets rather than us oldsters. We know how to straighten out a uterus and a calf which has become twisted up in it. The case I'm thinking of was a young cow who unfortunately had been bred when she was only about seven months old. She still wasn't full grown when I was called to usher her offspring into the outside world. In fact, she was small for her age—so small I could barely get my arm in to make an examination.

I found that parked in her uterus was a calf of unbelievable proportions, seemingly half as large as the mother. Further, I

found that the calf was dead. No matter how much she strained or how much I worked, birth by the ordinary means was impossible. You can't pass a seven inch plug through a six inch pipe.

I had always wanted to get a chance at a Caesarian with a dead calf anyhow because I was cocky enough to feel I could do it and have the cow survive. So, whistling merrily, I went to work. In due time and to the astonishment of the tobacco chewing owner, I extracted a hundred pound calf from the heifer.

It was as dirty a barn as you could select for an operation. Chaff kept filtering down from the hayloft; every time anyone stepped heavily, or a cow coughed, dust rose from the floor. The windows were so streaked and plastered with dirt that even in the bright sunshine the barn was in a half light, like twilight. I had to open one of the main doors in order to see to operate. Between the cold and the half-light, I selected the cold as the less dangerous to the patient. The following day I looked the cow over. She seemed to be doing all right. The day after that I went again and came away jubilant. The cow was chewing her cud—a sure sign of bovine health. But the third day after the operation was a different story. I didn't get there until towards night. She was suffering from chills. The next day she was dead.

But where had she got the chill that had killed her? I was sure of one thing—it wasn't the operation. And in spite of the chill, she had no septicemia. Death was due to pneumonia. Of course, pneumonia often does follow in such cases but there seemed to have been no violent change in the temperature sufficient to give her a chill. It had been cold but it was a steady cold and the barn had remained at a constant temperature. Or that's what I thought. However, the hired man had a confession to make. "Say, Doc, I sorta fergotta close this here big door night 'fore

last. You don't s'pose that 'ud a done it?" Oh no, zero cold sweeping into a comparatively warm barn and blowing over an animal in her condition wouldn't have done a thing. Not a thing—except kill her.

That is a fair example of thoughtlessness and stupidity much of which all of us have to contend with in all walks of life. But the most aggravating boners, the ones which get me ripping mad are those made by people who think they know a little about medicine. If anything makes me sore, it is to be called to a suffering animal which has been subjected to amateur treatment. Usually the call comes when the animal is on his last legs. The vet is just a fall guy. I don't fancy being a fall guy.

Several such cases come to my mind. I was called to Mose Halliday's to see a horse which had colic. It was the funniest looking case of colic I ever saw. The horse was retching pitifully, pulse was slow without much "kick" in it, respiration slow with such a long pause after expiration you thought each breath the last. "What the hell have you been giving this horse?" I wanted to know.

"Why I ain't done nawthin' fer it atall." Mose pulled nervously at his drooping mustache.

"Sure of that?" He didn't answer directly; just told me to hurry up and do something. I did hurry up. I glanced at a shelf of remedies he had in the stable. One bottle, tucked furthest back where he had hoped I wouldn't see it, was wet with slobber. I grabbed it. Aconite. "How come this bottle's all slobber?"

"Wal, I sorta give him some of it. But 'twarn't nawthin'. 'Sides, thet's supposed to be good fer colic." He glared at me.

"Good if a man knows how to use it." At one time it was used for colic but it was never any too effective.

So I had to go to work and cure not a case of colic but a case

of aconite poisoning. I used atropine and digitalis and, fortunately, the horse pulled through. It was then merely a matter of regulating his bowels and getting him into good general shape.

"Don't see whut you got so hot under the collar fer, Doc," Mose said later, after the horse was breathing regularly again. "The hoss is goin' to live all right."

"No thanks to you." I'm not always tactful, you see.

He didn't say anything then but when he paid me, he had to get in another crack. "Thet ac'nite sure knocked the colic outa 'im. Guess I'll hev to git more on it."

I was so damned mad I couldn't see he was kidding me at the time. He had been as angry as I, when I found he had used it, but he had gotten over it when he saw the horse was going to live. He never bought any more aconite. And the next time he called me for a colic case, he hadn't tried any treatment of his own.

Another trick which farmers and "horse" people often do is one that can cause considerable damage. These people have seen veterinarians use a trocar and cannula on horses to remove gas from the cecum. So when a horse has a gas attack, it is not uncommon to find some of them jabbing away assiduously at the poor animal's belly with an ice pick. This procedure may let out a little gas but a cannula is necessary to do a decent job. The ice pick method has nothing to recommend it and it might easily strike a vital organ—some people think it's safe to shove it in a horse's belly anywhere—and it's repeated use might cause considerable inflammation and even the death of the horse.

Some county agents have an irritating habit of encouraging farmers in the belief that they (the farmers) become veterinarians if they watch their horse doctors often enough. Nothing could be further from the truth. Some states encourage this at-

titude also by giving six weeks' courses at the state college to herdsmen and farmers in such subjects as sterility. All too frequently, these six weeks' courses do not impress upon the students the fact that they are learning only a very little about veterinary medicine. On the contrary many of them come out with the idea that they know all about it. A few of them are actually headaches to us professional men.

Fred Braggart was one of these. He had had a six weeks' course in sterility at the State college and now he knew all there was to know about the subject. His boss wouldn't need my services in that line any longer. I had managed to get most of the cattle in breeding condition before he took over, so it was some time before I had a chance to check on his work. One day, however, he called me. I went over. Braggart met me with his usual swagger. "Glad to see you, Doctor, glad to see you." He had acquired a deep voice and was meeting me in the way he thought one veterinarian should meet another. "Thought I'd better call you in for a consultation on Hepzibah. Always valued your opinion, you know, Doc. Always valued it."

I allowed myself to be flattered, but I felt just as you would feel—like telling him to go to hell. I followed him in behind Hepzibah.

"I've examined Hepzibah weekly for ten weeks now and she seems to be in perfect health but for some unknown reason, she won't come in heat."

"Well, that's quite unfortunate," I sympathized, trying to keep from laughing.

"It is indeed, Doctor, very unfortunate." He became a little humorous. "It seems to be a law of nature that the bovine creature will not breed unless she is in heat," he observed.

I casually ran my hand over Hepzibah's midsection to make sure my eyes weren't deceiving me and then, choking back the

laughter, I slapped her flank lightly a few times so it would appear that all I was doing was patting her.

"Well," Braggart prompted. "I suppose you'll want some warm water and lysol for the examination?"

"No." I shook my head. I was laughing so much inside I couldn't speak just then.

"But, Doctor, you don't mean that you aren't taking any precautions?" he asked with what he thought would be the proper degree of shock for a professional man to express at such negligence on the part of a colleague.

"I mean I don't need to make an examination." I could control my laughter by that time.

"Why, how can you find out why she doesn't come in heat if you don't examine her?" He was mystified.

"I happen to know the laws of nature," I said.

"Well, so do I." He was very serious. "But Hepzibah should be in heat by this time—at least ten or a dozen times. She calved nearly a year ago."

"That's not what I'm getting at." Then I let him have it. "It seems to be one of the laws of nature that the bovine creature does not come in heat when she is with calf."

His jaw dropped so low that I thought he'd have to stoop to pick it up. "But godalmighty, Doc, I've examined her—."

"Fish around in there much more, Braggart," I cut in, "and the calf will be taking a bite out of your fingers."

To be sure that isn't quite correct but it seemed to fit in right there. Of course, I had felt the calf when I ran my hand over Hepzibah's flank. And I was pretty sure she was with calf as I had artificially bred her seven months before. Why Braggart didn't discover it, I don't know. Any ordinary farmer with no pretenses whatever at knowing a thing about it can tell whether a cow is with calf or not after she is a few months along.

One boner on the part of a client made him my enemy. Things like this are among the few things that really disturb me. Of course, anybody who is at all successful is bound to have enemies—I've got a lot of them who take a shot at me with their tongues every chance they get. They don't bother me much, because their tongues are wagging about the economic losses sustained by my allegedly stupid treatments. But when a man loses a pet, whether it's a calf or a dog or whatever it is, and feels I am responsible for the loss, it worries me.

Mr. Wynn was an elderly, retired business man. He and Mrs. Wynn were spending their old age in farming on a small scale. They had a cow and a heifer, a horse, a few peach and apple trees and a garden. I was called to see the heifer which I found was suffering from simple indigestion. I dosed her and told him to give her a dose of oil the following day and then to let me know if her condition did not improve.

Since I didn't hear from him, I assumed that the heifer was okay but about a week later I received a letter from him. It was a pitiful letter. He told me how much he had thought of his Flossie, how highly I had been recommended by a neighbor and how he and Mrs. Wynn decided to call me as they wanted Flossie to have the best of veterinary care. He then went on to inform me that Flossie was much worse two days after I was there and that she was dead the third day. He had called in another vet who had pronounced it pleurisy. It was regrettable, he said, that a man of my alleged standing in the field of veterinary medicine couldn't tell pleurisy from indigestion.

That they both thought a lot of their Flossie was evident. They talked to her as if she were a child while I was treating her and petted the life out of her when I had finished. I didn't resent the aspersions cast on my ability. After all, it looked to Mr. Wynn as if I had been very dumb and in his grief over the loss of the

heifer, he couldn't see that it was possible that he himself was to blame.

The heifer didn't have anything but indigestion—and a slight case at that—when I saw her. What happened was probably a boner pulled by Mr. Wynn. Instead of dosing the cow properly, he poured the oil into her lungs. Then he didn't tell the other vet anything about the heifer's treatment or about my being there. A young vet might very well assume that oil in the lungs was a case of pleurisy.

I tried to explain to Mr. Wynn but it was no use. His mind was made up. I liked him and Mrs. Wynn. They both seemed so happy on their farm and they seemed like the kind of people whom you'd want to have as friends. All people who love the soil have good qualities and many of them make staunch friends. I hate to have people like the Wynns as enemies but it is just one of those things that happens and there isn't anything that can be done about it.

I've seen a lot of cows made ill and several die from that boner. If you ever have the occasion to give a bovine quadruped a dose of oil via the mouth, don't pour it in indiscriminately. Give it to her a little at a time and make sure she swallows it. If she doesn't swallow and you keep pouring it in (of course, you've tilted her head) it is very liable to run down into her lungs.

Even in the days of Theopholus, one or two farriers had survived the swing towards scientific veterinary medicine and were issuing their stupid advice and indulging in general practice. One of them did a trick which put him out of business. The farmer's cow had what looked to him like an eversion of the uterus. He couldn't get a horse doctor so he gave this farrier a ring thinking him better than nothing. In this case he was much worse than nothing. He glanced at the cow. "Aw, that ain't anythin' to worry about," he said and before the farmer knew

what he was up to, he had his jackknife out and had slashed the offending membranes off. "It's just a few cleanings. She'll be all right." The farmer had his doubts and they were confirmed when the cow died a half hour later. The farrier had not slashed off the cleanings but had cut out the whole uterus. The farmer's diagnosis of eversion (*i.e.* the uterus forced outside) was correct. After that, he always waited if a vet wasn't available immediately.

Speaking of an eversion reminds me of a boner Jeb Dobbin pulled one day. Jeb would do anything to save a dollar. He put in a hurry call for me one day. "Insides comin' outside," as he expressed it. I hurried over. Jeb met me in the yard.

"Wal, Doc, you made good time, but you warn't fast 'nuff to git a cleanin' outa the case. I done thet myself."

"That's good," I said. "Saves me the trouble."

"Yeah an' it saves me some money!"

"Maybe."

The cow was a bloody mess. "She seems kinda bloody, don't she, Doc?"

That was true enough. It was even running down the gutter and so thick I could not tell exactly what had happened at first. Then I saw it. In the uterus are cotyledons (popularly called "buttons") to which the placenta is attached and from which it draws nourishment for the fetus. In cleaning a cow, the vet's main job is to free these cotyledons of placenta. But instead of doing that, Jeb had torn the buttons clean off of the uterus.

"Listen, Jeb. You were a bit too enthusiastic in your cleaning. You pulled off all the buttons."

"Fer Christ sake, Doc, ain't thet whut yore s'posed to do? I've heerd ye talk times enough about 'freein' the buttons.'"

"No, Jeb. You free the cleaning from the button—not the button from the womb."

"Jeeze, Doc." His eyes were getting big now. "Jeeze, will she die? I kant 'ford to lose her. Jeeze!"

"I don't know whether she'll live or not. But if she does, all you can do is get the winter out of her and then sell her for beef. She'll never breed again."

"Jeeze, Doc. Jeeze!" He spat. "An' she's a two canner!"

As it happened she did live. After that Jeb thought twice before he tried to save a dollar on his veterinary bill.

Old Caleb Rowe pulled a funny one once. He called up the house and told Mary Beelzebub had got mixed up in barbed wire and torn himself badly in several places. I was on a case where there was no phone at the time but Caleb decided to wait. When I finally did get there, Caleb proudly showed me a new way to stop bleeding. Or rather, it was new to me but it was common practice among Yankee farmers.

"Looky here, Ductor," he pointed at a deep wound on Beelzebub's fore leg. "Thet was spurtin' blood like a house afire an' I stopped it mighty quick." I could see he had stuffed some material into the wound but it was such a mess I couldn't tell what it was. "Yep, stopped it with chewin' tobaccy," he said proudly and accented it with his squirt-gun delivery of tobacco juice in the general direction of a fly. I think he got him too—these old-fashioned Yankee farmers were phenomenal in their spitting accuracy.

I went to work on the leg immediately, digging the tobacco out of the wound. "Whutcha doin', Doc? Ain't tobaccy good fer it?"

"The tobacco leaves are liable to raise hell with him." Nicotine, used externally, is an antiseptic. But that doesn't mean tobacco juice is antiseptic or that wounds like to entertain gobs of chewing tobacco. And anyway, there is very little nicotine in plug tobacco.

"Is thet sumthin' else I shouldn't ort to hev done?" Caleb was laughing behind his whiskers. I was always correcting his methods but he took it good-naturedly.

"Well, you did right in stopping the bleeding. When an artery is spurting blood the best way to stop it is to go into it—no matter what you use. But it's best to use sterile gauze, or something clean—even a handkerchief is better than chewing tobacco—and then bind it up tight." I never advise the use of tourniquets unless I expect to be on the case in a few minutes. They shut off the blood supply to the whole limb and unless they are loosened every few minutes serious complications may result. If it is at all possible, the best first aid measure in arterial bleeding is to hold the edges of the wound together tight so the blood can't get out. Your arms would probably ache a bit from the effort before the doctor arrives but that won't hurt you and you'll be feeling like a hero anyhow. Fortunately Caleb's animals didn't have any more serious cuts so he never had to use my advice.

One of the most common boners I have struck—and one of the most serious—is the habit farmers and pseudo-vets have of giving salts to cattle indiscriminately. If a cow's bowels don't move, they give it a couple of pounds of salts. Sometimes that is perfectly all right but other times, and often, her bowels aren't moving because her paunch is not working. The salts then irritate her gastro-intestinal tract so seriously that she often dies.

Another common mistake is to withhold water from a horse suffering from the "flu." I don't know what the reasoning is behind this notion, but it is certainly contrary to established methods of treatment. And it lessens the horse's chances of recovery.

But the most common boner of all, the one that I have seldom been able to correct, is the habit most people have of pro-

crastinating about calling a veterinarian. I know that the three, four, or five dollars he has to charge seems like a lot of money if the animal will get over his illness by himself, but unless the vet is called promptly, oftentimes it is too late. It seems that nearly once a week I'm called to an animal which is just gasping out his last. Several times a week, I'm called to animals which have been sick for several days and in order to help them get over the trouble effectively I may have to make a second and sometimes even a third call. If I had been called promptly in either of these cases, the economic loss incurred by the death in the former would have been prevented and the additional fees in the latter would have been saved. Where health is concerned, it's always better to be safe than sorry.

Well, I've told quite a few boners on the part of other people. It's time I told one on myself for a change. I had the best luck with Caleb Rowe's stock. No matter what they had, they always got over it unless it were an advanced case of senectitude. One of the dumbest boners I ever pulled was on one of his cows. Caleb called about nine one night and left a message for me to drop around and take a calf from a cow. Calving cases can usually wait several hours and Caleb wasn't the kind to get excited unless there was something to get excited about. Today, people seem to think calving cases are serious and require immediate attention—probably because women, in like circumstances, get into difficulties if the doctor is not available.

I arrived at Caleb's about midnight. I peeped into the kitchen and saw the old man sound asleep on the couch, the lamp already burning low. I decided to let him sleep. Dick Henery, as usual, was drunk. So I went to work by myself. It wasn't a very difficult job—took me about an hour as I remember it. I was pretty tired and I washed up as quickly as I could, cranked Theopholus and headed for home. A few days later I happened

to drop into the general store and one of the men around the stove told me how Caleb had come in all beaming and proud about my latest accomplishment.

"It wasn't much," I said. "Just an ordinary calving case."

"That ain't the way Caleb looked at it. He come in here an' he says, 'Duc Dinsmore is the dangdest feller I ever see. Know whut he done last night? He come to my place sometime durin' the night—don't know when 'cuz I fell asleep waitin' fer him—an' he didn't say a word to nobuddy. Jest went to work on Clover an' took twins from her. Twins! Done it all by himself, too.'"

TWINS! I had to get out of there quick or I'd have shown my astonishment. It had never occurred to me that Clover had another calf in her and if it hadn't been lined up just about perfectly, she could never have given birth to it. That both calves lived is damned near miraculous considering my carelessness. Believe me, after that I always went back in again to see if any more calves were floating around in there.

After a few boners like that on my part I had more sympathy for my clients and was less likely to bawl them out for their mistakes. I say "less likely" because often the daily rush was enough to give me the disposition of a buzz saw. Not much excuse for that but at least a detailed account of another of these days furnishes an explanation.

5. *The Daily Grind*

IT'S four thirty A.M. I'm fumbling down the stairs to the telephone, which is ringing imperiously and often. Finally I reach the thing. A strident female voice crackles in my ear. "Oh, Doctor, Putsy's trying to have puppies and she can't. Won't you come right up?" It's Mathilda Sawin, a spinster, of Marlborough. Mathilda is obviously embarrassed not only at the subject of births in general but because I had warned her to keep Putsy shut up while she was in heat. Evidently she failed to harken to the warning.

"How long has she been in labor?"

"She's been most uneasy all night and she seems to strain and strain without result."

All of which seems pretty vague. I'd much prefer my sleep but I consent to go. It's raining as I start out, one of those long-dropped spring rains that hurry the frost out of the ground and turn the country roads into quagmires. Silver drops flash through the beams of the headlights as I back out Theopholus and shatter themselves in little streamlets against the upright windshield when I head the car towards Marlborough.

I have to be careful not to watch these streamlets too steadily or I'll go back to sleep. I operate the windshield wiper manually—that's the only kind they had in those days—and that helps keep me awake. I could doze a bit if I only had Bob and the buggy. On the hill near Hager's mill the headlights pluck out soupy ruts. I'll be lucky to coax Theopholus through there. I

open the throttle wide, stamp down on the foot pedal and roar in—but not through. Theopholus wallows, coughs, sputters and stops plump in the middle of the mucky stretch.

I crawl out and wade around to the front to crank it—no self starter on the 1915 models, you know. Too bad I couldn't use my new sedan which has a starter but it's no mud-scow. I should have seen that the engine was warmer before attempting to plunge through. If I don't get through, Mathilda will be wild. Theopholus is mired to the hubs, the handle of the crank even buried in the brown muck. I drag it out, the wet grit biting into the palm of my hand. As I bend to insert the crank, muck crawls up over my overshoes to my pant leg. Well, I'm used to dirt. I lift on the crank four times, getting more worried at each lift. Maybe I'll have to spin her, which means getting a shovel and digging away the soupy muck from the front of the car.

But no, Theopholus coughs, I jerk at the choke and the engine catches. Good old Theopholus! Back again behind the wheel I race the engine, shove it in reverse. A groan and the engine dies almost to a whimper. I let her recover, try again. This time it gives. I shift my foot onto the clutch pedal, shove. Theopholus rocks, back and forth, back and forth and then finally charges ahead, free of the clinging mud. I'm through, onto the Post Road. Be lucky to get back home again though. Theopholus sounds like a modern cement mixer as I open it wide and bounce along the Post Road. At that hour of the morning, with no breakfast, having already been stuck in the mud, it's no wonder I'm not feeling very cheerful when Mathilda meets me at the door.

Miss Sawin is in a state. Her eyeglasses, clamped firmly to the thin bridge of her long nose, quiver like leaves in a breeze and their polished surfaces catch the light and reflect it in a shimmer

of dancing darts. She holds herself erect, though, and has not lost the air of authority which her years of experience as a school teacher have given her.

Putsy, a Boston terrier, is in a little box behind the stove. When she sees me her big bulging eyes bulge even more and her lips curl back over her teeth, one of which is significantly missing. Significantly because the snarl is due partly to that tooth and the memory of the individual who pulled it, namely, yours truly. Sprinkles of salty grey in the sleek black of her hide reveal that Putsy is getting along in years—eight in fact. She has never had pups before so I am naturally worried about her. Mathilda attempts to reason with her as she snarls and growls at me.

"Now, Putsy, be a nice little doggy!" Putsy growls all the louder as I step closer. "Is that a nice way to act, Putsy dear? Did I bring you up that way?" Then Putsy lets out a shrill warning bark. I have to laugh. You can't reason with a bitch when she's whelping, even if you do not enjoy her enmity beforehand. Sometimes they'll even tackle their masters. Then, and when the pups are very young, it's a good idea to give them a wide berth.

So I don't reason with her. I take a tape from my pocket, noose it and hope for luck. Dodging the slashing teeth I grab her by the back of the neck with one hand and slip the noose over her stubby snout with the other. In another moment, the ends are tied securely behind her ears. You get away with this alone once in a dog's age, but Putsy was really much more manageable than she appeared at first.

A brief examination reveals that things could be worse. There seems to be plenty of room provided that the pups are not too large. I ask Mathilda what kind of a dog she mated with.

She blushes to the roots of her greying hair but answers

bravely. "I really don't know, Doctor. Really I don't. I had her out walking—on a leash too—and she broke away from me and—and she didn't come back until night."

That didn't help me much. A big dog is liable to have large puppies; and if I were sure the sire was large, I would do a Caesarian immediately. In fact, that is what Mathilda wants.

"I think she needs a Caesarian," she says with some of her schoolmarm attitude.

That decides me against a Caesarian. I hope the pups will come okay so I tell her to give her dog time. She does. One pup is brought into the world. "Oh, Doctor, it's coming wrong end to. That can't be right. Can't you do something?"

I could. I could lock Mathilda out of the room. Instead I merely explain that puppies are not fussy as to how they evacuate their mother's womb—head or tail doesn't matter so long as they get out and away from the punishment they are receiving. Those contractions are pretty powerful, you know.

No sooner is the pup born than the phone rings. It's Mary. Caleb Rowe has a sick sheep—stretched out flat. I'll go right over.

"But, Doctor," Mathilda says as soon as I hang up, "you shouldn't leave my Putsy."

"But Miss Sawin, your Putsy is doing all right and this man's sheep is suffering. He'd feel the loss of his sheep as much as you'd feel the loss of Putsy." More, in fact,—it would hit his pocketbook.

She is not wholly convinced but I go just the same. The way I feel she can get somebody else if she isn't satisfied. And I'll feel that way until I get a cup of coffee. Fortunately there are no mud holes between Mathilda's and Caleb's.

The sheep is stretched out flat all right—as flat as it can get, considering that its belly is the size of a hog'shead.

"I'll be dinged ef you kin save this un, Duc." Old Caleb's whiskers are trembling and there is a suspicion of tears in his faded blue eyes. "She's give me a lotta nice lambs in her day but she's done fer now, all right. Kan't 'ford to lose her, neither. Times is purty hard—purty hard." I sometimes wonder if these farmers didn't feel the loss of their animals more than the Mathildas of their puppies. They kicked about the financial loss—yes—and they really felt that loss, but also they had just as genuine an affection for them.

"Well, Mr. Rowe, if my luck holds you won't lose this sheep."

"What's thet, Duc? You dun't mean Mathildy has a chanct?"

"Mathildy?" I laugh like hell. "Mathildy!" But while I'm laughing I'm getting my trocar out. In a few minutes Mathildy is deflating.

"What you laughin' at, Duc? Gittin' addlepat in yore old age?"

I explain about Mathilda. I've just come from one Mathilda to attend to another very different sort of Mathilda.

"Wal, ef thet dun't beat the Dutch!" Little things like that interest Caleb. I have to tell him all about Mathilda and Putsy. "Pore soul," he soliloquizes, "she ain't never had nobuddy. Now Putsy's ever'thin' to her—ever'thin' thet husband, son *and* darter ort to have been. An' some ways she's better off. Women, they allus 'spect too much an' they git disappointed like as not. But she kan't git disappointed in a bitch."

This soliloquy is taking place amid the stench escaping from Mathildy's entrails—a stench that would turn any normal man's stomach. But Caleb and I are not normal. Or maybe we are. He notices I'm looking a bit "peaked." "Ain't you had no breakfast, Ductor?" I hasten to assure him that I have not. He conducts me into the kitchen where one of Dick Henery's girls is preparing breakfast. I much prefer the odor of the cooking to

the stench in the barn, but I don't have time except for a cup of coffee. Excellent coffee too, by the way. Back to the barn and Mathildy is sitting up.

"By gum, Ductor, you've done it agin. You've done it agin!"

Mathildy says "baa" rather weakly. I scratch her head and tell her I don't know why she is alive except that she happens to belong to Caleb Rowe. Anybody else would have had a dead sheep by this time. Funny, but only old age can lick me at Caleb's. Wish that were true everywhere. I leave the old man feeding instructions and then head back to Miss Sawin's.

Putsy has had two more puppies. I don't have time to wait for the third and I know I should do so. I suspect difficulties. Mathilda, however, is breathing easier. But to me that pup seems too large although there is no positive way of telling until actual difficulties set in. However, I have to go to Julio Sappelletti's to see a sick horse.

At Julio's I find a mild case of colic. It's mild because the Italian has called me promptly instead of monkeying around with the case himself. I'm able to make what seems to be a startling treatment. One dose, a few minutes wait, and the mare becomes quiet, pricks up her ears instead of laying them back against her head and even sniffs around for food.

Julio beams. "You gooda man, Docca. You gooda man. You come docca my wife."

"What?"

"You come docca my wife."

He takes me by the arm, chattering all the time so it's hard for me to get a word in edgewise. He has almost literally dragged me into the kitchen before I can protest. "But Mr. Sappelletti, you get a human doctor for that in this country."

"Don't want him. In Eetaly, horse docca doccas women."

It's no use to argue but I try. He pays no attention but tells

his wife to lie down on the couch. She does so. Whereupon he drags up her skirt beneath which she is wearing nothing. Her belly, rather mountainous at the present time, is as black and blue as if someone had stamped on it. "Looka the bell", Docca. Whatsa mat?"

It is startling to look at and you can't blame Julio for being worried but it is really nothing to worry about. "Don't let that trouble you, Julio. It's nothing but the position of the baby." Oftentimes the fetus will shift in such a way as to interfere with the blood supply. "That'll all go when the baby comes."

Julio beams again, addresses his wife in his native tongue. She nods rather vaguely and smiles uncertainly in my direction. "Me know you know, Docca," he says finally. "Me know you know. Now you come when bambino come, hunh?"

I shake my head. "That's a job for the physician," I reply firmly.

"But in Eetaly—"

"Yes, I know. Here it's different. The law won't let us. The cops would arrest me."

"The coppas?" His teeth gleam. "I getta you now. The coppas!"

At this point I can see Julio is about to offer me some wine. These Italian farmers are all very hospitable and naturally it hurts their feelings if you refuse them all the time. However, I can't drink Italian wine on an empty stomach. In fact, it's pretty hard for me to drink it on a full stomach. So, to forestall Julio's gesture of friendship, I suddenly take out my watch, whistle in astonishment and say: "Look at the time—'most ten-thirty. And I ought to have been on that case long ago."

Julio's face falls, then brightens up again as he gets an idea. "One minute, Docca." He disappears in the pantry and is back in a moment with a ginger ale bottle which he thrusts into my

hand. "Keep you warm, Docca. Keep you warm." It is, as I had suspected, Italian wine and very nice wine I suppose. I thank him and hurry out. Mary will use the wine for cooking as none of us care for it as a beverage. But it is things like that—gifts in appreciation—or a word of thanks or praise given with the simplicity which always characterizes sincerity, that make a man feel he is really contributing something constructive to the lives of his fellow men. Without that feeling, no job is worth having.

Outside I notice it has stopped raining. The clouds hang swollen and sulky like a child's cheeks after crying. Theopholus starts off with a roar and I open up the throttle as wide as I dare. I want to get back to Mathilda and Putsy as soon as possible. I'm sure worried about that last pup—or I think it's the last—we can't always be sure. I don't slow up for the mud puddles, preferring to use the windshield wiper to clear the glass after the numerous showerbaths Theopholus receives.

When I get out on the Post Road again, I open the throttle as wide as it will go, tear past several trucks and a couple of limousines and make the three miles to Mathilda's in something like four minutes. I am met at the door by a very indignant Mathilda. Her head is high, her spotless glasses flashing the anger which her good breeding does not allow her to express. "Putsy is in a very serious condition. I regret that you have been so long."

So do I. But it is just one of those things which can't be helped. Putsy is indeed in a bad way. She doesn't even growl at me—which is a sure sign she is sick. A brief examination reveals what I had feared—the birth canal too narrow to accommodate the abnormally large pup.

"A kettle, please. One that will boil water quickly."

Mathilda nods primly. "You are going to do a Caesarian?"

"Yes."

She nods again but she doesn't say "I told you so"—for which I am thankful. I take out my surgical kit which I bought in the hock shop when I started practice and which is still bright and gleaming, place the instruments in the kettle which Mathilda brings me, cover them with water and put them on the stove. Then I clear off Mathilda's kitchen table, obtain some newspapers and spread them over the surface. I don't have an ether cone to fit Putsy's funny little snout but that is no problem. A few thicknesses of newspaper bent to the proper shape and covered with gauze serves the purpose very nicely. Putsy receives the tape around her nose once again. I chuck a generous quantity of antiseptic solution into Mathilda's dishpan and transfer the instruments, which have thoroughly boiled by this time, into it. Putsy is lifted to the table. I spill a little ether into the cone. Gently I force her to lie on her side, holding her front legs firmly so she can't kick. Mathilda holds the hind legs. With my right hand I fit the cone snugly over Putsy's snout and hold it there.

The next five minutes drag by like five separate eternities. It's warm in the kitchen and the pungent, piercing odor of the ether seems almost as strong as if the cone were on my nose instead of the dog's. I'm worried about Mathilda. She'll have to be the anesthetist when I operate. Could she stand the ether? I have my doubts. The color is even now leaving her lips but the sparkle of her glasses is somehow reassuring. As long as she keeps those on, I know she'll be okay. Putsy struggles weakly, but enough to make me keep hold of her. I hold her legs by circling a thumb around one leg, inserting my forefinger between them and catching the other leg with the other three fingers; thus my hand forms a clamp which is better than a mechanical clamp because there is no chance of injury by struggling against it. When Putsy relaxes, I tell Mathilda she is now

the anesthetist. I add that she had better get a breath of air first.

"That'll be quite unnecessary," she says between white lips.

Well, that's more or less up to her but if she faints just when I need her most . . . I prepare the field, meticulously shaving off each hair and disinfecting before I take the scalpel. With the stroke which I had learned in the surgical amphitheater, I make the incision. It's a smooth, quick stroke gauged in such a way that it never cuts any deeper than you wish. As I reach for the absorbent cotton, I note Mathilda looking resolutely in the other direction. The flesh on her cheek quivers an instant but outside of that she reveals no emotion. As a matter of fact, women are much less often affected by the sight of blood than men, but Mathilda is evidently one of those few who really cannot stand it. I note Putsy's respiration becoming shallow.

"Less ether, please—take the cone off and leave it about an inch from her nose."

She does so without comment. Putsy's respiration does not improve. At eight, and after so many hours of labor, even a healthy dog's heart is liable to give out. Every moment counts. And I do my best to make it count. Putsy's heart will not stand a long operation. Working with the controlled fury which all surgeons know so well when a moment's delay may mean the loss of the patient, I go in. Directly into the womb. At times like this a surgeon, whether he's working on a human being or an animal, has as much control over his knives as a knife thrower on the stage. One slight slip may mean a vital artery severed but like the men on the stage, they never make the slip. I remove the pup. It seems half as big as its mother. Putsy's respiration has not picked up at all but she is not getting enough ether. She's beginning to tense up on me. Operating is impossible under those circumstances.

"More ether, please, and replace the cone right away."

Mathilda picks up the cone.

"Quickly, please." I glance away from my work for a moment. Mathilda has the ether can in one hand, the cone in the other. The can is open. Her glasses are off and she has opened her dress at the throat—a breach of modesty which is a sure sign of the extent of her misery. But she can fight no more—nothing she has done has helped. Quietly and with a certain dignity, she faints.

The ether can clatters to the floor and before I can catch it, it has emptied half its contents. The cone is beside her. Putsy has started to sing, a high pitched whining song like a violin poorly played. Putsy will be completely out of the ether in a moment. I grab the cone and the ether, toss in a heavy dose and clamp it on Putsy's nose. In a moment she is asleep again. I can't do anything for Mathilda. That is, I can't do anything and save her pup too.

She is in no danger herself—nothing ever can be done for fainting anyhow and this idea of doctors "working over" people to bring them to is purely a fiction in the minds of many laymen. If the fainting is due to anything serious, there is little which can be done at the moment—except in cases of sunstroke. And if it isn't serious, people come to when they get around to it. So, with Mathilda Sawin a deflated heap on the floor, I finish the operation, sewing up the uterus with cat-gut and suturing the incision in the usual manner. Putsy's shallow breathing becomes shallower. Stops. Damn! I apply artificial respiration using much the same method as the prone procedure on human beings. It's just a matter of squeezing the ribs and releasing them rhythmically.

Mathilda has come to and is crawling towards the door. I'm very ungallant and do not help her, believing that she prefers me to take care of the patient rather than herself. Mathilda fi-

nally gets the door open and creeps out into the early spring air. I keep working on Putsy, wondering if she will ever come to. It's probably only a matter of a minute or two but I'm so hungry and the fumes from the ether are so penetrating, I'm a little drowsy myself. Finally Putsy's ribs lift of themselves. I breathe a sigh of relief, put her in her box and stagger to the door myself.

Mathilda smiles rather weakly but is too exhausted to speak. It's one of those early spring days just after the snow has vanished when you can smell the rich reviving warmth in the air. It sure seems good to me after that ether-saturated kitchen. The clouds are low and sultry, promising more rain and with the rain even more mud on the back roads. I wonder if I'll live to see the day when all roads will be macadamized. I don't have much time to dream, however, for the phone rings. Mathilda is unable to answer so I do it myself.

It's Mary. "John, Harry Orson called up wondering if you forgot to ring his bull." I hadn't forgotten it, I just hadn't had a chance. "He says the 'critter' went for the hired man yesterday and almost finished him."

"Well, I'll go over there now and get it done with."

"Have you had anything to eat?"

"I'll get something."

"Be careful coming home. One of the neighbors is stuck here on Parmenter road so the only way you can get in is by Hager's mill."

I have my doubts about getting back that way too, but I don't say anything. When we are through talking, Mathilda has made her way back to the kitchen. "How is Putsy?" she whispers.

"She'll pull through." No thanks to me though. I shouldn't have chanced going to Julio's.

"Would you like something to eat, Doctor?"

Would I? "Well, it will take me a few minutes to dry my instruments. If you could . . ."

She gets me a lunch while I'm cleaning up the instruments. Putsy is already trying to stand up in her box. Bewildered but resolute she tries again and again. I tell her to be quiet but she does no more than look up at me reproachfully and try to stand again. Most dogs are walking around five minutes after an operation comparable in seriousness to the removal of the gall bladder in a human being. I often wonder what would happen if *we* tried walking directly after an operation.

Mathilda apologizes for seeming cross. After all, as Caleb had said, Putsy was everything to her and she was certainly willing to go through everything for her. In a way, Mathilda is heroic. I feel much more kindly towards her than ever before. Perhaps that's a sign I'm getting older and have less of the intolerance of youth. "I was a little afraid you might be overconfident," she continues, "but I guess you knew best after all."

Sometimes I wonder whether I do or not.

Orson's farm is about two miles off the main road on a dirt road comparable to a narrow and unkempt driveway. It's mud to the hubs all the way. Theopholus see-saws back and forth, grinding through slowly but steadily. Few cars could beat Theopholus in the mud. I could feel the bands wearing out—those roads were sure hard on bands—but I kept a set in the car in case of emergency. A horse doctor has to be a mechanic, you know. Finally I grind into Orson's yard.

"Sorry as hell to call you this weather, Doc, but that damned bull is gettin' so we can't handle him." Harry Orson is a young, heavy shouldered chap of Swedish extraction. He's a nice type of client, scrupulously clean and honest and always willing to follow directions. That's why he makes money on his dairy farm.

The bull is a Jersey. I rope his head, take a "bite" over the top of the stanchion and give one end of it to Harry to hold. He hangs on as the bull tosses his head indignantly and strives to break the grip of the rope. Harry is interested in the cattle fraud case. "Say, Doc, do you s'pose Ketchum really had anything to do with it?"

That is the question I heard on every farm during those days. Ketchum was a man we all knew and he was one of the accused. This cattle fraud case, by the way, developed out of the T.B. program. Cattle reacting to the tuberculin test were tagged and supposed to be shipped to Brighton for slaughter. The government compensated the farmer by paying him a certain sum over and above the salvage value of the cow. Well, if that was the case, the farmer could get more for a tubercular cow than for a beef critter. Some unscrupulous individuals therefore removed the tags and placed them on other cattle which had been raised for beef or which were to be disposed of anyhow and got this extra money for their trouble—from ten to forty or fifty dollars extra per cow. They then had the tubercular cows retested and again used the tags. A nice racket while it lasted but the authorities soon permitted us vets to brand tuberculosis re-actors and thus stop the illegal traffic.

I have the trocar out and am punching it through the bull's nostrils. He sure is tough. In spite of the hitch over the top of the stanchion, he is strong enough almost to lift Harry off his feet.

"I don't believe Ketchum is that sort of a chap."

"Me neither, Doc. God, he's always been honest with his neighbors—it don't seem like he'd do a trick like that. You don't s'pose—" The bull almost wrenches the rope from his hand. "Hold still, you son of a bastard! Watch him, Doc. You don't s'pose—. LOOKOUT, DOC."

I have jabbed the trocar through the snout and in the process the bull has managed to loosen the ropes somewhat. He comes within an ace of trapping my arm against the stanchion. "It's all right, Harry. Miss is as good as a mile."

"Yeah. You don't s'pose Ketchum's being framed, do you?"

I've removed the trocar, leaving in the cannula (a sort of sleeve).

"Well, I certainly hope it's a case of a frame-up. Better that than know he's a crook."

"God, you're doing that job neat, Doc."

I slide the ring through the cannula, then remove the cannula and lock the ring. "Ought to do it neat after all these years."

"S'funny Doc, but they never seem to get the real crooks. Somebody always gets framed. I'd bet my bottom dollar Ketchum's as innocent as you or I."

I'm inclined to agree with him. Ketchum had to serve a prison term but I doubt very much if he was the ringleader or even had any criminal intentions. He was a poor man and still is. The government was probably bilked of several hundred thousand dollars in the cattle fraud, and it doesn't seem logical that a poor man like Ketchum was guilty.

While I am there, I inspect Harry's dairy and find everything okay as usual. I then grind back to the main road and over to Beaufort's to clean a cow—the call came in yesterday.

The elder Beauforts have evidently been reading a gentleman by the name of Sigmund Freud and have misinterpreted his doctrine. They send their two little girls out to witness the cleaning. Just what connection a retained placenta has with teaching little girls the facts of life is beyond me. I send the children back into the house and if Mrs. Beaufort doesn't like it she can call someone else. According to Freud's own theory such a fright as witnessing anything like that would certainly be enough to make

a girl frigid for life rather than help her understand the facts. It would take a psychiatrist to recall this painful memory to her before she could be cured.

By the way, as the twenties progressed, it was very common for people to educate their children in the matters of sex by having them witness the breeding activities of animals. One fellow used to make it a rule that all such activities take place on the front lawn in full sight of everyone. His children all married young, babies following all too promptly. I have a lot of respect for Freud but no respect for the popular misinterpretations of his teaching which are so common even today.

Mary catches me before I leave Beaufort's and sends me to Mr. Podosk's farm where I find a very unusual case. As soon as I enter his ramshackle barn I smell paint, fresh paint. I can't believe my eyes or my nostrils but the paint smell is coming directly from a beautiful Ayrshire cow which is tossing about in acute distress. Her hide is saturated with turpentine.

"What the hell?" I ask, pointing to the cow.

Mr. Podosk does not speak English but his neighbor does. "In his country, I guess they used turpentine for milk fever cases—at least that's what I gathered from his gestures." The neighbor was trying to help the poor fellow out.

The cow is wild, tossing, turning and twisting. Even moaning. I am afraid she will injure her udder on the sharp edge of the gutter so I have a couple of bags of sawdust stuck into it under her rump to keep her from sliding down. Ayrshires have graceful horns, flaring out from their heads. This one has a particularly nice pair. I have to give her a shot to relieve her from her suffering—it's a wonder all that turpentine hasn't killed her already—but to do so I must tie that tossing head. I grab for the horn as usual but I'm a little slow. Tired I guess.

"LOOKOUT DOC!" For the second time today I hear that warning, but this time it's too late. The horn has ducked under my hand, slanted up with the speed of a rapier. I try to leap away but it is no use. The point of the horn plunges into my cheek, crackles into the bone. Luckily my weight is away from the blow rather than towards it. I do not lose consciousness. Blood runs down my nose, into my mouth. It's a damned nuisance to try to work that way but I finally get the rope on her and secure her head. Then I give her the shot. After that I dress my cheek as best I can and beat it for the nearest telephone.

It is about dark. Theopholus' headlights wax and wane as I race the engine and stamp down on the clutch until the power almost dies. But I manage to grind through the soup without getting stuck. I call up from the Southborough drug store. There are two calls. A rich man wants me immediately and so does a poor man. Which animal is worse? The poor man's. So I go to the poor man's first. Noble of me? No, just the code of the profession—treat the worst case first regardless of whose animal it is. In this case, when I finally get to the rich man's he seems quite pleased that I did go to the poor man first. "You know how it is,—the wife gets a little excited," he explains.

By the time I am at last heading for home it is nearly eleven o'clock. Someone is still stuck on Parmenter road so I have to go in by Hager's mill. At the point on the hill where I stalled something like eighteen and a half hours before, Theopholus tries gallantly again and again but the powerful grip of the mud draws it down lower and lower. With each effort, more of the band goes until finally Theopholus cannot budge. I shut off the engine and drag my way home through the mud. My cheek throbs with pain. I know I'm in for a nasty job healing the wound, for with the bone cracked and chipped underneath

anything could be expected. But as always after the daily grind, I get home with a certain feeling of satisfaction. In spite of its difficulty, I like the work. In doing it, I feel I am contributing something to balance the account of all that has been given to me.

BOOK III. GONE TO THE DOGS

I. Dinsmore's Veterinary Hospital

ALL the time I was doing dairy inspection work, I was getting more and more worried about my regular practice. Not that it wasn't good but, as I have said before, because of the feeling many of the farmers had that they were compelled to have me because of my position. In the middle twenties I realized I couldn't hang onto this job very long and I also realized that when the job went, much of my practice would go likewise. I couldn't afford that with the children in college and Mary still in precarious health because of her injury. So I looked around for a new outlet for my energies.

The experience with dogs like Putsy led me to believe that here might be an opportunity which hitherto I had overlooked. How much better it would have been if I had had a hospital to which to take her. A hospital equipped with an X-ray machine, operating table, sterilizer and other essentials. I was getting quite a few calls for dogs—far more than ever—but this part of my practice was not growing. The reason it didn't grow was obvious. I had no place to take sick dogs.

People wanted their dogs for pets—not for patients to practice nursing upon—so they demanded that when they became sick they should be removed. I didn't think much of this trend. It wasn't like the folks before the war. When their dogs became sick, they nursed them and were glad to do it. I told people repeatedly that except in cases when surgery was necessary, dogs

should be kept at home. Sometimes it takes the animal three weeks to get accustomed to a place and to get over the feeling that he is being punished for being sick.

A dog is willing to give affection and he needs affection in return—particularly when he is sick. However, nobody would listen to me. People listened only to their own selfish demands and anything which stood in the way of their pleasure must be removed. That should have been a warning to me but it wasn't. I decided to have a hospital.

While arrangements were being made to build the hospital, I scouted around among various kennels for a place to keep sick and convalescing dogs until such time as the hospital could be opened. I didn't stay at any one kennel very long. It seemed to me at the time as if I were living among people who had gone temporarily crazy. Of course, it was the roaring twenties. The stock market was beginning its boom, revolt had set in against prohibition and women were turning their curves into angles. Yes, all that even here in staid old New England. It didn't penetrate to the farmers—those who work the soil seldom lose contact with reality—but they were the only exception. Kennel operators were asking me for tips on the stock market. Even the boys who cleaned out the kennels wanted suggestions as to the best buys on the curb. Everybody was getting rich, nobody except a few dumb farmers and horse doctors like myself who lacked imagination would ever have to work again.

One or two illustrations will give you an idea of the scope of this revolution and its consequences to a horse doctor. Among these kennel operators was a man named Singley. Mr. Singley was bitter. He had once amassed one hundred thousand dollars but he had then got on the short side of the market when he belonged on the long side. His hundred thousand went pfft.

He had to run the smelly kennel while he started over again. "And listen, Doc, I'm running this thing right, see? I got running water here, heat for short haired dogs in winter and by jeeze people are going to pay for it, see? They got it and they can part with it. I'm not going to be in this stinking business forever, see?"

I saw. It was a good clean kennel and Singley was surely out for the business. I did a little operating there and everything came off well. Singley helped me and became adept at anesthesia as well as at handing me the instruments I needed. He even bought books on dogs and one on surgery. "I'm going to know what I'm doing, see? When I give a dog medicine, I'm going to know why, see? And when you cut out an ovary, I'm going to know how you do it, see?" Well, this sounded as if he was getting over the idea of being a bigshot in the market and was going to take a genuine interest in veterinary medicine. I was encouraged at first. But one day I heard a client address him quite respectfully as "Doc." Enquiry revealed that he actually had been doctoring.

Soon he dropped saying "see" and adopted a semi-cultured way of speaking the way I would sound if I mixed a Southern drawl with my Yankee twang. I had noticed that I was called to his kennel far more than to other kennels which had nearly the same number of dogs and I had often wondered if perhaps his feeding and other accommodations weren't so good as they seemed. But this gentleman who called him "Doctor" set me to thinking and another little mystery in my life was solved. Singley was actually taking cases and treating them. When owners called for their dogs, he posed as a veterinarian and people lapped up his palaver. Next time the dog was sick instead of calling me they called Singley who took the puppy and gave him my treatments. This system wasn't so hot, however,

since he didn't have my ability to diagnose cases or to combine drugs. A few dogs died—but never on his hands. They were always on mine since he managed to call me before they passed out.

The funny thing about it was that all kennel men seemed to have the same tendency. After watching my treatments they concluded that they could do as well themselves and when I shifted from Singley's kennel and took the dogs to another, the other gentleman was soon a "veterinarian." Everyone hated to see a man make a dollar which he himself could have. It was a sort of phobia in the roaring twenties, a money-for-the-other-fellow phobia—and people simply weren't the men and women they were before and have been since.

Mr. Singley went furthest of all these kennel men. As I look back over my experiences with him, they seem even more farcical and unreal than the decade itself. Yet there was the funny side to it. An example of it occurred one Sunday morning after I had taken my convalescing dogs away from him. He drove into the yard here at Hill Top Farm and showed me a dead cat.

"I want your opinion on this feline, Doc. I was instructed to have her spaded"—in spite of his study of the books on the canine quadruped he had not learned that the word he should have used is, "Spayed"—"so I had Dr. Kensington operate—since you don't seem to want to do the work any more—and he couldn't find any ovaries."

He flopped the cat over onto its back and there was a rip in his stomach long enough to put both hands in. Dr. Kensington had never operated like that. No vet I knew could have made such a wound and I doubt very much if any graduate veterinarian would do such a punk job. Most of them use the flank operation in spaying a cat anyway. I blamed Singley. But

I kept my opinion to myself. "There is no sign of her having been spaded before, Doc. What do you suppose was the matter?"

"Well, for one thing, it is one of the laws of nature that only the female quadruped is equipped with ovaries."

"What? This cat ain't a female?"

"No, it is not a female."

"But what the hell, Doc. It ain't got no testicles and I never saw it squirt around—"

"It's a castrated male." I then launched into a discussion of the essential physical differences between the male and female of species but Mr. Singley left before I could finish. Of course, I could tell at a glance that it had been a tom at one time by the size and contour of his head.

I couldn't have selected a worse time to build the hospital. Wages were high, men didn't care whether they worked or not or how well they did their work and, as always, materials were high. I was lucky with the materials, however, for I decided to build it out of field stone of which there was plenty right here on Hill Top Farm. It was only a matter of lugging them up to the site of the hospital which was about a mile from the farm and just off the Boston Post Road. It was a good location for a hospital and since I owned ten or twelve acres around the site, I thought I'd have plenty of room for expansion when the time came. The building itself was to be about the size of a six room house but instead of being built square, it was oblong and about the width of two ordinary rooms.

It was a story and a half affair but with no division on the inside. This was so I could get light both from the first floor windows and the roof, which was gabled and dormered to let in light enough to operate on even the dullest days. But in spite of owning plenty of field stone, the cement for the foundation

and the window frames and other needed materials cost me nearly three thousand dollars. A lot of money for a horse doctor who had two children in the process of education.

I thought that I'd save a lot on labor, too, for a contractor owed me several hundred dollars which I had agreed to cancel or write off from the cost of the building. I figured it wouldn't take his masons more than three weeks to put it up and at that rate, I'd get out of it for four or five hundred for writing off this gentleman's account. However, around five-thirty of the first Saturday the men had been working, I happened to drop in to see how the work had been progressing only to find the masons huddled around their fire waiting for me. They looked up all eagerness when I arrived.

"What's the matter?" I knew already by the hungry look of them.

"We wanta da mon," the Italian with the heavy handle-bar mustache said. "Maretino, he no good-a man, he no pay us. You good-a man, you gotta da mon. You pay us."

That was it briefly and colorfully. Maretino wouldn't or couldn't pay his men. If I wanted the building finished I'd have to pay them. I couldn't hire anybody else because it would take so long to get them. I'd had to wait months for this bunch and I was anxious to get some sort of a building up as soon as possible as the kennel men were raising general hell with my dog practice. Needless to say I went for my check book. When I got through writing checks I was something over two hundred dollars poorer. I was thankful Maretino hadn't sent a score of masons out on this job.

The next week it was the same situation. And the next. I tried to get in touch with Maretino but no luck. He was never available. I think he was down south somewhere basking in the sun and enjoying a laugh on me. When the building was

finally ready for the carpenters, I was over a thousand dollars poorer and was seeking a bank loan for the rest of the job. The bank granted the loan but it didn't come anywhere near paying all the unthought of expenses that came up.

For instance, I had to have some sort of cages to put these sick dogs in. They had to be strong and easily disinfected. So I had them made of sheet steel, specially treated to resist erosion. The sides, tops and backs were of this material and the fronts were of heavy wire such as is often found on decorative lawn fences. These cost me so nearly a hundred dollars apiece there wasn't much of any margin—about enough to buy a day's groceries if you didn't eat too much—and I had ten of them built. By this time I could see that before I finished this job twenty-five thousand dollars would sink itself in that pile of stone and glass which I was to call the Dinsmore Hospital for Animals. I called a halt.

But calling a halt didn't mean that I abandoned the hospital plan. Twenty-five thousand wasn't too much even for a poor man like me if you were sure the business would pay. I had been fortunate in obtaining the services of Lester Witt, a man who could adapt himself to all types of work and who was particularly fond of dogs. That was a good thing, for a man who is fond of dogs is usually liked by dogs. Dogs are like children in this respect; they sense whether they are liked or not. It is hard to fool a child and even harder to fool a dog. It developed later that some dogs thought more of Lester than they did of their own masters. And they ought to, for Lester has sat up many a night with a sick dog. With Lester to take care of the dogs, I started to give the hospital a trial.

It takes a lot to discourage me but from the very first I was discouraged about this hospital. Perhaps I'm superstitious but I feel that if you start a thing and something comes up which

makes you stop before you have finished, that is not the thing you ought to do. It should never be finished. Unconscious or subconscious factors enter here: we may have a strong hunch that something is radically wrong but why we have that hunch is difficult to say. Looking back at that hospital now, however, instead of being a near tragedy, it is a comedy and one with plenty of laughs in it for me. The tragic often reveals itself as comic when looked at through the microscope—or even through the wrong end of the telescope.

I'll write a few case histories so you'll understand the sort of thing I was up against. "Case histories" emphasize the human case or the case of the owner rather than the dog. The owners required a lot more attention and treatment, in other words.

Mrs. Alton J. Renfrew, 3rd, nee Maizie Smart, was one of my first clients. Poodles were fashionable in her circle and since, like all the rest of us, she overcompensated for what she considered her inferiority—in this case her humble birth—she went in for poodles and more poodles.

She had a whole train of poodles and every time a member of her circle exhibited a poodle who could beg in a cuter way than her present poodle, she discarded that present poodle and obtained another. That woman had more changes of poodles than clothes in her wardrobe.

She called up one day when I was out and although she didn't leave her name, Mary was able to identify her by her accent when she called again and condescended to say who she was.

"May Ah speak to Dorctah Dinsmo-ah?" Her "I" was like a patient's "ah" when the physician has designs on his tonsils.

"The doctor isn't in right now. May I take a message for him please?"

"Where is Dorctah Dinsmo-ah?"

"Who is calling please?" Mary has to know that before she

can give any information about my whereabouts for some people are likely to make a nuisance of themselves by calling the client I happen to be working for every five minutes until I leave.

"That is none of yo-ah affair." And to put an exclamation point to what she considered an effective squelching of Mary, she slammed down the receiver. Mary hung up, smiling.

A few minutes later the phone rang again. The same voice thinly disguised asked for "Dorctah Dinsmo-er."

Mary played dumb, pretending she did not recognize the voice. She gave her usual reply and asked for a message.

"This is Mrs. Alton J. Renfrew, 3rd, speaking. Ah have a verry sick dorg and Ah must have the dorctah immediately. When do you expect him home?"

"I don't expect him home just now but I'll give him the message by telephone."

"Don't expect him home? Then Ah can't have him immediately and if Ah can't have him immediately Ah don't want him."

Mary started to explain that it was not necessary for me to come home before making additional calls but Mrs. Renfrew was not interested. She slammed down the receiver again and Mary was thankful that she had remembered to hold her receiver well away from her ear.

Mrs. Renfrew evidently thought it over and then called a third time. She really wanted me because other members of her group employed me but she just didn't want Mary to get the idea she cared whether she had me or not. "If Dorctah Dinsmo-ah can get here within the ho-ah, Ah am willing to have him come." So Mary delivered the message and I went—about two hours later.

Mrs. Renfrew lived in a very new, very sumptuous brick

house. A colored maid answered the door and ushered me into her lady's presence. The former Maizie Smart was a very uncomfortable appearing person, as all people are who are forty-five and endeavor to look twenty. In keeping with the style of the day she had attempted to angle her curves and, since she was a woman who had been a little too generously endowed, the result was that her figure looked very much like a bale of wool. She had bobbed hair dyed a brilliant red—henna I suppose—and had put on a complexion that would crack if she smiled.

"Oh, Dorctah, Ah have been so anxious! Ah simply cawn't have Lady Ahsterlot here any longah. She is driving me frawntic with her continual scratching."

Lady "Ahsterlot" occupied an overstuffed chair in the living room and scratched herself with joyous abandon. A brief examination indicated eczema. So Lady Asterlot entered the hospital that very day and treatment was inaugurated. About eleven-thirty that night I was out on a calving case. Mrs. Renfrew called up the house and Alfred answered.

"Is Dorctah Dinsmo-ah in?"

"He's working on a case right now. Have you any message?"

"Why isn't he in?" From that "isn't" Alfred gathered that Mrs. Alton B. Renfrew, 3rd, had had one too many. "He shimply cawn't be working on a cashe so late. Tell him I want to talk to him."

Alfred finally convinced her that I was actually on a case and not home in bed. Whereupon she sprang a little trap.

"Lady Ashterlot mush be sho-so lonely. Ah'm going to see her."

"I'm afraid you can't now, Mrs. Renfrew. Mr. Witt has retired for the night and the hospital is closed until tomorrow morning."

"What. You don't have a night attendant?"

"We can hardly afford to and charge a mere three-fifty a week."

"Ah won't have mah Lady Ashterlot where she don't get good ca-ah. Ah simply won't." And with that she slammed down the receiver again.

About midnight a car drew up to the front door. The indignant Mrs. Renfrew got out and whanged the knocker. From the energy with which she manipulated the knocker, Alfred suspected a male hand and waited for an "Open in the name of the law." He switched on the porch light hoping to see a uniformed officer whom he could assist by supplying information regarding possible hideouts for fugitives in this area. But the sight of Mrs. Renfrew dispelled all hope of adventure.

"Where ish that hoshpital?" she demanded almost before he got the door open.

"It's up off the State Road." Which was as enigmatic as he could make it and still sound polite.

"Off the Shate Road? Where?"

"Well, I'm sorry, Mrs. Renfrew," he resigned himself to the task of turning her away, "but we can't let anyone in the hospital at this hour of the night."

"You can't. Well you can an' you will." She wasn't Mrs. Alton B. Renfrew, 3rd, now. She was Maizie Smart and a most unpleasant Maizie Smart. "And you're goin' to, see? No young whippersnapper is goin' to put that over on me. Not on Maizie Shmart-Renfrew."

"But you wouldn't want all the other dogs disturbed, would you, Mrs. Renfrew." *All* the other dogs consisted of two, one of which was dying of old age and the other was deaf so he wouldn't notice unless you happened to flash a light in his eyes.

Mrs. Renfrew was implacable. "I want my Lady Ashtolot an' I don't care how many dogs you got. I want her. I *want* her."

"You shall have her, Mrs. Renfrew—in the morning." He stepped back and as he shut the door, called "Good night, Mrs. Renfrew."

For some reason it worked. The irate lady stamped her foot and hissed a few times but Alfred merely switched off the light and left her there. She drove off a few minutes later. I took Lady Asterlot home the next day and Mrs. Renfrew received me coldly and very formally. "I should never have consented to your hospitalizing Lady Asterlot had I realized you did not have a night attendant."

I didn't argue with her. All I was interested in doing was returning the patient. I'm sure I didn't want her, cursed as she was with such a mistress. I pity women like that but they get my goat just the same. I'm glad there aren't many of them left.

However, taking Lady Asterlot home did not dismiss Mrs. Renfrew completely. She called up about a month later and as it happened Alfred answered—he was at Harvard at the time but he used to be at home evenings to take care of the phones while Mary was sick.

"Is Dorctah Dinsmo-ah in?"

Alfred couldn't help but recognize her voice. "No."

"When will he be in?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, but Ah want to speak to him immediately."

"I can take a message." But he said it like, "I *may* take a message."

"Well, Ah'd much rawther say this to him but if you'll promise to delivah the message, Ah shall tell you what Ah have to say."

"All messages are delivered."

"Ah want you to tell Dorctah Dinsmo-ah that he has no right to be operating that hospital." She paused and Alfred let the silence assume the dramatic proportions which such a pronouncement should have evoked and then, concealing his amusement and with the proper amount of fear and respect in his tone, he asked why she should make such a statement.

"Because Ah have just had the most terrible time curing my Lady Ahsterlot of the distempah which she caught at that dirty, infested, disease-ridden hospital."

"That was very careless of my father, to be sure. He should never have even considered taking Lady Asterlot." But she didn't get the sarcasm—probably because it wasn't very good.

"One would think that even a veterinarian might understand that some diseases are contagious and would take propah precawtions."

"Yes, Mrs. Renfrew, one would certainly think that the veterinary schools throughout the country would teach them something of the nature of disease." While that was somewhat better sarcasm, she took it as evidence of Alfred's condemnation of the veterinary profession in general and me in particular.

"And Ah have been ovah a week nursing my po-ah, po-ah, Lady Ahsterlot just because of Dorctah Dinsmo-ah's carelessness."

"Well, that is too bad, Mrs. Renfrew. I am so sorry. And Lady Ahsterlot is doing better now I presume?"

"Oh, she's all over the distempah now and Ah had someone else come every day and treat her eczema so that has improved."

"But you cured her of the distemper?"

"Oh, yes. Ah cured her myself. In just a week."

"Well, that's fine. And you did it in less time than any vet

ever could do it and you didn't use any bacterin of any kind?"

"Why, no. Ah didn't have to use any *bacteria*." At this point Alfred covered the phone while he indulged in a much overdue laugh. "Now Ah want you to tell Dorctah Dinsmo-ah word for word just what Ah have said. Do you think you can remembah?"

He avowed that he could and hung up. I can see her at her bridge table surrounded by her "sophisticated" friends telling them how she cured her "po-ah Lady Ahsterlot of the distempah" which she had contracted at that dirty "Dorctah Dinsmo-ah's" hospital. Her influence was strong enough to cost me her friends as clients which was more of a relief to me than anything else as they were not the kind of people I wanted to work for. They would call Mary on the phone an average of once every half hour until I could get there and with Mary not in any too good health that was too much of a burden. Of course, Mrs. Renfrew's dog did not have distemper—if anything it was a slight cold which she got over herself.

Since nearly everyone in the twenties pretended to be what he was not, it is not surprising that Mrs. Renfrew developed as she did. But her case is given to you as an example of the average client for the hospital. I'll give you another example; this time of a woman whose case was unusual.

Mrs. Wayland K. Wayland, the wife of a well-to-do farmer who was one of my best clients in spite of the woman he married, had purchased a smooth coated fox terrier which she named appropriately enough "Whipstitch." She called on the telephone and asked Mary if I wouldn't keep Whipstitch for awhile to discipline him. It appeared that Whipstitch had not taken to his new mistress for he growled and barked at her every time she went near him. Sensible dog.

I picked up the dog and took him to the hospital. Before I had driven a mile he had snuggled up close to me and I could see there wasn't going to be any discipline necessary. We didn't have the least trouble with him. But we had plenty with Mrs. Wayland K. Wayland. Every single day she called up about something. Did Whipstitch have water all of the time? When was he exercised? Was he alone or with other dogs? How often was he fed? What was he fed? And so on ad infinitum. I took Whipstitch home as soon as Mrs. Wayland would consent. The next day she was on the telephone again.

"Whipstitch is worse than ever, Doctor. He's bitten me."

"Great work, Whipstitch!" I thought. But aloud, "I'm sorry. How did it happen?"

"I just went to pet him," she wailed. "And he snapped my hand. You'll just have to take him again, Doctor."

If it hadn't been for Wayland, who was nothing like his wife, I would never have consented to take the dog again but I knew that if I refused, she'd be on his neck until he got rid of me and employed another vet. Mrs. Wayland was as bad as ever this time, calling up every day and going into long discussions as to the possible accidents, frights or injuries which might have caused Whipstitch to develop such a personality. She had been reading the popular misinterpretations of Freud. According to my analysis of her, all she needed was to go back to work. Let Wayland fire the cook and housekeeper and put Mrs. Wayland back to the sink and stove where she belonged and there would be no more nonsense in that family.

In about a week she wanted to try Whipstitch again so I took him home. As soon as I let him down on the floor, Mrs. Wayland shrank as if the pup were a poisonous snake. A dog senses fright like that immediately. Fear causes a sudden increase in activity of the adrenal glands which in the process

of releasing adrenalin into the blood stream also release an odor which a dog can quickly detect. This odor arouses his atavistic instincts for the chase. Whipstitch lowered his head almost to the floor and growled and yapped at his mistress. I gave him his first lesson.

"Here, Whipstitch! What are you doing?" I said that with a growl in my voice. He stopped and looked up at me. I raised my hand threateningly, at which he cowered and minced towards me.

"That's all you have to do," I told her. "Just show him who is boss."

"Yes, but if I do anything like that he just growls and barks at me all the more."

"Then why don't you dispose of him? You could get your money back on him all right."

"Oh, but I couldn't do that! I love Whipstitch!" But from the way she eyed that dog you could see the last thing she would do would be to trust the object of her affections. Perhaps she wasn't so inconsistent as she seemed. Whipstitch dominated her and she feared him, but instinctively she wanted to be dominated so she loved him. Too bad Mr. Wayland hadn't figured her out this way—and acted accordingly.

Now comes the tragic part of the story the details of which I learned from Mrs. Wayland. One day, Mr. and Mrs. Wayland were out riding with Whipstitch. Now Whipstitch had an ordinate appetite for beer. Mrs. Wayland had tried to make up to him by giving him some of the beverage with the result that the dog soon acquired the taste. On this day Mr. Wayland had had his usual beer but the pup had had none, for the supply had run low and Mr. Wayland was conserving it until the mash fermented and he could start to distill a new supply—these were the home brew days, you remember.

Now Whipstitch could smell beer. Just where it came from he could not determine at first but finally he located it. Quivering ecstatically, Whipstitch leaped from his position on the back seat to the back of the front seat. Mrs. Wayland screamed but Whipstitch was not interested in her. He jumped up on his master's shoulder, and tried to lick his lips. Mr. Wayland ducked and at the same time the car swerved head-on into a truck. Mr. Wayland was killed while Mrs. Wayland and Whipstitch escaped without injury.

I kept the pup for about a week after the accident, when Mrs. Wayland finally asked me to put him to sleep. I hated to do it as I liked Whipstitch, but it was the only thing to do since she couldn't have him herself and wouldn't give him away. But the death of Whipstitch does not end the story. Mrs. Wayland called up the following day.

"Is Whipstitch gone?"

"Yes. I put him to sleep yesterday as you requested."

Considerable snuffling followed. "Did you do it painlessly?"

"Of course."

"*How* did you do it?"

"With the needle as usual."

"Are you sure?"

"Why, of course."

She hung up then muttering something to herself. A few days later I happened to be in her neighborhood when Mary telephoned and told me that Mrs. Wayland had seen me go by and that she wanted me to stop on my way back. I said "Damn!" but I stopped in for a moment.

"I want to talk to you about Whipstitch," the widow said coldly and eyed me with an intense scrutiny that was almost embarrassing. Indeed, it would have been embarrassing if it

weren't for the fact that I was angry. Why a woman who had just lost her husband should fuss so much about a dog which she had hardly had time to know, I couldn't understand.

"I don't want to talk about Whipstitch," was my reply. "He is dead and gone and it's time you forgot him."

It didn't distract her. She drew herself up to her full five feet two inches and asked, "Dr. Dinsmore, can you look me straight in the eye and say that Whipstitch is actually dead?"

"Why do you imply that I did not kill your dog as you requested?" I wanted to know.

"How do I know you didn't sell him?"

I put on my hat and marched out, thinking that that was the most effective way to answer the question. It wasn't successful. A few days later when I came home I learned that she had come up and used the same tactics on Lester. When she couldn't get anywhere with him in that way she changed her method of attack, demanding that he dig up the carcass and show it to her. Lester had something else to do besides digging up canine creatures which must be in a state of advanced putrefaction, and he refused. An orchid to Lester.

She promised to be back, however, and she kept the promise. I wasn't at home at the time, so Lester had to do the honors. She had hired a man and a shovel. She demanded to be shown the grave. Lester obligingly conducted them to the sand pit at the rear of Hill Top Farm where we have our animal cemetery. Since none of the graves are marked, however, and since we had had two or three other dogs to dispose of at about the same time, Lester could not tell for sure which grave it was. But the man would dig into all of them until he found the right one. That was all right with Lester and he went off about his work.

A little later Mrs. Wayland and her man drove off without

a word to anyone. We assumed that she had found her Whip-stitch but I learned later that she had not. Instead, they had found an English setter in such a mellow condition that the resulting odors and appearance had a deleterious effect on the widow's stomach. She decided not to search further. It also evidently woke her up to the fact that she was making a fool of herself for I have never heard a word from her about Whip-stitch—or anything else—since.

I had a dozen other clients as bad or worse than Mrs. Wayland. Mary and I grew very old in those days. Mary dreaded the telephone and I dreaded making the calls for remember, while Mrs. Wayland was representative of the worst dozen, the average client was like Mrs. Renfrew.

There was the case of the woman who brought a dog to me with a wound literally crawling with maggots. She came back two hours later and saw the wound in the same condition. I hadn't had a chance to clean them out. She became unreasonable and no one could explain to her the perfectly natural and healthful function of the maggots—they saved me a lot of work, in fact—and since they had been there two days, there was no rush about removing them. She took the dog away and broadcast the fact that I was so ignorant I let maggots remain in a wound which, in fact, was a good advertisement of her own ignorance.

Another woman had a dog with an inflamed nictitating membrane (the third eyelid) and wanted it operated upon immediately. I advised a soothing application and I'm sure that in a few days it would have cleared up but she was not satisfied. She took the dog to another hospital where the operation was speedily done and she was relieved of ten dollars. She then proceeded to advertise my stupidity.

A third woman blamed me for the loss of her cat after an

operation when she had insisted on my performing the operation regardless of the fact that it was against my better judgment.

There was the case of the Boston terrier with a broken radius. The owner took off the splint too soon, the leg became crooked and useless. The owner would point to the dog and say that was an example of Dinsmore's work—never a word about the splint being removed too soon. I took the mats out of a cocker spaniel's ears and since the hair wasn't shortened in the process the owner claimed I had done no work whatsoever on the dog. As a matter of fact I had worked three hours in the middle of the night to get it done for him and I had done a damned good job.

One woman inspected the place and reported that she didn't like the accommodations. She wanted a special urinal in the form of a post placed at a convenient location for her Ethelbert. I could go on for fifty thousand words reporting the ridiculous things that happened to me while I was trying out that hospital, but I think the details of one more case will demonstrate the effect of the jazz age on character more effectively than enumerating any more of these constant headaches.

Professor Morgandy had a nice collie which I treated several times, charging the professor the usual fee—and collecting it some of the time. This collie had one besetting sin—he simply would not put up with the college president's airedale. Not that I blamed him, for the airedale lauded it over all the other campus canines much as his master lauded it over all the faculty members. But the collie wouldn't countenance any high-hatting from a mere airedale even if he was the president's pup so every time this dog came anywhere near his domain, he chased him and bit him. This happened several times until finally old prexy got mad and informed his subordinate to get

rid of that vile collie or else. So Professor Morgandy brought him over to me.

"Doctah," he said condescendingly, "I have noted that you have a distinct fondness for the canine quadruped—particularly for Agamemnon here. Now he is a very virtuous collie in all respects except one very vital one. That is, he dislikes President Ordway's airedale. I must therefore dispose of him at once. Ah, what is your charge for destroying a dog?"

"Three dollars." Of course I could see what was coming and I was already sore. You would think that if a college professor felt he had to chisel, he would at least think up a new method or perhaps put a new wrinkle in an old method, but the method Morgandy was using was bewhiskered with age.

"Ah, yes indeed. Yes indeed! But I really hate to have such a beautiful dog destroyed. Ah, Doctah, suppose I *give* him to you?" He was talking fast the way all chiselers do when baiting their hooks. "You are so fond of him and have been so kind. I'm sure that I ought to reward you in some way."

"Thank you very much," I said, "but I have two dogs already and I can't afford to keep a third."

His thin lips compressed and his eyes snapped but he kept his temper. "He is a very valuable dog, Doctah, a very valuable dog indeed. I'm sure you could sell him for a good price."

I was angry enough then to tell him how old a method he was using to get out of paying three dollars, but instead I merely informed him that I couldn't use a dog for any purpose at present. He finally parted with three dollars remarking on the steepness of the price. "But remember how much an undertaker charges, Professor," I said. "And I not only bury your dog but kill him in addition—all for three dollars!"

But there were a few who patronized the hospital for whom it was a pleasure to work. These were the people who did not

lose their heads in the twenties. They looked on the Mrs. Renfrews and Mrs. Waylands with smiles of genuine pity—I say “genuine” because there was no condescension in them. These people had the philosophy of life of their fathers and mothers: the get-what-you-earn ideal, the live and let live spirit and the Golden Rule. Once or twice one of them would try to convince me that the Mrs. Waylands were really not responsible. Perhaps they weren’t; perhaps they and the Mrs. Renfrews were all mentally unbalanced. But I noticed one quality about this mental unbalance: it always found what seemed a valid excuse for *not* paying their bills. To the Mrs. Waylands and the Mrs. Renfrews undoubtedly these Golden Rule people seemed crazy—they *paid* their bills.

Mrs. Walter Wells is an example of the Golden Rules. She had an acid test if anyone ever did. Her collie, Lord Nelson, was struck by a hit and run driver and the femur broken. It was a fairly clean break and I thought I would probably be able to reduce it successfully. Mrs. Wells was delighted at my prognosis and told me to go ahead by all means. She did not pester me every day with requests to see her dog—if your dog is in a hospital and you go to see him and don’t take him home, it’s an awful let-down for the dog and it might have serious results.

She didn’t even telephone to inquire for him more than once a week nor did she give me a lot of directions regarding his diet and habits. Lord Nelson was my patient to do with as I chose without any question from the owner. Within a month I was able to remove the splint and take Lord Nelson home. I didn’t get around to sending the bill very promptly and a few weeks later Mrs. Wells called me and asked for her bill. I asked how Lord Nelson was and she said he was apparently

fine except that he seemed a bit lame. Lame? Well, I thought I had better take a look for Lord Nelson had shown no signs of lameness when I took him home.

When I got there she said that he had fallen on the freshly waxed floor shortly after I brought him home and she had thought he might have hurt himself somewhat in the accident. Lord Nelson rolled over on his back and displayed the inside of his leg. Right where the fracture had been was an ominous swelling. That Lord Nelson was lame had been putting it mildly—he put no weight on the leg whatever. I felt funny inside. His temperature was already 104. Necrosis of the bone had set in and the abscess (that's what the swelling was) had already caused a general infection.

Back to the hospital went Lord Nelson to battle bravely for his life—and lose. I have never yet got used to my losses. I guess Mrs. Wells gathered how I felt for when I called her and told her Lord Nelson was dead she was quick to reply: "You can't save them all, Doctor."

"But it seems too bad," I went on, "after letting him go through so much suffering only to lose him anyway."

"Well, it was my own fault. I should have noticed that swelling but I didn't realize it was there until you came." Then came the thing that was so rare in the twenties it staggered me. "I want you to be sure to send your bill right along, Doctor. You put a lot of time on him and if anybody could have saved him, you could and I want you to be paid in full."

Well, I sent along a bill. I had paid for the X-ray at the hospital—I used the local hospital's X-ray machine when I needed one—so I charged her for that and for the board. When the check came it was twenty dollars larger than the bill and she wrote a note begging me to accept it since she considered

the bill far too small. She also told me again not to worry over the loss but to remember how many animals I had saved—including several of her own horses and dogs.

She is an example of the kind of person I wanted to equip the hospital for, but there weren't enough like her to pay me. I still have the hospital building but it is still unequipped except for the necessities for such work as spaying. I still take dogs but as far as possible I try to select only those clients who are like Mrs. Wells, so I don't average three dogs a week the year around.

There are more people like her today, though, than there were in the twenties which is a healthy sign. If I'm any judge of trends, it won't be many years before the Mrs. Wellses will be the rule and the Mrs. Renfrews and Waylands the exception. Then perhaps I'll equip the hospital, take in a keen young vet as a partner and run the hospital on a large scale.

2. *What You Don't Know May Kill Your Dog*

WHEN people call me up and ask advice regarding worming their pets I say, "Don't." I think most people believe I say that because I want to do the job myself. They are right. I do want to do the job myself for very few laymen are fit to worm a dog. It is not as easy as it looks. What happened to Margaret Harrington's German shepherd bitch is a case in point.

Miss Harrington had to make a trip to Europe—this was in the days when people could go to Europe and feel reasonably certain of returning all in one piece—and she boarded Mitzi, her shepherd, with Mr. Singley. She made one fatal mistake. Mitzi was thin. "Mr. Singley," she said, "I wish you would try to do something for Mitzi to put some fat on her ribs."

"Why I'd be delighted, Miss Harrington. One of my special services is the conditioning of dogs. I even worm them."

"Well, I've never seen any worms but if you think she needs worming . . ."

"Oh, she might be full of worms and you not know a thing about it. Just leave her to me and I'll give her extra-special care."

So much I learned from Miss Harrington when she returned from Europe about three months later and called me to attend a very gaunt, emaciated Mitzi. The poor dog's eyes were sunken

in her head, she had no desire to eat and her formerly sleek almost blue-black coat looked like a moth-eaten pelt that had been hidden away in an attic for years. In a word, Mitzi was dying.

"But what in the world could have happened to her, Doctor? I have always had good luck with my dogs at Mr. Singley's and I can't understand why she is in this condition."

I wanted to tell her that her good luck probably came in the days before Singley began to think himself a veterinarian but I curbed the impulse. "Perhaps you were in the habit of worming Mitzi yourself?" I suggested.

"Why, no. As far as I know Mitzi had never been wormed before I left her at Singley's."

"Well, of course it might be due to something else." I thought I had better play safe but I was pretty darned sure what I would find if I performed an autopsy.

"You think Mitzi has no chance." The poor woman bit her lips to keep them from trembling.

"Well, if you want to nurse her, I'll do what I can."

She agreed, but there wasn't much I could do. I had nothing to work on in the first place as the bowels had lost their function completely. Mitzi lost the use of one hind leg and then the other so that it was pitiful to see her try to walk. She flopped around as if intoxicated and the expression of abject misery in her intelligent eyes was enough to make even the most hard boiled heart quiver.

Finally Miss Harrington decided to have her put out of her misery. I complied. Her tearful mistress—I couldn't blame her for crying—asked me if I would perform an autopsy to make sure whether it actually was due to excessive worming. I was glad to do it. On opening up the dog I found just what I had expected. The intestines had indurated and atrophied so that

they were no more use than so much brittle and perforated hose. This condition was caused by one thing only: the severe physicking coincident with worming. Singley, not finding any worms had repeated the dose again and again. Of course, there were no worms to find.

A dog's bowels simply cannot stand frequent physicking—neither can a human's for that matter—and retain their function. I don't know how many times I have had owners of pets and even kennel operators show me their "worming schedules," which sometimes include anywhere from two to six wormings during the first eight months of the pup's life. If this doesn't kill the dog, it often causes enteritis, always causes severe, griping pain and surely weakens him and results in wholly unnecessary frailty. Worming should therefore never be regarded as a routine matter and should be resorted to only when it is definitely proved to be a necessity.

Yet in spite of Mitzi's case which, by the way, Singley glibly blamed onto me—the dog died on *my* hands, not on his—and dozens of others like it which have come to my attention, people will listen to a man like him rather than to a veterinarian. Just why this is I cannot understand but people are the same way with the physician. They'd much rather carry out the advice of some neighborhood crone—or even of a horse doctor—than act on what their doctor suggests. They have to pay their doctor, too, but evidently they value free and spurious advice more than that which they pay for.

I remember the case of a Boston terrier which had a slight case of gastritis. I employed the usual treatment in such cases and told the owner I expected the pup to pull through okay. Ordinarily the prognosis is none too favorable in gastritis but this had been caught early and I thought that one or two visits at the most would be all that was necessary. I didn't suggest hos-

pitalization, which in this case was a fatal error. About the only valid argument for hospitalization for cases outside of surgery is that no one can interfere with the course of treatment. The owner of the Boston discussed the case with a neighbor. Without being asked, the neighbor started giving advice.

It appeared that he had had more dogs than you can shake a stick at and what he knew about dogs would fill volumes and he knew one thing for sure: a horse doctor is the last man in the world to call to treat a dog. Horse doctors don't know nothin'. Now what a dog like that little coyote needed wasn't a lot of horse doctor's pills—not by a long shot—but just a small handful of salt. Or maybe not so small. Salt never hurt no dog and it would do a whole lot of good plus saving the price of the dumb horse doctor's next call. Why be a sucker? Give the pup the salt.

Well, after considerable persuasion along this line, the owner yielded and gave his Boston a handful of salt. He might as well have given him a handful of arsenic. The next day I was called. What had been a slight case of gastritis had leapt overnight into a violent case. I did the best I could but the irritation produced by the salt had swept away all the protection from the spread of the disease. The Boston died.

Moral: never take medical advice from a layman.

Kennel men on large estates are continually put on the spot by their employers. Many owners of kennels are wealthy business men who could afford to run their kennels at a loss but since they think everything should pay for itself, including their hobbies, they instruct their kennel supervisors to keep expenses down. This means calling a veterinarian only when absolutely necessary. When a dog becomes ill the kennel man finds himself in a dilemma: he knows that if he calls a vet he is liable to be rebuked by his employer for spending the

money; on the other hand, if he doesn't call the vet and it develops into something serious he is liable to find himself pounding pavements. As a result he tries to compromise. He gives what treatments he can, calls up the vet who tries to help him as much as possible with telephone advice, and finally, in many cases has to call in the vet anyhow. Then it is often too late.

I don't know how many times I have seen this same thing happen. Several times a kennel operator has tried to treat what seemed a cold, or just plain diarrhea, or dysentery, only to find after a week or so of frequent free advice calls to his vet that it is something he cannot handle. It was my misfortune to be called in too late to treat effectively a kennel full of prize dogs, many of whom had contracted distemper.

It was a virulent strep—distemper is from thirty to seventy per cent fatal—and I was able to save only half of the dogs who had contracted the disease. My prestige surely suffered; so did that of the kennel operator. But the real fault lay in not calling me to see the dogs immediately.

Suspecting such an infection, I would have gotten after it immediately, inoculating all the dogs in the kennel and would probably have saved most of them. Instead, of the dogs that died, one whole valuable strain of several generations was wiped out completely and several other promising breeders went, before it was controlled. The owner intimated that I had not told them when the first dog became ill that it was contagious. Just how I could know is beyond my comprehension when I didn't see the dog until a week after it had become ill and many of the others were already coming down with the infection. Anyhow, the kennel operator should know enough to observe strict measures when any dog becomes ill.

These measures include isolation of the sick dog and being careful to care for the sick one last—never feed a sick dog and

then go among the well dogs, if you want your healthy dogs to stay healthy. As a matter of fact, in this case, the kennel operator had observed strict hygienic measures from the first but the owner had not. Well, none of us want to blame ourselves for anything so I suppose the owner is excusable in blaming me. Anyhow, he didn't fire his kennel supervisor which was some compensation to me for taking the blame.

Naturally all these dogs had been vaccinated against distemper as are all dogs in most of the modern kennels. Then how did they get distemper? The answer is dog shows. The ordinary distemper inoculation is effective against the type of exposure which the average household pet has to contend with, but it often fails to cope with the extreme exposure found in most dog shows. You can't expect a model "T" to do the work of a Mack truck, but the model "T" will carry the load it is designed to carry just as effectively as the Mack.

In other words, if a distemper inoculation is to cope with the myriads of streps found in a dog show, it must be a strong enough shot to do the work. So, if you send your dog to a dog show better have your vet give him a shot of mixed infection bacterin before he goes. Then you can rest easy—but only fairly easy for with leptospirosis, a disease which in many respects resembles distemper but which is caused by a spirochete instead of a strep, on the increase you can't feel wholly safe.

Personally, if I valued my dog, I'd keep him out of shows for the time being, for we vets can do practically nothing for leptospirosis as yet and until we've had time to study the disease—it's been known in this country only a few years—and find some specific for it a lot of dogs are going to be sick.

It would hardly seem necessary to say a word about fits after all that has been said already but just recently there have been several cases here in Massachusetts of dogs slaughtered as rabid

merely because they were acting strangely and were frothing at the mouth. It is true that dogs sometimes froth at the mouth with rabies but I've seen a good many dogs suffering from the disease which did not show this symptom. And I've seen a good many more dogs froth at the mouth which did not have rabies. All they had was an ordinary fit.

I'll admit that these fits are alarming. Your dog may be lying calmly before the fireplace at peace with the world when suddenly he springs to his feet, looks wildly about him, barks and then starts to tear around in a circle as if the devil—or that big dog next door—were after him. All your attempts to soothe him go unheeded. If you happen to have a zealous neighbor who thinks he knows a lot about dogs, he'll probably diagnose it as rabies and be all high for a little target practice—your Fido being the target.

You wouldn't let things get that far but if a veterinarian can't be located promptly, it is well for you to know just what to do. As a matter of fact, that is simple. Your dog can't run around forever, so when he slows up, just pick him up and put him down cellar or in a large closet where he can be absolutely quiet. When your veterinarian arrives, Fido will undoubtedly be feeling better—or maybe he will be dead—but granted that he has a fairly good heart and is not otherwise seriously weakened, he will be okay.

Your vet can then determine the cause of the fit and attempt to remove it. Most fits today are caused by a lack of vitamin B₁ (thiamin) which your vet can easily supply. But of course you must remember that it might be symptomatic of the approach of some serious disease or possibly nothing but worms. In any case, don't swing to the opposite extreme and regard a fit as not worth bothering about. The sooner you inform your vet, the better for your dog.

People call me up on the telephone and ask me to give them feeding schedules for their puppies. That would be perfectly easy, if I could be informed as to the breed and strain, the condition of the individual pups, the amount of sunlight and exercise which they get and the nature of their quarters. Usually, however, about all the owner knows is the breed and he isn't quite sure of that oftentimes. I sometimes can give a fairly complete sounding schedule from just that information but in reality it isn't enough. Feeding is an individual problem and no program can be followed to the letter.

For growing puppies I usually recommend milk and cereal for breakfast, lean meat and leafy vegetable cut up fine at noon, milk in the afternoon and a form of puppy biscuit to chew on at night. In addition, there can be beef bones provided they have no sharp edges and if the milk happens to be pasteurized, orange or tomato juice should be added to the meat and vegetables. I have had the best success with only one kind of meat—beef. No hamburger but good lean shin, or neck, or if you can afford it, bottom of the round. Further, some dogs require various minerals but this is a problem for a vet and not for a layman.

As far as the full grown dog is concerned, he requires but one meal a day made up of lean beef. After all, a dog is a carnivora, you know, and while he may be induced to indulge in coffee, tea, pastry and other culinary vices of us humans, it does not do him any good. He has a very slow digestion designed to break down the flesh of other creatures in such a deliberate manner that feeding more than once a day is liable to cause an intestinal traffic jam. If your dog has his freedom, he will get his own salad in the form of green grass. If he isn't loose, however, it is advisable to supplement his meat with leafy vegetables. Give him a beef bone about twice a week. No other kind of

bone is advisable because practically all of them splinter and are very likely to catch in and even penetrate the walls of the gastrointestinal tract causing bloody diarrhea, hemorrhages and even death.

I've seen many a dog die from eating an innocent looking chicken bone. A handful of pulverized glass fed to your pet is much less likely to cause trouble than a pork or lamb bone. And while I'm on this subject, I might as well caution everybody about a dog's tendency to eat out of garbage pails. Don't let your dog develop the garbage route habit. Not only will he gorge himself but he is very likely to get spoiled or frozen foods which may cause indigestion and even death. Further, some housewives throw lye and other equally violent chemicals in their pails. Many a dog has burnt out the lining of his throat and stomach from a chance encounter with a virulent garbage pail. The best solution to this problem is the kind of pail which a dog cannot get into, but it will be a long time before such a pail could find universal acceptance.

A word might be said here about your pet's sleeping quarters. Never put your dog in a damp cellar. I don't know how many times I have had to treat dogs for rheumatism caused by the damp cellar or kennel in which they have to sleep. If you can't have your pet in the house you really shouldn't have a pet. If you can't have him with you, at least give him a dry place to sleep in. Heat is important for short haired dogs, too, but usually unnecessary for the long haired types, unless they become ill.

If you want your dog to develop a nice streamlined figure, it is well to remember that exercise is just as important to him as to the movie star whose pocket-book depends on her ability to keep her curves under control. One of the best forms of exercise for humans is walking, and fortunately it is also good for

our canine pets. Give yourself and your dog a workout of a few miles a day and you'll both feel and look better.

Occasionally, your pup will need a shampoo. Since many dogs love to roll in carrion, excrement and anything putrid, you are liable to be confronted with an apologetic but stinking pet, his shoulders, back, neck and even ears generously plastered. There is nothing better for a shampoo in such cases than good old-fashioned castile soap. A clothespin on your nose is the only thing I can recommend to cover up the stench while giving the pup his shampoo. To break him of the habit is often impossible but if you can catch him in the act a few times and deliver a severe lecture punctuated with a none too gentle slap now and then, you might get the idea across to him that his conception of perfume and yours is somewhat different.

I don't like to dignify a society like the Anti-vivisectionists by including anything that they have done in a chapter of this nature, but they have made one point which I feel it my duty to report. That is, there has been some traffic in stolen dogs which have been sold to the laboratories for purposes of scientific research.

Laboratory men are very busy. They have little time to note where their dogs come from and if they stopped to do a Sherlock Holmes on everyone who brought them a dog, they'd never have time for research work. So they aren't to be blamed if occasionally they should unwittingly purchase a stolen pup. The people to blame are the owners of the dogs, who let their pups stray and thus run the risk of having them stolen. So keep your pup at home.

If, by the way, you should be one of those who take the Anti-vivisectionists seriously—and they do put up what seems to be convincing arguments—let me remind you that medical science could not have progressed without vivisection. For every animal

life sacrificed in this way thousands of human lives have been saved. Indeed, the possibility that vivisection has saved the race is not too remote to consider—and in saving the race it saved the Anti-vivisectionists themselves. I'll bet there isn't one of them who, when ill, refuses drugs.

Yet the very fact that the doctor can give him drugs and feel certain as to how they will act is due largely to research by means of vivisections. I wonder how many of them would consent to live in a community deprived of the results of vivisection—that would mean living divested of nearly all the protection modern medical science is prepared to grant.

That covers about everything except rabies and to remind you to have your pup immunized against distemper if possible before he cuts his second teeth. I might add my impression of a few old wives' tales which are constantly coming to my attention. A cough doesn't necessarily mean pneumonia; a dog can't "mark" its young any more than can a human; a bitch once mated with a mongrel is not ruined for breeding purposes thereafter no matter how highly bred she is; a hot nose does not mean a sick dog nor does a cold nose mean a well one; eating grass does not mean a sick dog; blood in urine doesn't mean the dog is dying; a slight vaginal discharge after spaying does not mean your vet bungled the operation.

While what you don't know about rabies is very likely to kill your dog, I haven't included anything on the subject in this chapter because there is so much to rabies control it demands treatment by itself.

3. Rabies

THESE has been so much discussion of late about rabies and so much controversy that I have hesitated about writing anything on rabies whatsoever. There is such a thing as saying too much about a hackneyed subject. Yet, on the other hand, so far as I know, no horse doctor or general practitioner like me has ever put in his oar. In spite of that, though, I would still say nothing about the subject if it weren't for several cases such as that of Cecil Daltrone whose ideas I shall outline in some detail.

Mrs. Daltrone called one day and asked me to give Mandalay, the Daltrone collie, a shot of rabies vaccine. Since there had been several cases of rabies in the vicinity and the health authorities had been a little slow to act, she was going to take it upon herself to have Mandalay immunized. Of course, when there is an outbreak of rabies in a town, vaccination is recommended by the Division of Livestock Disease Control but sometimes authorities are a little slow in carrying out such recommendations. I thought Mrs. Daltrone was very wise. When I got over there, I was in for a surprise. Mrs. Daltrone was not at home, but Cecil, her husband, was.

"What can I do for you, Doctor?" he wanted to know.

"You might hold Mandalay for me until I get this shot of vaccine ready for him."

He didn't make any move toward Mandalay who was somewhat shy and was peeping around the corner of the house at me

and barking uncertainly. Instead, he wanted to know what the vaccine was for.

"Why rabies," I told him somewhat mystified.

"And who gave you permission to vaccinate Mandalay?"

I was more mystified. I had just started to load the syringe but, needless to say, I stopped. "Mrs. Daltrone."

"Oh!" His manner did not change. "As it happens, Dr. Dinsmore, I do not approve of rabies vaccination. While you personally, I am sure, have no intention of engaging in a fraudulent practice, some of us realize just what the true nature of this vaccination is. I forbid it."

Usually I wouldn't carry the discussion any further, thinking it would be only a waste of time but I wanted to find out just what sort of material Cecil Daltrone had been studying. So I asked him what was the true nature of vaccination program.

"Why, it's simple enough, Doctor Dinsmore. Drug houses manufacture vaccine and it is natural for them to want to sell it. So they sell you vets on the efficacy of it, giving you a lot of propaganda none of which has any basis in fact."

I pricked up my ears. "Well, I'd be glad to hear if I've been duped." Sometimes it pays to play dumb.

"Scientists have proved that in spite of vaccination against rabies, they have been able to produce the disease by introducing the germs of the disease hypodermically in dogs that were vaccinated." I suppose by germs he meant virus. "Even worse than that, the stuff is liable to give the dog rabies."

"Let's take this up one at a time. Where did you read that the vaccine was no good?"

"I don't remember—some reliable newspaper." I let that pass.

"Now, Mr. Daltrone, I don't doubt but what you have read has a certain amount of truth. I don't doubt but what I myself could

vaccinate your Mandalay and then later give him, hypodermically, a big fat dose of virus and have him contract rabies. But, that doesn't mean that the vaccine is ineffective against what it is designed to do—protect your dog from the bite of a rabid dog. A moment's thought will convince you that the bite of a dog can't possibly introduce nearly the amount of virus that a hypodermic syringe can. A tooth isn't like a hollow needle; it has no reservoir for huge doses of virus which can be plunged into the wound and held there. The virus doesn't live and act at all unless it is in a deep puncture wound."

"Well, that may be so. Maybe you are right." He was sounding a little mollified. "But how do I know the vaccine won't cause the disease?"

I could have gone into the whole theory of vaccination for him, describing how the vaccine encourages the antibodies in the blood to grow and prevent the virus of the disease from getting a foothold in the body but instead I merely told him of our experience. "We have used vaccine for years and it has never caused rabies in any dog. Never. Occasionally, it will fail to *prevent* rabies. But practically no biologic is perfect and any that is even fifty per cent effective is worth using." As a matter of fact, I think the vaccine is nearly ninety per cent effective for the first six months and that most failures occur during the second six months. In other words, we have probably been a little too sanguine about the effectiveness of the one-shot system after six months.

"Yes, but does it check an epidemic?"

I had him there. "It has never failed to check an epidemic. Even if only half the dogs in a community are vaccinated, the incidence of the disease shows a big drop. And if all of them are vaccinated, the disease is wiped out completely and may not return for years."

"Here, Mandalay! Here, Boy! Come along and get your shot in the neck!"

Well, I was glad I convinced Mr. Daltrone but after that there were several cases of houses divided against themselves—in most cases the woman favoring the vaccination and the man opposed—and I either couldn't give the time to arguing, or I argued in vain. That such a thing could occur in 1940 seems almost incredible but some of my clients have gone so far as to say that vaccine therapy is not only useless but harmful.

My usual reply to that is that then the work of Pasteur and Jenner and lesser medical scientists was all useless and even harmful. Invariably they have the assurance to tell me that that is all too true: Pasteur was a fake and as for Jenner, well, half of them have never even heard of him. I think that this attitude springs from the slight knowledge of medicine which the general public has gleaned from the many books by physicians addressed to laymen.

The purpose of these books was to educate the people to accept vaccine and other forms of therapy and success has crowned the efforts. But now the stage has arrived where again a little learning is a dangerous thing. The general public has acquired a little learning about medicine and some of them, individually, are beginning to dictate to their physicians—and their veterinarians. While I doubt if this trend will assume such proportions as to threaten medical science, in individual cases it might well lead to tragedy.

For instance, someone, some day is going to refuse to have his dog vaccinated against rabies. That dog will be bitten by a rabid dog, will develop the disease, bite his master who, since he believes Pasteur a fake, will refuse the treatment. The most horrible death known will follow.

I have been regarded as pretty much of a damned fool in the

way I handle rabid dogs. I suppose I did take unnecessary risks but I don't believe in shooting dogs when it can be avoided—which is most of the time. Shooting, too, is a bad habit. Time and again a well-meaning officer has shot a dog on the rampage, destroying the brain and with it all chance of determining for sure whether the dog had rabies. Such an action has made a lot of people take the Pasteur treatment unnecessarily.

When called to attend a rabid dog, I have no way of telling for sure whether the dog has bitten anyone or not. So, I have never yet shot a rabid dog for fear that I might miss his heart and hit his head. That doesn't mean that I'm such a bad shot as all that, but only that oftentimes the target you have to aim at is about as easy to hit as a jitterbugging bull's-eye. You might aim at the heart and the dog might seem very peaceful but just at the moment that you are pressing the trigger, the canine may decide to lunge in one direction or another and the bullet might strike the brain.

Of course you know the only positive diagnosis of rabies is Negri bodies in the brain. The only place that can be determined is in the laboratory. Rabies, as I have already implied, resembles too many other diseases for any veterinarian to make more than a tentative diagnosis. While all the dogs which I have destroyed as rabid and turned their heads into the laboratory were reported positive, I still wouldn't accept my own diagnosis without the backing of the laboratory examination of the brain. So I am very careful not to injure the head in case it should be found that the dog bit someone and a laboratory examination would then be necessary to determine whether the unfortunate person should take the Pasteur treatment or not.

I remember one of the most exciting cases of rabies—if rabies can be considered exciting and not merely melodramatic

—around here and since I happened to be the unfortunate vet on the case, I'll tell you about it. It was one of those grizzled iron-grey and brown airedales. His name was Pat and he was owned by Harvey Conners who made his home with his wife and three children on a small farm not far from here.

Pat came home one day with his neck, shoulders and forelegs all peppered with the bites of small sharp teeth, and in places small bits of hide had been gouged off. Blood had flowed and clotted and he was, to say the least, a mess. Harvey took some soap and water and gave him a shampoo. During the process he noted some yellowish hairs clinging to the corners of Pat's mouth. Fox fur, Harvey thought. He didn't think much more about it until a month later when Pat started acting strangely. Harvey gave him his usual supper of beef cut up in small chunks one night and Pat, instead of pitching in and wolfing it down as usual paid no attention to it.

Instead, a few minutes later Harvey noticed him lapping vigorously at the rug much as a bitch will lap her new born pup. Pat then took a sudden interest in the door jamb and went to work on that, lapping it and chewing it with avidity. Harvey didn't like this idea at all so he persuaded Pat to take a walk. Mrs. Conners wanted me called but Harvey was trying to save money and didn't want to go to any unnecessary expense. Can't blame him for that. "He's probably just got a belly-ache" he told his wife. They let Pat in before they went to bed and the airedale seemed better. He went up to his supper and started to eat but later Mrs. Conners recalled that all he did was take some of the meat between his teeth, mouth it a little, hold it and then put it down. The next day Pat was in an ugly mood.

He snapped at the children whom he had always guarded and protected. He tried to kill the cat and when a neighbor's dog

with whom he had been a pal called to pay his respects, Pat flew into a rage, charged him and if he could have caught would have killed him. Mrs. Conners managed to get Pat into the house, where she thought she would have a better opportunity to control him. However, she thought wrong. Pat growled at her, stared balefully at her. There was something awful about his eyes, she told me later, the way they kept steadily, malevolently on her.

Needless to say she became frightened. She felt that if she made any sudden move, Pat would attack. So she edged slowly to the door, unlatched it. Pat crouched, his lips curled back over his teeth, twin ropes of saliva forming at the corners of his mouth. Mrs. Conners jerked the door open, flashed through it and slammed it behind her. Just in time, too, for as she slammed it, Pat's heavy body thundered into it. Then he started to bark, a high pitched bark that ended in a wolf-like wail. Fortunately the children were in school. Mrs. Conners sat on her porch listening to that wailing bark and hearing Pat occasionally charge the furniture, grab it and attempt to shake it. Soon Harvey came back from his milk route.

"I don't know whatever we're going to do, Harvey. Pat's gone crazy—chased me out of the house and I can't do a thing with him."

"Ho! Ho! If that isn't rich, Molly. Scared of your own dog."

But just then Pat let his high throbbing bark and wail shatter the quiet of the Conners' domain and Harvey sobered. "God, he sure sounds queer to me." Harvey started to open the door.

"Don't, Harvey. Don't try it!"

Harvey hesitated and was glad he did. Pat hurtled against the door slamming it in his face. "Pat! Pat! What are you doing?" The only reply was a growl followed by that howling bark.

At this juncture, Harvey went to a neighbor's and called me. Fortunately I was at home and could go right up. As soon as I drove in the yard, I heard that bark and howl and knew what to expect. A chill crawled up my spine. If that dog had bitten anybody . . .

"So far as I know he hasn't bit anybody," was the reply to my query.

That was a relief. If anybody was bitten, he'd probably have heard about it although in cases like that I still don't chance shooting the dog for fear someone might have been bitten and neglected to report it.

"Say, Doc," Harvey went on, "you don't think that Pat has rabies do you?"

"Sure sounds like it."

"God, will we have to take the Pasteur treatment?"

Mrs. Conners was as white as her apron. "He snapped at the children this morning when they went to pet him. Do you suppose—"

"You're all safe so long as he didn't bite you."

"But the children"—she was hard to convince—"they petted him until he snapped at them and Jean got some of his slobber all over her hand."

"That's still all right," I tried to assure her. "All the slobber in the world is harmless so long as it isn't in the bottom of a puncture wound." That mollified her.

"But how the hell are we going to get him out of there?" Harvey wanted to know. "Everytime we go near there he like to tear us to pieces."

"Oh he'll have a calm spell pretty soon. We'll get after him then," I said confidently, but later I wished I hadn't been so confident.

This was not a conventional case of rabies. Usually there are

three stages of the disease which are clearly marked and which have certain general characteristics. The stages are: the prodrome, irritable and paralytic. These are the stages in furious rabies, the form with which Pat was afflicted. In the dumb form, the irritable stage is often completely lacking. Pat had probably been in the prodrome or melancholy stage for a day or so without anyone noticing it. He might have been a little uneasy, changing his position often and coming to his master and mistress to lavish affection upon them. He might also have shown some nervous excitability, such as jumping or acting frightened at any sudden sound or on the unexpected approach of a member of the family. He probably was constipated and possibly revealed some slight weakness in his rear quarters resulting in an uncertain gait—much like a man who has indulged in a few too many. Often, this prodrome stage lasts three days or longer and in cases where it seems to have lasted less than twenty-four hours I suspect that it was present but passed unnoticed.

The second stage is the one in which Pat was, when I was called. Driven by some mad urge, dogs at this time will stop at nothing to run away. I've seen them gnaw through two inch planking, tunnel through several feet of the toughest digging imaginable and I've seen them bite and snap and struggle with iron bars until their teeth are useless stumps mashed into bleeding gums. Once one of these dogs is loose, the tragedies that we all have either seen or heard about occur. This beast is a furry hell on four feet, capable of delivering tragedy and terrible death by one nip of those slaving jaws.

And he'll do his damndest to spread all the death and destruction he can. Anything which comes in his wild, uncharted and unpredictable path will be attacked, anything, whether man or beast or even an auto wheel. People hear his growls, con-

stant and throaty, see his swift and aimless running about, see the slavering jaws and the bare white fangs. No wonder they turn their backs and run! But turning your back is the worst thing you can do. Keep an eye on him. Remember, he can outrun you in a few bounds if he so minds. Make yourself as inconspicuous as you can which means don't jump or run unless you are near a point of safety. Climb into somebody's car if you can or if you can't, the car roof is a good haven. If you are an officer, for heaven's sake try to shoot him anywhere but the head.

Suppose, however, you aren't an officer and you have no gun, no night stick, nothing with which to defend yourself. Suppose further you are walking along a peaceful road through broad fields. There is no stone wall to get behind, no trees to climb, no car to get into. A rabid dog appears from nowhere. You see his slavering jaws and his mad eyes seemingly bent on your destruction. What do you do? No time now to send an S. O. S. to the Voice of Experience. In a case like that I'd remember the tendency of a rabid dog to attack only that which is in front of him and I would endeavor to remove myself to one side.

If this didn't work, however, and the dog veered in my direction and jumped for me, I'd simply sidestep him. Almost anyone can do that. When he misses you, he is very liable to keep right on going rather than turn around and attack again. But suppose he is the exceptional rabid dog and he turns and makes a dash for my legs. Pretty hard to sidestep that. I'd just let him have my boot full in the face with as swift a kick as I could give. That would spill him and before he could recover, I'd bash in his ribs with another well placed kick. That would kill him or disable him.

If you are an elderly lady or are for some reason unable to

indulge in these athletic feats, about the only thing that will save you is a handful of dust flung in the dog's eyes. That might blind him until you can get a few steps out of his way. In any case, no matter who you are if you are not a cripple you can protect your face and head. If you find you can't avoid being bitten take it preferably on the leg or the hand. The extremities are much safer in such cases than the face and head. Usually I don't bother with such methods myself. If a dog jumps me, I teach him a lesson—whether he's rabid or not.

I catch him by the throat and squeeze. He claws at me with all four feet but since I usually wear old clothes while making my rounds anyway, I don't mind if they get ripped. Before the dog begins to turn black—if he is in good health—I put him down and thereafter he invariably treats me with considerable respect. If he is rabid, of course, I put him out of his misery.

Now Pat's case, being as I said an unconventional one, I was surprised and chagrined that he didn't either calm down or make an attempt to get out of the house. Perhaps somewhere in his poor twisted brain flamed the old urge or desire to protect his master's property, yet the part of his brain that was ordinarily occupied with the recognition of his master and friends had been destroyed. Anyway, he kept howling steadily and attacked the door everytime anyone went near it. I had a lot of other calls to make and therefore no time to waste. Mrs. Connors wanted to do her housework and in addition she didn't like the idea of Pat's repeated attacks on various pieces of furniture. She was afraid he'd get after her overstuffed chairs in the living room but so far his attention was directed towards the hall furniture—a Victorian hat tree and a straight chair of uncertain manufacture, I think Harvey's own design. Parts of these he had reduced to splinters. Why he attacked the furniture and

guarded the house don't ask me to explain, for I'm not a canine psychiatrist.

Harvey and Mrs. Conners were demanding action and I'll admit I was a little embarrassed because I had felt so sure Pat would calm down so we could handle him. Usually these attacks of delirium are not constant and do not last long. Sometimes it is as much as four hours between attacks. But in Pat's case, the rattling of the door knob was enough to bring one on. I never saw a case like it. After about an hour, I gave up the idea of being able to approach Pat peaceably so I decided on a course of action which the Conners thought foolhardy. While Mr. Conners attracted his attention to the front door, I proposed to sneak in the back and play cowboy with the rabid dog.

"Faith an' 'twill be the killin' of ye!" Mrs. Conners lapsed into her native brogue under the stress of excitement. "'Tis no such thing ye'll be up to if ye'll but listen to me."

"Why, Mrs. Conners, I'm used to this sort of thing. There isn't any danger." I lied glibly. I'd never lassoed anything except a fence post once when I was a kid but I felt sure I could take care of myself anyhow.

"Doc, I'd much rather you'd shoot him and not take any chances. You're a pretty good vet, you know, and we might need you around here for awhile yet." Don't think that the fact that Harvey could jest means that he didn't feel the loss of his dog. Most farmers like him are used to taking losses and whether they are of a financial or a sentimental nature, these men meet them with a joke and a wry smile.

I *was* tempted to shoot Pat and it probably would have been the easiest way out although he made such a restless target it would be difficult to hit him in a vital spot. Then too, bullets have no regard for furniture and Pat had done enough damage

without adding any more. So I stuck to my original plan. I loaded my syringe with strychnine solution, took a twenty foot section of clothesline and some bandage to tape Pat's nose and proceeded stealthily in the back door. Harvey did a good job at the front door, rattling the knob vigorously.

Pat too was reacting as usual. Swiftly I made my way through the kitchen and dining room to the rear of the hall. Pat, a grizzled foaming snarling victim of hysteria leapt against the front door again and again. His growls rent the air. His 85 pound body hammered the heavy door with such force it shook the frame and rattled the sidelights. Believe me, I wished I was somewhere else. I wished I had taken Harvey's advice and used a gun. But I soon got over the feeling—I suppose it was akin to buck fever—and went to work.

I saw that the noose was good and large and that the rope was coiled neatly so it would run freely. Then I took a couple of steps and waited. Pat fell back from an attack on the door and for an instant I thought he had heard me. He half turned but a fresh and startling rattle of the door knob sent him into a crouch. That was my chance. I tossed the rope. If I missed, I had already planned what to do. I'd use Harvey's chair, or what was left of it, as a shield when the airedale attacked. A light chair makes a swell defense weapon. But I didn't have to do that. The rope sailed over his head and as he leapt the noose settled neatly around his neck. Then Pat did something I didn't figure on. I had thought that he would thrash around, tightening the rope all the time until it was a death grip around his neck. But instead of that, he backed away and wheeled on me. I felt like a fisherman who has hooked a swordfish and finds the creature ploughing through the sea straight at his helpless rowboat.

The hall was so narrow I had no space to dodge effectively. As Pat hurtled towards me, I backed away like a boxer rolling

with a punch. Whatever happened, I couldn't take a chance on getting knocked down where I'd be at the rabid airedale's mercy. My hands went up, dodged the flashing teeth and sought a hold on his throat. Warm saliva plastered onto my hands. Fortunately, I had sidestepped enough to avoid being bitten. But I couldn't get a strangle hold on the wet neck so I flung him behind me, caught the rope and leapt towards the front of the hall. Pat was a bit slow in recovering and returning to the attack. Nearly opposite the front door was a stairway. I slipped the rope around the newel and pulled, tightening it around Pat's neck. The dog lost his balance and in a moment he was dragged up against the newel. I didn't stop to tape his nose. With my feet on the rope to keep him from working away from the post, I bent over and caught one of his hind legs. With my free hand I plunged in the syringe. A few seconds waiting until the strychnine took effect and Pat relaxed.

Harvey opened the door very gingerly just then. "All right, Harvey," I said and he came in grinning rather sheepishly because he was armed with a pitchfork.

"I heard so much racket, I thought maybe you'd need a little reinforcements, Doc, but I see you got everything under control."

Mrs. Conners followed. "Look at your hands, Doctor. Look at your hands!"

I looked at them but couldn't see anything but slobber, spread rather generously over some fungus-like sores which I had contracted by carelessness in handling an infected cow.

"Sure, an' ye'll be taken the Pasteurization tratement now won't ye?" "Pasteurization" wasn't so bad at that.

"Oh, that won't matter at all—I didn't get bitten."

"But thim raw sores—" she protested. "'Twill be gittin' in thim an' be the death of ye."

It was nice of her to be so upset about me and I suppose to a layman it must look pretty risky to take the saliva from a rabid dog so lightly but I tried to convince her of what I had told her before regarding her own children. The saliva in which the virus of the disease is found can do no harm unless it is at the bottom of a puncture wound such as an ordinary bite. Even in an open wound if it is spotlessly cleaned—by that I mean medically clean—it is nothing to worry about.

In fact, I was rather glad it had got on those sores for I could see that in spite of what I had said, Mrs. Conners was not convinced that her children should not have the Pasteur treatment. But when she saw that I had no intention of taking the treatment myself in spite of the fact that the saliva had spread over those sores, she dismissed the idea of treatment for her children. A good many people take the treatment unnecessarily. I merely washed my hands and forgot about the case until the Division of Livestock Disease Control jumped on my neck for killing the dog and not reporting it to the animal inspector. This, by the way, brought the case to an amusing conclusion.

As a matter of fact, I had reported the case but because of the fact that I had two cases of rabies the same day—the other case was in Harvey's neighborhood as it happened—the animal inspector got confused and reported only the collie and not the airedale. Maybe he thought I said the dog was a cross between a collie and an airedale. But in any case, there was no excuse for him reporting me to the Division when he heard that I had killed Harvey's dog without first calling me and making sure he himself had not made a mistake. Naturally this burned me up. As soon as I heard from the division I went in and started to rake them over the coals—all except Harrie Peirce who was doing his damndest to keep me from jumping down the head

of the Division's throat. When they showed me the animal inspector's letter, I directed my animosity where it belonged. I think the inspector had a healthy respect for me after that for I had no more trouble with him as long as he was in office. I was sputtering about it later to Harvey Connors while cleaning one of his cows.

"Say, Doc," Harvey wanted to know when I got through, "you never took that Pasteur treatment, did you?"

I walked right into it. "No, why?"

"Well, it's quite obvious that you didn't—or you wouldn't be so rabid!" And with that he ducked out of the barn because he felt pretty sure that if I couldn't think of a comeback to that one, I'd employ my pitching arm—and the material which I had to pitch at the time was not quite what he wanted to receive.

But as I look at the rabies problem today, it's a wonder I'm as pleasant about it as I am. Harvey Connors' case wasn't the only one, you know. Many times I have had to go alone into a cellar armed with nothing but a flashlight and a rope and extricate a rabid dog from a coal bin or from an almost impregnable position behind a boiler. It's work that I have had to do and no matter how much I disliked it, I did it. However, in the past few years I haven't had a single case of rabies. That is due to the fact that for a few years prior to 1939, a large percentage of the dogs in Massachusetts were vaccinated against rabies.

But in 1939, due to the newspaper articles and the whispering campaign against rabies vaccination—the very thing that had convinced Cecil Daltrone—many dogs did not receive this protection. The result? While we had less than a score of cases of rabies in 1939, the first three months of 1940 yielded three times that number. Sooner or later, I'll have a case of it. If

after wrestling with that dog, I should meet anyone even remotely connected with this anti-rabies vaccination campaign, before I get through with that individual, he will be positive that I am truly rabid.

4. Dogs I Have Known

I SUPPOSE an ordinary horse doctor like myself should regard dogs as four-footed nuisances which yap at horses' heels, get run over by automobiles and use your tires for something which tires are not designed to be used for. But I guess I am not a Simon-pure horse doctor for I like dogs. If I could get along with dog owners as well as I can with the dogs, there wouldn't be a headache in my practice. But then, who wants a practice without a few headaches?

While there are explanations for the conduct of all these dogs I'm going to tell you about, explanations which cynics would advance to prove that the dog acted not out of loyalty, grief, or humor as the case might be, I'm going to ignore them and present the cases just as they happened.

Julia, a German shepherd bitch, spent the last months of her life in devotion to her dying mistress, Mrs. Hackett, who had cancer and other complications which rendered it impossible for her to live long. Julia was so faithful to her mistress she would not go out as often as she needed to go out. Instead she guarded her mistress and suffered. Her faithfulness, while laudable, resulted in a case of stoppage. That added to the complications which are always present in the aged—Julia was twelve—made her a very sick dog. My job was to keep her alive at least as long as Mrs. Hackett. Since I had to treat Julia in the sick room, I witnessed much of the human patient's silent suffering and I could sympathize with the physician who said it was one of the

few cases in which he thought euthanasia should be practiced. He envied us vets our freedom in this respect, he told me. One day I happened to drive in the yard just as the doctor was getting into his car. He was very red in the face and he spoke heatedly.

"Say, Doctor, can't you slip that damned dog a pill?"

"Why, what's the matter? Did she take a piece out of you?"

"No. Worse than that. She saved the old lady from smothering. If it hadn't been for that fool dog, she'd be dead now."

The doctor told me the story and I heard it later from the lips of the dying woman. Julia had saved her life. It appeared that the nurse had had to leave the house alone for a few minutes to do some errand of importance. In such cases, Julia made a good substitute for her. This particular time, Mrs. Hackett decided to turn over. She was very weak but she thought she had strength enough to do it herself with no help from the nurse. As soon as she stirred, Julia was alert and whimpering anxiously.

Now, Mrs. Hackett had a good many pillows—far too many, in fact—heaped about her head. A couple of them tumbled down over her face. Panic stricken, she heaved and twisted and fought. In her struggling she somehow landed in a prone position, her face buried in the soft down of one of the other pillows. There her strength failed her. She was cast. She could neither move nor breathe.

She tried to cry out but no sound came. She felt the pillows snatched from about her head. Then the bedclothes were ripped off. She thought at first the nurse had come back but her last feeling before she fainted was of an insistent tugging on the sleeve of her nightdress near the shoulder—a tugging that was pulling her slowly but surely over onto her back. When she came to she was lying flat on her back on the mattress. The pillows and

bedclothes were all on the floor. The nurse found her that way with Julia still on guard. She had turned Mrs. Hackett so carefully she had not injured her in any way and had done no more damage than pull a few threads in her nightdress. Of course, the patient was very light, having wasted away with her illness. But even so, to have intelligence enough to know what should be done and how to do it is surely a compliment to Julia. Mrs. Hackett lived about a month after that and when she died, Julia had no further need of fighting her own ailments so she got her "pill."

* * *

Jill was an English setter with deep liquid eyes which she could roll more coquettishly than an oomph girl. She had glamour, plus intelligence. Her owner instructed me to put her out of the way or find a home for her. I couldn't find a home and I wouldn't put her out of the way. So she stayed on here at Hill Top Farm. Seemingly in gratitude, she omitted her one bad habit: her master had told me she would dig holes and she had his lawn looking as if a colony of foxes had denned up there. But here she didn't dig but one hole and that was under the lilac on the west side where she used to lie in extremely hot weather.

One spring day she demonstrated her loyalty to my son Alfred and in so doing probably saved his life. It came about in this way. We keep a few pigs here to eat up garbage and work over the cow and horse manure. Since I had a couple of exceptionally good sows, I decided to raise my own young stock. So I hired a boar. Becoming bored (sorry!) with the sows, the brute somehow managed to clamber over the stout three foot plank fence. This boar was a chester white standing hip-high to the ordinary man and weighing well over three hundred pounds. He was equipped with short, razor-sharp tusks. It

was a Sunday. No other man was on the place except Alfred.

He was reading the paper in the living room when a grunting attracted his attention to the yard. There was this boar sniffing at one of Jill's bones. Alfred immediately went out and attempted to drive the creature back into the pen. The boar had other ideas. He wheeled in one direction or the other, grunting and snorting all the while, and finally galloped off into the woods, Alfred and Jill after him. Tag, the pointer who had "adopted" Alfred several years before took one look at the creature and retreated to the house indicating, Alfred says that she had more intelligence than either Jill or himself. Alfred was going to let him go but he had headed in the direction of neighbors' where there were children. Knowing a boar's tendency to tackle anything which is down—whether man or beast—and realizing of course that children play on the ground much of the time, Alfred decided to head the brute off and if possible drive him in another direction.

But a boar in the woods and a boar in the pen are two different creatures, as Alfred was to find out. The woods arouse a boar's atavistic instincts—and it'll tackle anything. The boar slowed down to a walk when he had penetrated a little way into the woods and Alfred was able to make a flanking movement. Jill trotted along behind the boar all the time keeping a sharp eye on him but making no move to attack him. Alfred caught the boar by surprise and gave him a sharp rap on the side of the head, forcing him to squeal and snort and veer a little in his course, which was what Alfred wanted. The next time Alfred jumped on him, however, the creature whirled and rushed at his attacker. Jill immediately barked and nipped at the huge brute while Alfred dodged lightly and marveled at the speed of the boar. As a matter of fact these heavy, awkward looking creatures are light on their feet and can outrun any man. I imagine they

are one of the fastest animals for their size and class in existence. Alfred further marveled at the enraged cry of the beast—it was like a combination roar and screech.

He attacked with his head low and then swung up with his murderous tusks as he neared his victim. However, this time Alfred, as I said, had dodged. Deciding that the boar needed a lesson, he closed in, applying his applewood stick vigorously in an attempt to cow the beast into submission. He was only partially successful. The boar fled crashing through the woods in his original direction.

When he stopped and Alfred tried to get him again, it was a different story. He had stopped in the center of a little clearing and wheeled to face his adversaries. Jill barked excitedly and warningly. The boar paid not the least attention to her but fixed his rage-red eyes on Alfred. The footing in the clearing wasn't any too good since several birch trees had been felled and allowed to rot there while sheep laurel and huckleberry vines impeded leg action. Alfred started to pick his way across the clearing but the boar wasn't going to let him get the jump on him again. With that roaring screech, he charged. Alfred waited calmly, planning to jump aside at the last moment and whale the brute on the snout as he went by. Jill tried to attack the charging beast but the brush spoiled her plan at first. At the last instant before the beast hit him, Alfred tried to jump. As luck would have it, his foot was resting on a partially rotted birch stick. It rolled and threw him. Fortunately he wasn't square in the path of the boar and the animal struck him only a glancing blow. Alfred's hands went up to protect his neck. The razor sharp tusk plunged deep into the flesh of his thumb.

Usually when a man gets down in front of a boar he doesn't have much chance to get up again as the beast can make short

work of a man. Alfred rolled. The air was rent with the squealing roar of the brute and the fighting bark of Jill. Alfred leapt to his feet. The boar hadn't finished him because he had all he could do to take care of Jill who was attacking with all her cunning. The boar needed only to hit her once with those tusks and she would be finished. But Jill kept out of their way. Alfred retrieved his applewood stick, and jumped into the affray. This time he luckily placed a smashing blow directly on the top of the boar's snout and the fight was over. The animal raced off towards the swamp, Jill following at a short distance.

Alfred made his way home and called the owner who located the boar by Jill's barks. Three men with pitchforks tried to load him in a truck but failed so they walked him the four miles to his pen. And Jill had the pleasure of watching them.

* * *

Rover was a Newfoundland who had an inordinate pride in his offspring. In fact, he was nearly as attentive to them as was his mate. He seemed to understand that the pups were not to be theirs very long, however, and instead of making any objections when any of them were sold he used to deliver them himself. He'd take the pup in a little basket, go up to the door of the house which his master indicated, and bark once or twice—he never scratched the door since he had been well trained in that respect. When the astonished purchaser came to the door, Rover deposited the basket at his feet, gave the pup a fatherly lick, waved his plume of a tail once or twice as if to say, "Hope you'll like him" and with the pride and deliberation of a great personage he stalked away to where his master awaited him.

* * *

I have never heard of another case like the one I'm going to tell you now. Probably there have been plenty of them but I get such little time for reading that all my attention is directed to professional material and I do practically no recreational reading.

This story is about Wolf, a gaunt mongrel whose shepherd blood predominated but who must have counted among his immediate ancestors, a Great Dane, a black collie and various and sundry other dogs of large breeds. I used to call him an American dog because his ancestors were as heterogeneous as most of ours. Yet, like most of us, he seemed a definite type. Wolf shared his yard with Sadie, an Irish setter. Wolf thought the world of Sadie but, alas, Sadie cared very little for Wolf. In fact, she cared so little for his company she would attempt to dig out of the yard. Not that she really objected to Wolf. She was just indifferent to him. After all, she was highly bred and he was only a mongrel and who was he to aspire to her affections? We have much the same situation ourselves except us mongrels probably have more contempt for blue-bloods who try to impress us than they do for us.

One day Sadie had a bright idea. She'd climb out and wander off in the woods and fields, there probably hoping to find a more desirable playmate. She climbed up the first six feet of wire all right but there was an additional two feet of wire canted in so that she had to lean back to attempt to climb it. In fact, it would have taken a dog with the equipment of a squirrel to climb out of that yard. Sadie leaned a little too far back. One hind foot plunged through the four inch mesh wire. Sadie lost her balance completely and tumbled over backwards. The mesh wire caught her leg like a snare holding her suspended a good three feet above the ground. The wire cut through the flesh into the bone yet it held her there in a grip

that no amount of struggling could break. No one was around at the time. There was only Wolf and Sadie. Rather than see her suffer longer and probably die from her struggles in such an unnatural position Wolf did what we humans do not have the courage to do to someone who is hopelessly ill. He killed her. When they found her she was still hanging from the fence. A neat gash in her neck made by Wolf's fang tooth had severed her jugular. Wolf had retired to his kennel in silent grief.



The Landham children had all gone to bed. Mr. and Mrs. Landham were having a conference about the future of their family. They had decided to move to a city apartment. Christian, the Great Dane, lay on the rug before the fireplace.

"I don't know what we'll do about Christian," Mrs. Landham said. "It seems too bad to destroy such a nice dog—and only four years old at that."

Christian was not asleep. He stirred uneasily.

"The kids certainly will miss him. But one thing is sure, we can't have him around that apartment. Maybe we can give him away," was the reply. And thus they thought Christian's fate was settled.

As usual, the dog went out about bed time. Before he went however, he licked his mistress' hand, nuzzled his master and pointed towards the stairs. He stood there, his tail between his legs, quite a time but evidently thought he had better not go and disturb the children. Then slowly, sadly he walked out.

"Christian gives me the queerest feeling, Jim," Mrs. Landham said. "I never saw him act that way before."

"Oh, he's all right. Probably just a little belly-ache or something!"

He didn't come back. They called and called for him but there was no sign of him. "Maybe somebody's female is loose and he'll be gone all night," Mr. Landham opined.

"I don't think so, Jim. As I told you—he's given me the queerest feeling . . ."

Her woman's intuition was vindicated when they found Christian the next morning. He was in a brook, drowned. Dogs don't understand what we say? Possibly beyond a few words which are often addressed to them, they don't understand us. But I'm sure they feel our moods and can often interpret accurately what we say from our tones and actions—even more accurately than we often understand each other. I think Christian understood exactly what his master and mistress had said and that he preferred to die rather than live away from the family. The drowning an accident? One of those rare coincidences? No. Christian had laid down in the water, put his massive head between his front paws and drowned. The water was six inches deep.

* * *

Hazel, a sable and white Scotch collie, volunteered for the job of bodyguard for her ten year old master, Kenny Herman. Where Kenny went, Hazel followed. If any stranger to Hazel stopped and talked to Kenny on the way to school, Hazel was between them, watchful of every movement. At first she objected to her master's engaging in wrestling matches with his friends, but she soon became used to that and even engaged in many an affray herself. But in having her as a bodyguard, Kenny also had a stern and, in at least one respect, an unreasonable mistress. The boy was at the age when he thought it important to do what all the other boys did and do it every bit as well if not better. One day late in April the gang decided to

try out the old swimming hole. Kenny had had Hazel for a pet since October of the previous year, so this would be a new experience for her. The poor kid figured she'd be just as acceptable around the swimming hole as anywhere else and that she would be a credit to him there as well as everywhere.

Kenny stole a march on his playmates by getting his clothes loosened before they reached the pool and he was therefore able to have the privilege of being the first one in the pool for the season. He jumped in with the usual derogatory remarks for the last one in and although the water was so cold it took his breath away, he started to shout something to the others about the "fine" condition of the water. He only started, however, for as soon as his head broke the surface of the water, a sable and white streak shot out after him, a pair of capable jaws clamped into the thick mat of his hair. He shouted a protest: "Hazel, quit—!" but that was as far as he got before the dog ducked him.

She then dragged him to the shore amid the laughs and jeers of his playmates. As soon as Kenny could get his breath he gave her a lecture and then plunged in again. This time she repeated the process. Humiliated so before his friends, he did something he had never done before. He struck her. Her tail drooped between her legs, her long face grew even longer but the next time her master jumped in, Hazel was after him, "rescuing" him as before. Kenny was never able to get Hazel's permission to swim. Even if he tied her to a tree she'd fight at the rope until she broke it or he released her for fear she'd injure herself. So his swimming expeditions had to be carried out with Hazel securely locked in her kennel.

* * *

Some dogs are great disciplinarians. Oftentimes when I'd have several dogs in the hospital, there'd be at least one which would

howl and keep all the others awake. No matter how much you bawled out this dog, as soon as you left the place he'd set up the howling again. Lonesome. There is one sure cure for that—dope—but I don't believe in using it.

One time I had a little beagle puppy which had never been away from its mother before. It was a cute little devil but it had a piercing cry that would keep almost any neighborhood awake. I was so exasperated with his constant crying, I could have licked him. I swore at him, hollered at him, offered him choice scraps of food and did everything that I knew how to do except lick him—I seldom whip a dog and, if it should be necessary, it ought really to be done by the owner, or at least in his presence.

The puppy cried steadily two days and two nights. The third day I came in with a large pointer bitch and put her in a cage at the further end of the hospital. No sooner was I outside, than the little beagle started his never ending crying. The pointer stood it a few moments and then tuned up. There was a regular row. The pointer seemed indignant, the beagle pup defiant. That gave me an idea. I went in and let the pointer loose. With no hesitation, she stalked straight to that puppy's cage. The pup was still crying like a spoiled brat who hadn't had his dinner. The pointer stared at him a moment and then growled. She didn't bristle at all—just rumbled low in her throat and glared. And if she wasn't saying "Shut up, half-pint, or I'll break every bone in your body," I never heard anything that sounded any more like it. The pup did shut up too and we had no more trouble with him after that. I suppose the moral is: it takes a dog to beat a dog.

* * *

I think the breed with the cleverest sense of humor is the Old English sheepdog. Some of them are born comedians. I re-

member Rags. Possessed with one wall-eye and one sparkling brown eye, he used to stand and gaze at visitors, the long tumbling shaggy hair adding to his droll appearance. He'd gaze and gaze, turning his head just slightly from side to side so that if they were watching—and they *had* to watch—sooner or later they'd notice through his parted hair that one wall-eye and one brown eye peered out quizzically at them.

Then, those of them who weren't acquainted with English sheepdogs—and most of them weren't—would exclaim over his eyes and look closer. Whereupon Rags would endeavor to keep his eyes closed and thus prolong the time he occupied the center of the stage. He was an artist at getting attention—as are all comedians—and he had many and varied methods, such as swiping handkerchiefs from people's pockets, offering to carry their bundles and then refusing to give them up until he got good and ready or until they got mad, and coming in with his great paws all mud and jumping up in mock affection on the first person he came to. He was a nuisance but there was a certain air about him which made him almost irresistible.

One day a minister called. He was one of the tall, emaciated, severe kind who are so rare today. His every motion, his voice and manner suggested piety. Rags got no attention from him save a look of undisguised disapproval. Every one was sitting on the edge of his chair in the living room and paying very respectful attention to the holy man's platitudes. It was too much for Rags. He stole off upstairs. The minister droned on and on until Rags reappeared. A collective gasp escaped the lips of the family. The minister stopped his rehearsal in the middle of a word and gazed shocked and astounded.

Rags stalked into the room very solemnly. He had evidently come from the bathroom for in his mouth was a huge wad of toilet paper. He walked straight up to the dumbfounded min-

ister and deposited the toilet paper in his lap—with the exception of a few sheets which clung to his lips. He then turned and looked at his master, and the hair at the place where Rags' tail should have been wiggled up and down, up and down, in what looked like a huge canine wink.

These are just a few of the dogs I have known. There have been many others, including the usual trick dogs and heroes. There have been altruistic dogs too who shared their food with less fortunate canines, in addition to the usual mutt which hangs onto more food than it can eat and fights any other creature that goes near it. I have operated on several dogs who thought so little of the process that they raised vociferous protests when I started to operate on one of their neighbors. I have known one or two mean dogs but considering the thousands I have handled, the number of really mean canines I have met is extremely low.

A mean dog, like a mean person, is usually covering up a deep-seated fear. Most dogs, however, are worthy of all the praise that has been heaped on dogdom and the compliment we pay the members of the canine world in calling them our best friends is more than earned. We could learn much from our canine friends. In fact, if we really want to make friends and influence people there is no better place for us to go than to the dog.

BOOK IV. MICROSCOPE AND SYRINGE

1. *Scientific Research*

THE title "Scientific Research" may seem pleonastic but in this case it is not, for there are two kinds of research: the kind that I usually do and the scientific kind.

I have done a lot of research as a practitioner of veterinary medicine, research which is of great value to me personally but which could not, by any stretch of the imagination, be considered scientific. In the first place, I seldom have the rigid control of my cases that science would demand and secondly I do not do nearly the amount of paper work a scientist should do.

For instance, take my stand on Bang's disease. I say that vaccinations are over 90% effective in eradicating abortions due to the *bacillus abortus* in mature cows and 100% effective as a preventive in young cattle. So far as I know, none of the young stock ever contracted the disease after vaccination. Of the mature cattle, I know of only one which was not cured by vaccination. Since my 100% figure for young stock seems to have the backing of the whole profession, I feel free to say that the method is indeed perfect. But I cannot conscientiously say, for instance, that vaccination is 98% effective in mature cows since my experience is not as yet backed by all reliable sources. I have no way of telling how many cows might have contracted the disease after I vaccinated them because many of them were sold, or possibly, the farmer had employed another vet.

Had I had complete control of the thousands of cattle I have vaccinated, and a record in every case, then I could have called

the results scientific. Practically no general veterinary practitioner can afford to be a scientist in the exact sense of the term or he would have very few clients. However, all of them can keep their eyes open and observe their individual cases, drawing conclusions which are of value to them and which scientists can later check.

When I worked on T.B. with Theobald Smith, that was scientific research of the only type I have ever done—supervised research. It was up to me to get the data. The interpretation of that data was left to the man who was directing the experiment. That never took away the kick I had out of having a hand in it. In fact, to work with Theobald Smith on tuberculosis was an experience which I valued highly, for I learned a lot about T.B. which was not in books at the time. Later, I again had a chance to assist in an experiment on the tuberculosis problem. It was just what I wanted to do and what I always thought should be done. Granted that I would receive practically no recognition for my work, the kick that I'd get out of having a hand in freeing the people of the world from tuberculosis was all I wanted. For the time being, I even forgot that my practice was going to the dogs. I lived for the experiment and I thought about nothing else.

For years the medical scientists had struggled with T.B. Someone, I don't know whom, suggested that an attenuated virus could be employed to build up an immunity to T.B. in people. It worked with smallpox and other diseases, so why not give it a trial. Since the bovine T.B. is transmissible to the genus homo, it was agreed to try the experiment on cattle.

Because of the unpleasant and damned near tragic conclusion of the experiment, I won't use the real names of the people involved. Dr. Killingford and I went to the head of the Division of Livestock Disease Control and asked permission to conduct

this experiment. It was readily granted and I began to feel warmly towards the Division. I began to think that even the head of it could be a nice fellow and maybe the trouble had always been with me.

The Honey Dew Milk Corporation were anxious to give us the cattle for the experiment. Nice of them but if it worked they naturally would get the advertising. Boy, oh boy, and what that would mean! They were more than accommodating, giving us a swell barn and all the cows we wanted and complete and absolute control over every last item. I shot in the virus and awaited results. Ninety days later I made the tuberculin test—the tail test. Three days after that we checked for reactions. They all re-acted—each one having a good healthy lump at the point of the incision. So, the virus was working. We all rejoiced. However, our rejoicing was short-lived.

About three weeks after the tuberculin test, I received a summons to discuss an important matter with the new head of the Division. I had noted with regret that the individual with whom we had discussed the experiment had got the axe since then and a wiser politician was now in the driver's seat. Or head trainer, as one of the elevator operators is wont to describe the man to whose floor he whisks many a veterinarian and farmer. I'll call this particular head of the Division, Mr. Lawrence W. Willington. Mr. Willington was an efficient man. The former head of the division, according to him, had been inefficient. Mr. Willington's reason for calling me in was to tell me politely but firmly that from now on there must be no more laxity in my reporting those matters to the Division which needed reporting.

"You must understand, Doctor, that these things are important; we must have reports promptly."

With the milk inspection and my practice combined, I was pretty busy, as you know, so many of my reports were not

mailed as promptly as they should have been. But why I should go twenty-five miles to be bawled out for a technicality, I could not understand. Years before I would have said as much or more. Now I said nothing. Mr. Willington took the silence for a confession of guilt.

"Now there is this matter of the tuberculin," he continued. "You've had it for weeks but you have not made any report. Why?" He glowered at the lighted end of his cigar in what I suppose he thought was an impressive manner.

I explained about the experiment and, about the agreement with the former head of the Bureau. He interrupted.

"What my predecessor would agree to and what I would agree to are vastly different things. My considered opinion is that the experiment you are conducting is dangerous to the health of other 'Honey Dew' cattle and to all the men who come in contact with them. I disapprove of turning a Massachusetts barn into an experimental laboratory."

"We are taking every precaution Mr. Willington. And think what it will mean to civilization if we are successful. Think of the millions of dollars it will save every year, to say nothing of the thousands of human lives."

"It won't work," he said with finality.

"But Dr. Killingford thinks it will work."

"Killingford? Killingford?" Again he glowered at his cigar. "Never heard of him."

Well, Mr. Willington could not have been very well informed, for everybody in or associated with the medical professions knew of Dr. Killingford. I told him who the physician was.

Mr. Willington was not impressed. "Well, Doctor, I'll see what we can do about it. I don't approve of the experiment but . . ." He dismissed me with an imperious wave of the hand.

A few weeks later I received another summons. This time to a hearing to be held in the State House. I wondered what the heck. In the meantime Honey Dew had sold out to Daree Products, Inc. Without my knowledge or that of Dr. Killingford, Daree had sold the cattle we were experimenting upon.

I had been assured that I was to continue as inspector but evidently officials of that concern did not value our experiment highly enough even to let us know their plans about the cattle.

At the hearing, I learned that I had failed to tag and brand cattle which had reacted to the tuberculin test as the State law required. I was reminded that there was a fine of \$250 and a jail term for my negligence. In other words, their attitude was: "We have the goods on you—now try to prove yourself innocent!"

I started a rather weak defense. After all, this was a surprise to me. I had had no warning, no idea at all of what it was about. The men before whom the hearing was held all seemed hostile. Those of us who were "on trial" were not permitted to hear each other's testimony. We were, in effect, treated like criminals.

"The former head of the Division gave Dr. Killingford and me permission to use tuberculin in the experiment which we were conducting on a few of the Honey Dew cattle."

But it developed that the former head of the Division had a poor memory. He couldn't recall a thing about Dr. Killingford and me.

"I also explained the experiment to Mr. Willington."

But Mr. Willington's memory was also poor. He recalled no conversation between him and me regarding the Honey Dew experiment.

If I was going to clear myself and save the bother and expense to say nothing of the disgrace of a trial, I had to do some fast thinking. Trying to take into account the lack of training on the

part of my inquisitors, I explained the situation as well as I could.

"I used the tuberculin not as a test for tuberculosis but merely to find out whether or not the virus we injected was working. Before we started the experiment, the cattle were tuberculin tested to find out whether there was any T.B. present. If you will look up the reports, you will find that there was not. This last test had nothing whatsoever to do with the State Bovine Tuberculosis Control Program."

One of my inquisitors took issue with me. "The fact remains that these cattle reacted to the tuberculin test. Daree Products, Inc. have sold these cattle. They may be spreading the disease in other herds and even communicating it to human beings. You should have prevented the sale."

I tried to explain that a man cannot very well prevent what he doesn't know about.

"Had you obeyed our State laws and branded those cattle, they could not have been sold."

"But they didn't have tuberculosis . . ." And so the bickering continued. What transpired at that hearing was an insult to the veterinary profession and a disgrace to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts. I talked with Dr. Killingford afterwards and he had come away with the impression that Spain at the time of the Inquisition and Massachusetts of the present had altogether too much in common. I felt ashamed of the State in which I was a citizen. That was a sure sign I was getting older, for when you begin to feel ashamed of the men who govern you instead of being angry at their injustice you can feel pretty certain that you have arrived at maturity.

As a result of the hearing, I was ordered to tag and brand those cattle just as soon as Daree Products, Inc., repurchased

them. I did this with the understanding that it was merely a protection—just in case the cattle should get mixed up with others of the herd and possibly spread the disease. If I had thought the officials would take advantage of that fact, I would never have branded them. But I didn't think they would go as far as they did. Without my knowledge and without the least intimation of their intention to Dr. Killingford, they slaughtered the cattle.

This just about broke Dr. Killingford's heart. He had worked for years developing the virus and then he had gone to the trouble and expense of moving his family from out of state to Boston where he could be near his experiment. With the slaughter of the cattle, the experiment died. Dr. Killingford did not live long enough to try his system on another herd. So far as I know, no one has carried on his researches in this country. Half-hearted attempts have been made at it abroad, I understand, and in France the idea was tried on a group of children. The results, however, were not startling and of course it is possible that the development of such a means of prevention of tuberculosis is impractical. On the other hand, all the indications pointed to its success on the cattle.

But even if the experiment proved absolutely worthless, that would not have been any excuse for the attitude of the State officials. No one really understands how difficult it was for medical science to advance as far as it has, unless he knows what the scientists have been up against. It seems strange that in an enlightened age such as this is alleged to be we permit autocratic Federal, state, city, county, town and village officials to interfere with scientific research and the proper practice of veterinary and human medicine.

An example of this autocratic interference in veterinary prac-

tice occurred a few years after the T.B. experiment and in many respects closely paralleled that experience. Remember Matt Manawig, J. C. Galehouse's supervisor? He developed one of the finest herds of cattle in the country. Included in this herd was Lila Belle, the world's champion Guernsey, which Galehouse said Manawig had developed. Lila Belle was the glamor girl of the bovine world. While glamor girls of the human world are useless except as media for the advertising of cosmetics, clothes and laxatives (usually saline), their sisters of the bovine world are of real value for they are the epitome of what God intended the female of the species to be, namely, fertile and productive.

Lila Belle's fertility was the envy of all her sisters. She dropped her calves with the regularity of a metronome. And her productivity well nigh caused many a nervous breakdown in bovine ranks. Strive as they might, no one else in the bovine world could produce milk in such quantity and with such a high percentage of butter fat. If cattle had a union she would have been a perpetual scab for no matter how vital the strike, she could never have stopped producing.

Came the day when I checked her for T.B. I ran my finger over the point at which the needle had been inserted. It was a casual just-go-through-the-motion gesture for I was sure Lila Belle had no tuberculosis. But instead of finding a flat surface, my finger struck a bump. I was mystified. I examined it more closely. It was a lump all right and typical of a tuberculin reaction. Could it be the wrong cow? I glanced at her ear tag. It was Lila Belle all right. I thought of the possibility of infection, and then rejected it. I had made thousands upon thousands of tuberculin tests without even disinfecting the syringe in the old days and had never had any infection. Other vets had had the same experience and we bowed to disinfecting syringes

and points of insertion of the needle in response to popular demand, although many of us believe it only a fetish.

But in this case I had observed all the absurd rules of the hygienic conduct of a tuberculin test. Still mystified, I tried the other cows. They all had the same type of lump. They had all re-acted. In other words, according to our State law, J. C. Galehouse's prize herd must go to the slaughter house. I decided then and there that the State officials would put nothing over on me this time. A veterinarian must have a few rights and one of them should be for a re-test when his mature opinion dictates that something was wrong. I had decided that there was something wrong with the tuberculin, for T.B. does not suddenly invade a whole herd which only a year before had been thoroughly clean.

Unfortunately, Mr. Galehouse, who is a man of considerable importance (what millionaire isn't?), was traveling in Europe and could not be reached. Matt Manawig and I faced officialdom without Mr. Galehouse's assistance. It was just about the same story as with the experiment. We got almost nowhere. We had to tag and brand at least a few of them and slaughter them immediately. The only concession we pried out of these autocrats was the chance to autopsy these cows and to stop further slaughter if there were no T.B. lesions.

We picked out the seven least valuable cattle and took them to Brighton. They killed three in the morning. I went through them with a fine toothed comb and there were no lesions. Matt and I asked the boss to postpone slaughtering the other four until we could get in touch with officials. He agreed. Officials were out to lunch so we took time out to eat also. When we got back to the slaughterhouse, we found the other four already slaughtered. Matt and I felt pretty naïve and wondered what Mr. Galehouse would say to us when he found it out. Well, since

the cows were dead there was nothing else to do but autopsy them. As I expected, there were no lesions. My findings were of course checked by a State veterinarian.

The officials did not compel us to have any more cattle slaughtered. In fact, it would have done them no good anyway, as if necessary I would have had Lila Belle and her sisters placed under lock and key. That would have brought up legal complications and have given us sufficient time to locate Mr. Galehouse. However, we were required to quarantine the cattle and for the rest of their lives, in spite of the fact that the re-action was due to nothing more nor less than a strep in the tuberculin—the fault of the laboratory which made it—these cows remained in quarantine. Mr. Galehouse took his losses like a major and rather than bawl me out for not telling the officials to go to hell in the first place, he congratulated me on being clever enough to save Lila Belle and all his most valuable cattle. A horse doctor could never have better clients than Matt Manawig and J. C. Galehouse.

But the action of the State officials constituted interference with my practice for which the only pretext was a technicality. Other vets all over the country have had similar experiences. Livestock disease control is essential to the health not only of livestock but of human beings. However, like all laws and all control measures, it should be administered not according to the letter but according to the spirit of the law. No individual should be placed in charge of any division unless he is capable and willing to distinguish between the letter and the spirit of the law.

At present our Division here in Massachusetts is running more efficiently and effectively than ever before. Mr. Galusha is one of the few laymen who, I feel, can do as good a job at the helm as any veterinarian. He is friendly and cooperative and deserves

the support of all veterinarians practicing here. With Harrie Peirce continuing as chief veterinarian and with Mr. Galusha to do the executive work, we can all feel that the Division will help rather than hinder us in any scientific work we care to carry out in addition to our usual efforts to keep livestock disease at a minimum. If we could also feel that Mr. Galusha would be permitted to hold his job regardless of political upheavals in the State we would have a sense of security which would result in even better relations between the Division and the veterinary profession. It is too bad that the position, instead of being a political plum, could not be filled on the basis of merit rather than political expediency. In having Mr. Galusha, we just happen to be lucky. The next time we may not be so lucky.

My little experience with scientific research ended in what I thought would be a catastrophe for me. What I had dreaded happened. One day I had just turned in my inspection reports and was in the act of leaving the Daree Products office when the official who had been in charge when Honey Dew owned the place and who had been retained, hollered at me across the office saying, "We won't be needing you any more, Dinsmore!"

The whole office force had a hard time deciding which man to watch in this not wholly unexpected contest and it was amusing to see their heads turning back and forth between me and their boss.

"Fired, eh?" I said.

"Yeah. Your work hasn't been too satisfactory."

Strange I had never heard any complaint before. There had been plenty of fussing on the part of the official but no complaints from the boss. Of course, the real trouble was the slaughtered cattle. Daree Products had taken a licking in buying back those cattle and it was not the type of concern to take a licking without doing something about it. The something

they were doing in this case evidently seemed to please this official for he was certainly delighting in firing me before the whole office force. I didn't argue with him. I merely said, "Thanks," and walked out—not even slamming the door.

For a few minutes I felt very old and very tired. For years now I had not had a moment to rest when I could feel free from the responsibility of my dairy inspection work, my practice and, in the last months, the experiment. I had blundered badly. Everything I touched crumbled into dust. My practice would be ruined now and I was too old a man to make a comeback. Financially I was very little better off than when Mary and I had started and yet my annual income had been large enough for me to have perennial arguments with the Federal internal revenue collector for this district.

I was, in other words, having a swell time being sorry for myself. However, when I got home there were three emergency calls waiting for me: a "black water" case with which I had to sit up all night, a goat having kids (which really should not have been regarded as an emergency but the client would not listen to reason) and a mild case of colic. By the time I got back the next morning, I didn't have the energy to be sorry for myself. During that long night I had resolved on one thing regarding the future: I would never again succumb to the temptation to indulge in scientific research. I simply couldn't afford it.

2. Fortune, Turn Thy Wheel

THE five years following my discharge from Daree Products were, in some respects, the hardest years I ever had. My hunch that my practice would go to pieces was all too correct. I had a series of tough breaks which I thought would make it impossible for me ever to make a comeback.

My dog practice, as you know, I had discouraged purposely. I had retained only those dog owners and kennel owners with whom I was friendly. I thought they were all people of character but one of them had fooled me. You really don't know a man until you see how he can take a loss. This gentleman had a kennel full of collies of which he was very proud, due to the many blue ribbons they amassed and the fancy prices they commanded. The dogs were only a hobby with him, however, and he could live perfectly well without the profits derived from them. His father had been a dentist and I thought he was somewhat sympathetic to my work. He surely was a model client until the stock market crash made him think he was poor—his income was sliced away down to something like fifteen thousand a year—and then he became a “free advice” client.

His dogs had colds and he kept calling me up about them for about ten days before he finally decided he could afford the three dollars to have me call and treat them. I found distemper. I also found him in such a state of agitation I didn't have the heart to tell him until after several of the dogs had died—including his champion. His eyes narrowed and he gave me a

nasty look but he said no more at the time. The next time his wife called she, in her most topping and superior dowager manner, informed Mary that, "proper precautions had not been taken."

Of course I had recommended the usual quarantine measures but they had not been followed for this gentleman was not in the mood to listen to me. I had also tried every day to get him to give his sick dogs heat but since they were long haired dogs, he wouldn't do it. Result: two cold snaps nearly wiped out the kennel. Those few dogs that lived were alive only because I had gone to work on them, giving them a "shot" the very first time I saw them. Yet after all had died that were going to die, their owner informed me he would not employ me any more, for it was obvious to him that I hadn't known what was the matter with his dogs and that when I did find out, I employed cheap serum and drugs which were ineffective.

The biologics and pharmaceuticals I employed on his dogs were made in the finest laboratories in the world and cost me around eighty dollars. I couldn't afford to lose it at the time but I lost the eighty dollars plus all the time I put into the case—his bill should have been around three hundred dollars but I never bothered to figure it up. That, however, was not the most serious loss. He told everywhere how I was slipping, how I had brought distemper into his kennel and wiped him out, practically speaking. Being a man of considerable influence, many people listened to him. Old Caleb Rowe, now in his nineties, was kidding me about him one day.

"Hear yore gittin' old, Ductor," his whiskers were trembling the way they always did when he was amused. "Hear yore gittin' old! Hee! Hee!"

"How's that?"

"Here tell how you killed all of So-and-so's dawgs. You ain't

the man you used to was, Ductor. Yore slippin'!" He cackled and spat. His technique of expectoration had suffered with the years for he had to wipe his mouth with the back of his hand now.

"Well," I said, "of course, most of his dogs died."

"An' them that didn't die jest happened to live. Warn't nuthin' to do with you atall?"

I laughed.

He slapped me on the back—a surprisingly hearty slap to spring from a frail and twisted ninety year old body. "Guess you kin stan' it, Son. You was here afore So-and-so ever come an' you'll be here when he's gone."

SON! And I was old enough to be a grandfather. But then, all other generations are as children to the aged.

Caleb's kidding made me feel better even though my practice continued to fall off. I had two other lousy breaks at about the same time. I could never understand one of them and the other was just one of those things . . .

The only reason I can find for Mr. Orkney Van Ochs to discharge me doesn't seem to pack an awful lot of logic. One day Mr. Orkney Van Ochs was laboring through an article in his cattle association magazine on a disease called trichomoniasis, a venereal disease of cattle, so called. "Ah!" said Mr. Orkney Van Ochs, "I believe that must be the cause of my cows' breeding difficulties. I wonder if Dr. Dinsmore knows anything about it."

For two years I had worked on the Orkney Van Ochs herd which had been riddled with Bang's disease so badly that only one cow in ten was capable of reproducing. It was a simple condition to clean up and at the time that Mr. Orkney Van Ochs read this article all his cows except one had responded to my treatment to the extent of presenting Cattedale Muggins, the

lord of the herd, with at least one calf a piece and in some cases, two. To be sure in many cases it was necessary to resort to hand breeding, which circumstance occasioned the following classic, though somewhat trite, wisecrack from Mr. Van Ochs when he happened to be witnessing the proceedings one day.

"Tell you what I'll do, Doctor, if that cow sticks!" He chuckled until his stomach vibrated like jelly.

"What will you do?" I bit obligingly.

"I'll name the calf after you! Ho! Ho!" I glanced at his waist line hoping to see his clothes split for if that wasn't a belly laugh I never saw one. "Ho! Ho! Cattledale-Dinsmore—not bad at that, eh?"

Since he was in an affable mood, I let my pet comeback fly. "Well," I said, examining my right hand, "It's appropriate enough—I sure can't deny that I had a *hand* in it!" More belly-laughs.

So, with all the pleasantries plus my success with the herd, I was quite surprised when Mr. Orkney Van Ochs' herdsman called here one day with a copy of the article and asked me if that might not be the cause of his cows' difficulties. I told him no and pointed out that my program had met with as complete success as anyone could wish. However, he would have me make a microscopic examination and so I, being somewhat of a sap, consented. I took samples from Cattledale-Muggins, who, being modest, objected considerably but whose objections were overruled, and studied them closely, putting in a whole evening on the job.

There were no trichomonads; nor was there anything to indicate trichomoniasis. So I reported the negative results to Mr. Orkney Van Ochs' herdsman who seemed considerably disappointed. So did his boss. Or he must have been for I heard later that he got his association veterinarian to make a microscopic

examination. This veterinarian was more intelligent than I. Or at any rate he had a better personality quotient. He saw that Mr. Orkney Van Ochs *wanted* his cows to have trichomoniasis so he reported that he had found an organism which looked like a trichomonad. I haven't been called to Mr. Orkney Van Ochs' herd since.

Another vet took up the work where I had left off, which rather burned me up since I had done a lot of hard and dirty work in getting the herd into shape and I was contemplating an easy job keeping it that way. Mr. Orkney Van Ochs was too much of a gentleman ever to talk about me so he did not advertise any reason for my dismissal. However, the grapevine system spread the news and it was another black eye for Dinsmore.

I couldn't kick. It was this same "grapevine system" that had built up my practice into one of the largest in the State. It's a poor system that won't work both ways! But people had changed. The rugged Yankee individualism was undermined by government propaganda—and cash. The grapevine system worked with astonishing speed, tearing down in a few years what it had built up in twenty. People were becoming sheep and following the leader. If one fellow fired me, it wasn't long before another would. For every farm I gained in those years, it seemed that I lost three.

There was only one good thing about these losses and that was that I never lost a client by subversive efforts on the part of any of my colleagues. In spite of the roaring twenties, in spite of moral changes elsewhere, veterinarians kept their high ethical standards. No advertising, no commercialism, no backbiting of a colleague, no ballyhoo. The code of the veterinarian is and was, "Let your work speak for itself." If vets continue to be the type of men such as I have worked with here in this part

of Middlesex county—Drs. Tilton, Russell, Bradley, Shaw, Bowen and Doyle—that code will stand.

Of course, many of the small farmers—those men who may not have more than three or four occasions a year to call a veterinarian—had let me go since I was no longer milk inspector. That I had expected, as you know, but I had counted on the larger herds to help me weather the storm and so these breaks I'm telling you about now hurt. And plenty.

The worst one of the bunch I blamed more on the times than on the man. It was a case illustrative of the decay of the individual conscience. It is not a typical case, for in my whole career I doubt if I have lost more than five places by this type of interference with practice.

This tough break occurred on a place where I had been veterinarian for ten years. It was owned by a prosperous business man who spared no expense to build up a fine herd of cattle. While Humphrey Stiles was herdsman everything went smoothly. He always followed advice, called me promptly if anything went wrong and was wise enough to be suspicious of his own ability to diagnose ailments. As a matter of fact, his diagnoses were eighty per cent correct which is a pretty darned good batting average for any man. But, he believed in calling a vet at the first suspicious symptom and although his vet bills may have been higher than other herdsmen with the same number of cattle, his losses were much lower. But Humphrey had saved his money and purchased a farm of his own so his boss had to get a new herdsman.

The new herdsman, Harold Nason, was a fox-faced fellow whom I disliked from the first. He was the kind of fellow who makes you instinctively hang onto your pocketbook. I don't believe this junk about first impressions but in this case it was all too correct. Before Nason got through with me, I

was pretty close to the position in which a man would have no pocketbook to hang onto.

"I hear you and Stiles got along good," he said the first time he called me. "Must be you gave him a satisfactory split, hah?"

"I don't get you," I said, playing dumb as usual. It's surprising how much you learn by playing dumb.

"Well, I see how he gave you lots of calls. Must be you gave him a pretty high percentage, hah?" He nudged me and screwed up one side of his face in a huge wink.

"If you are asking me to divide my fees with you, I've never done a thing like that and I never will."

"Why, everybody does those things. Hell, man, a salesman gets a commission for selling, why shouldn't I get a commission for throwing business your way?"

"Because I'm not a business man. I'm a professional man. No veterinarian who has any regard for his profession would ever split fees with a herdsman—or with anybody. If the veterinary profession ever stoops so low as to make a practice of bribing herdsmen to employ its members, I'll quit."

"Dr. Snacker at Hilton always used to split with me."

I had not heard of Dr. Snacker. Nor could I find his name listed anywhere, when I looked it up later. "No ethical veterinarian splits fees," I said and there the matter rested.

The next time I was called, it was to a cow which was down. He had given her salts when the paunch wasn't working. She died. The next call was for a cleaning and a "sweet" job at that—four days old.

"Thought I'd give her plenty of time to clean out herself," he explained when I asked him why he didn't call me sooner. I just nodded. Any herdsman, unless he is incredibly stupid, knows that it is not only dangerous to leave a cleaning over

forty-eight hours, but it makes three times the work for the vet. I was three hours on the job. Fortunately nothing serious happened to the cow but it was no fault of the herdsman.

Sometime after that a cow had enteritis. I left medicine and returned the next day. The medicine had not been used and the cow was dead. I hadn't seen Nason since the cleaning for he kept out of my way. I had heard plenty from him though through the grapevine system. What one man says about another in rural New England might as well be said to his face for it always gets back to the injured party. Nason was surely giving me a reputation for general incompetence.

Later all of his herd went off its feed and for the simple reason that Nason insisted on continued over-feeding, I could do nothing about it. I finally cornered him one day.

"Why don't these cows get better?" I asked.

"You ought to know—you're the vet."

"You're damned right I know. You are still grainning them too heavily."

"Got to keep up our production, you know, to make up for the cows you lost."

"Yes, but they aren't producing in this condition."

"It's up to you to make them produce. Or can't you, hah?"

"Maybe things would run more smoothly if I split fees with you?"

"Maybe they would, hah?" He screwed up the side of his face in that huge wink of his. "Maybe say a sixty-forty split, hah?"

"You won't find the next fellow any easier to bribe," I told him and left the place for good. I have never been back. Nason's boss finally became so disgusted by the apparent incompetence of veterinarians, he sold all his cattle. Nason, like practically all unscrupulous people, had lost out in the long run.

My practice fell off so much, I had time to get three square meals a day for longer stretches than ever since I started my career. I had plenty of time to sleep too but I didn't do much of that. Creditors began to haunt me.irate individuals would call Mary up and bawl her out about some overdue account which I had "neglected" to pay. The sheriff made frequent calls and we became quite chummy. Nice sheriff, he was. Decent all the way through which was more than I could say for most collectors. I used to breathe a sigh of relief when I saw him at the door, for a session with him was never unpleasant, and it meant that there'd be one less collector to make insinuating remarks to Mary about my honesty.

Now and then some bulldog from a collection agency would come to Hill Top Farm and if I wasn't there, sail into Mary about my failure to pay such and such accounts. They were always nastier to her than to me for some reason. The dire things they used to threaten were a source of amusement to both of us and it served somewhat to counteract the annoyance of their visits. When I was advised to go into bankruptcy, I refused. I had made my mistakes. I should not have sunk so many thousands in the hospital; nor should I have done so much charity work. That wasn't my creditors' fault. Bankruptcy, in my case, was just a way to get out of paying the money I owed. These bills were all legitimate, I had accepted the goods or services and it was up to me to pay for them with interest. Or at least, that's the way I looked at it.

I had lived at the scale of fifteen thousand a year for some time. I had actually been earning much more than that but charity work and bad bills cut my income much further below that figure than I had suspected. I had not realized I owed anywhere near so much; nor had I realized the seriousness of the depression. There was enough money on my books to

pay at least three quarters of my debts but it was impossible to collect it. So I faced the job of retrenching.

Expenses were pared to a minimum. Instead of buying a new car each year for fifteen or eighteen hundred dollars, I bought old Packards for a hundred or so, rebuilt them for perhaps another hundred and drove them two years. I got fourteen miles to a gallon of gas, used no oil between changes, spent practically nothing for repairs. Used or rebuilt tires sliced rubber costs twenty-five per cent.

Mary gave up having a woman help her in the house—which she should not have done as her health hadn't been any too good since her accident. But Mary is not one to regard her health too seriously. She'd be better off if she were one of these women who enjoy ill health. When she gave up having a maid, she also gave up her freedom for someone has to be in the house to answer the telephones. I suppose the young girl of today would be terribly abused if she had to stay home. Mary has often told me how the poor abused Mrs. Newlywed called her and told her how she had had to stay in the whole afternoon waiting for me to take care of her Fifi and I hadn't come. Mary would sympathize with the girl, explain that I was unavoidably delayed and thus mollify her.

Yet in those times there were months when Mary didn't ever get out of ear-shot of the telephones. In fact, since the day she married me, Mary hasn't had a vacation nor left Hill Top Farm except for three weeks in the hospital. And Mary, strange to say, does not feel abused. I haven't had a vacation either—not even a stay in the hospital—and for some reason or other, I don't feel abused. We're queer people, Mary and I.

Mary even gave up buying new clothes, which all women will agree is quite a sacrifice. She made over her old clothes

for the few occasions when she did go out. She made a spring and winter coat last her 10 years. So did her glasses. The same with me, although I had to change my glasses because I had to have keen vision for operations, but I didn't go to the dentist for nearly ten years except for an extraction or two to prevent focal infection. My teeth still look like the devil but I'm so busy now I don't get a chance to visit the dentist.

All along the line we cut expenses. One winter we even burnt wood instead of coal. It was a case of have to, for no coal dealer would trust me with the price of even one ton. One man whom I had given unlimited credit in the past instructed his driver not to deliver the coal without the cash in his hand. This rather swept me off my feet as I expected at least thirty days and I could have paid him in that time.

I remember that chill morning. I stood on the piazza watching the truck bounce over the frozen ruts of Parmenter road, carrying away the coal I had ordered from a client who had owed me sometimes for years on end. That surely looked as if I was through. Not even good for a ton of coal. A good horse doctor once, perhaps, but not worth the powder to blow him to hell now. I went into the house. Mary was cooking. She had overheard the conversation and seemed more amused than disturbed. "Well, John," she said, "we have plenty of wood." That was true enough and that was one of the main advantages in owning a farm. But Mary had too many outlets for her energy without feeding wood to that huge maw in our boiler when I wasn't there to do it.

But there was another side to the picture, a much more optimistic side. Some of my old clients of the horse and buggy and flivver days still stood by me and had me when anything went wrong with their animals—which wasn't often enough to allow me to make much progress in paying my debts. These

people hadn't changed. They and their kind are the backbone of New England, yes, and of the nation. They can stand prosperity and they can stand poverty. They have known both and taken both in stride.

In these days, old Caleb Rowe, Jeb Dobbin and others always had something for me to take home. Sometimes it was a bushel of apples, or a dozen eggs, or, if I looked a bit hungry, perhaps a couple of broilers. "Hed so much chicken lately, Ductor, I kant look one of them in the face!" Caleb would say. "Mebbe you kin help me git rid of them." With that, the old man would capture a couple of the plumpest broilers from his flock, stick them in a burlap bag and chuck them in my car. As in the good old days, I was never permitted to make any deductions from my charges for these favors.

That is, I wasn't supposed to but I often "got even." My neighbors were much the same as they had been when there was sickness in the family. Oftentimes they'd come here with choice fruits or vegetables and the women would arm themselves with jellies and jams. Nothing seemed too good for us. Not by any word or deed did any of these people hint that the food was any more than a complimentary gift, but of course I knew they understood what I was trying to do. They were doing their best to help without hurting my pride. Believe me, the food was more than welcome for the savings helped pay a lot of interest.

More important than the actual things given to me was the spirit in which it was given. It boosted my morale to see that at least some people had not changed their philosophy of life in the roaring twenties. And many of those who changed were sobered by the depression. An empty pocketbook will wipe out a smirk quicker than anything I know of. So in spite of the collectors and the refusals of credit, Mary and I

were not wholly unhappy. There were plenty of people in the same financial boat with us. And there was plenty of room in the boat for others. I even began to feel that perhaps the depression was one of the main reasons my practice had fallen off rather than the tough breaks I had had. Every vet and physician have breaks like that, and in good times they make little difference in the volume of his practice for people are always changing their doctors anyhow. But in bad times, few people want to take a chance on anyone about whom they have heard anything adverse.

It's in times like these that a young professional man can best build up his practice for he will most likely not have tough breaks right at the outset so he enjoys an advantage over the old-timers in that respect. People who owe their vet or physician will often call a new man rather than ask their old doctor for additional credit. This may or may not be a break for the new man but it seems a little unfair to the old-timer. Of course, people are ashamed of themselves and don't want to face him but every old-timer is willing to give additional credit to anyone who is really trying to pay his bills. But if the clients spend their money on beauty parlors and automobiles rather than pay their bills, the old-timer is glad to get rid of them and as for the young man—well, he gets the experience.

For nearly three years my practice dragged along at a low ebb. I reversed my policy on dogs and encouraged every new dog client hoping that I would find a few like my old standbys. I did, too. I did not reopen the hospital and was glad it was not necessary. Clients were more willing to listen to me and more of them seemed to have a genuine interest and affection for their dogs. At least, they nursed them in person and were glad not to take them to a hospital. Now and then I boarded a dog as an accommodation for an old client and the few dollars

extra I made a month helped us over some pretty rough spots. I began to feel I could hang on indefinitely. I had no more exceptionally tough breaks—just the usual run of the mill kind like being unable to save a cow's quarter when infected with mastitis—and my work seemed satisfactory to my clients. Then one day Fortune turned her wheel completely.

It was October and unseasonably warm. I had been working around Hill Top Farm in the afternoon and found it so hot I was tempted to shed my shirt. There were no calls and hadn't been any since morning, so I was just killing time as best I could. Along about seven o'clock, the Marlborough phone rang. I answered.

"Is Doctor Dinsmore there?" I hadn't heard a masculine voice so charged with excitement for months.

"This is the Doctor."

"Oh, Doctor, this is Albert E. Bottomley of Hill-and-Hollow farm in Sudbury. All my cows are down and I can't get a vet anywhere. Do you want to tackle the job?"

Well, that was telling me quick enough that I was only Jack-at-the-pinch and I was grateful to Albert E. for at least being frank about it. I had worked for him in the past and had always been fairly lucky with his herd. He fired me though as a result of stories he had heard about my incompetence. He reasoned that it was better to get rid of me before I pulled any boners on his herd rather than to wait until after I had.

Needless to say I tackled his sick cows with alacrity. Mr. Bottomley was upset when I arrived.

"Doctor, one of them is dead already. God, looks as though I'm going to lose the whole herd!" Mr. Bottomley was a gentleman farmer, fortyish with black hair peppered with grey and at the present moment a cowlick standing up impertinently and

adding a ridiculous note, considering the panic of the owner.

I hurried into the barn. The odor of almonds hit my nostrils—yes, that identical odor which pervades so many mystery novels. I didn't even look at the cows when I smelt that. I wheeled and raced back to the car.

"Hell, Doctor—you gone crazy?" Bottomley wanted to know.

"Hope not." I handed him my intravenous outfit. "Hang onto that."

"But what—?"

"No time to talk now." I had caught up a cattle-leader and a bottle of a new solution I had recently purchased for just such an emergency.

If you read mystery novels you know already what was wrong with the cows. Prussic acid poisoning. Yes, the dread hydrocyanide. For the next hour Bottomley, his hired man, and I worked like madmen. I was thankful that there were only fourteen cows. But every one of those fourteen was very sick. Down, stretched out almost as badly as the dead cow, their respiration slow, their pulse slow, their membranes blue. The thin stream of blood flowing through the needle of my injector outfit looked like prune juice, but believe me I didn't waste any time looking at it. I shot the attachment in place almost as quickly as the needle found the jugular and the injection began.

This new solution sure was an improvement over our old methods of treatment of prussic acid poisoning. We used to have considerable losses from hydrocyanide but the solution has checked them. That day, however, luck was with me, for I didn't lose a single one of those cows. That was as unusual good luck as the bad luck I had had was exceptional. I thought sure I'd lose at least some of them because one had died before I got

there. But that one I found later was in poor shape anyhow while the others were in the pink. The solution was all they needed to relieve the distressing symptoms and after that it was merely a matter of diet.

The prussic acid poisoning, by the way, came from some silage which had heated and spoiled and heated again in the stomach, developing the hydrocyanide in the process. I told Mr. Bottomley and his hired man never to feed anything which had been left in a heap and spoiled—millet if left even a few days will often heat and spoil everything near it. The odor of almonds which I had noticed came from the cows' breaths—it's one of the few types of bovine halitosis which the vet really fears. I've seen many cases of prussic acid poisoning though where the odor of almonds would not be noticeable, but when you get a whiff of it as soon as you get near a herd that is flattened out, you can be sure of your diagnosis without further examination.

"How much do I owe you, Doc?" Bottomley wanted to know when the last cow was out of danger.

"Oh, call it ten dollars." I had worked several hours and didn't think the charge exorbitant.

"Ten dollars!" Bottomley extracted a bill from his wallet, and handed it to me. "Good Lord, Doc, how do you ever expect to make a living?"

I didn't know whether he was being sarcastic or not. Ten dollars was a lot of money in the depression. "What do you mean?"

"Well, those fourteen cows are pretty fine stock—every mother's daughter of them—I wouldn't part with them for twenty-five hundred dollars. You save me twenty-five hundred dollars and only demand ten. It's nowhere near enough."

"Listen, I didn't save those cows. It was this bottle—and

luck!" I was glad he didn't regard the charge as too high anyhow.

"Believe me, luck or no luck, people will hear about this."

I guess they did too for it wasn't long after that that many of my old clients started calling me again. There were some new ones too. Luck continued good.

Once, soon after that, I had to do considerable sewing in a case of eversion of the uterus in a cow, and the fact that I used a champagne bottle with a stick tied in the neck to straighten out the wrinkles in the womb (and thus prevent straining) attracted a lot of attention. I left the bottle in the womb with a string tied around it and hanging outside. The farmer thought this the height of surgical acumen, showing it to all his friends. He had quite an audience when the hour came for him to grasp the string and pull the bottle out.

By the way, young vets would call this crude and sloppy but it is just as effective as the use of a spinal and, if anything, a bit more so. When the cow gets over the effect of the spinal, the spasms often start up again but they don't do that with a champagne bottle. This case happened to be an unusually difficult eversion. The farmer appreciated the extreme gravity of the case and naturally was delighted at the successful conclusion. So, he gave me a lot of favorable publicity. I had a good many other lucky breaks which more than balanced the tough breaks I had had, and by 1938 I was enjoying a greatly enhanced reputation.

So Fortune had turned her wheel again. "Dinsmore," people would say when asked about a vet, "is all right." But what about those boners he pulled some years ago. "Them? Heck, I guess if the truth was known the boners was on the part of the owners and not Doc Dinsmore's fault. People shoot off their chins too much in this part of the country. An' they shoot

them off 'bout things which they don't know nothin' about. How about—? (Here one of my colleagues would be named.) Why I wouldn't have that blankety-blank son of a so-and-so to a sick caterpillar. Know what he done? Well, I'll tell you . . ." And thus the grapevine system will go to work on my poor colleague. He'll survive it though, as I survived it, and like me, he'll find himself with far too much to do when Fortune again turns her wheel.

3. *Sleeping Sickness*

IT was mid-summer of 1938, a Monday morning if I remember correctly. The Framingham phone rang. It was one of my Millis clients.

"Say, Doc, how about those horses that are dying on the Cape? Is that stuff catching, like they say?"

Rumor had it that upwards of forty horses had died on the Cape. Rumor had it, further, that race horses in the finest stables in the eastern part of the State were dying from some mysterious disease which vets could do nothing about. And rumor had a whole lot more to say, enough, in fact, to bring about a panic among horse owners.

"It certainly looks contagious," I replied, "but it's hardly anything to get alarmed about." I figured that most of the sick horses had recently come from the West and that they were perhaps afflicted with the flu or with sleeping sickness, with which eastern vets had had no experience. So I hadn't thought an awful lot about it.

"Yeah, but I think the world of old Jim. Don't want to lose him, Doc, if I can help it. How about inoculating him?"

"Well, if it's sleeping sickness, we do have a vaccine but it's new and I haven't had any experience with it. Your horse hasn't been exposed. The nearest case is a good many miles away, so why not wait awhile until we see what develops?"

I was so busy I didn't want to waste a lot of time vaccinating horses unless it were absolutely necessary. I was getting to the

age where working eighteen hours a day tired me somewhat so I didn't feel as alert as I should. I wanted to shorten my working day to around twelve hours and I knew what a small chance there would be of that if I started vaccinating horses. But I felt, when my Millis client finally hung up, that his inability to convince me to vaccinate his horse was a keen disappointment to him. Knowing people a little bit better than when I started practicing I felt sure some of my clients would call and *order* me to vaccinate. This Millis client was an unusually calm individual—but many of my other clients were not. I was sure I wouldn't be able to talk them out of it.

About five minutes later the Marlborough phone rang. "Doctor Dinsmore, I want you to come and vaccinate my horses immediately." It was Mathilda Sawin, upon whose Putsy I had performed a Caesarian some years before. Remember? Mathilda had retired now and had "come in" to considerable money in addition to the tidy sum she had saved from her teaching job. She had bought two saddle horses for a niece and nephew who lived with her. I guess they were grand-niece and grand-nephew to be exact.

"What do you want me to vaccinate them against?"

I must have sounded asleep at the switch. "Why you know there's an outbreak of sleeping sickness, don't you?"

"I've heard rumors."

"This morning's paper confirms them and the head of the Division of Livestock Disease Control has ordered all horses vaccinated."

I hadn't seen the paper nor received any official notice from the Division. In cases like that, though, it isn't necessary for the Division to notify vets for horse lovers, already panicky, get in touch with their horse doctors quickly enough. Too quickly, in fact.

"I haven't any vaccine right now but I'll be up as soon as I can get some, Miss Sawin."

"But Doctor, hadn't you better rush? Horses are dropping dead with it."

I scratched my head both literally and figuratively. I didn't want Mathilda to get the idea I was slipping so I wanted to say something intelligent. But I had had no experience with sleeping sickness and knew very little about the disease. The only reason I knew there was a new vaccine (the old type had not been effective) was an article about it in a veterinary magazine. Finally I caught an idea which seemed good.

"I wouldn't be alarmed, Miss Sawin. After all, Marlborough is high and dry. There aren't half the mosquitoes that are on the Cape and in southeastern Massachusetts. And it's the mosquitoes that carry the disease. The likelihood of a mosquito flying from the Cape to Marlborough is pretty remote. And the possibility that such a mosquito would pick out your horses of all the horses in Marlborough is equally remote."

She hung up seemingly satisfied with my analysis of the situation—more satisfied, in fact, than I was. I found out a little later that Harrie Peirce, on the job as usual, had had the diagnosis of vets on the cases checked in the laboratory. This was not easy to do and accounted for the delay in obtaining a positive diagnosis. You see, it is necessary to procure the brain of a horse that has died from the disease within a half hour after death occurs. Many of the horses died in pasture during the night or they died when no vet was available to extract the brain. Degenerative processes set in after a half hour unless the brain is removed and preserved. Once these processes set in, it is difficult to determine conclusively if death was due to encephalomyelitis—sleeping sickness.

A few minutes after Mathilda called the Framingham and Marlborough phones rang simultaneously. I was glad we had taken out the Sudbury phone—a duet was bad enough but a threesome would have been the last straw. As it was, that day the phone rang so many times I finally had to leave the house and let them ring or I'd have never made any calls.

This time the Marlborough call was just another request for vaccination but the Framingham call brought up a new point. It was Mrs. Walter Wells, one of my best clients. Her manner is so courteous and unusual I'll write down the whole conversation.

"Good morning, Dr. Dinsmore. This is Mrs. Wells."

"Good morning, Mrs. Wells." She's so polite it's contagious.

"How are you all?"

"Quite well, thank you. And you?"

"Fine. I hope Alfred didn't suffer any permanent ill effects from his fight with the boar." She always enquires by name for everyone who has been ill.

"None at all. His hand is all healed up now." The only ill effect he suffered was the inability to sit down for a few days. This, however, was not due directly to the boar but to a generous shot of tetanus antitoxin in the place where it does the most good.

"Doctor, I wanted to talk to you about encephalomyelitis." She did well, pronouncing the word correctly which is more than some vets and physicians can do. "I have heard that it is transmissible to man. Do you credit this rumor?"

I hadn't heard that story. I knew that encephalitis in people was somewhat similar to sleeping sickness in the horse. Equine encephalomyelitis by the way is like a combination of the human sleeping sickness and infantile paralysis. I didn't want people to get the idea they were in danger. It was bad enough

for us vets to have to answer so many telephone calls without the physicians having to do likewise.

"I haven't heard anything definite about it. There are some cases which are now being investigated which are suspiciously like it, and that may be where the story originated; but my personal opinion is that if the disease is transmissible, there will be few cases of it. No epidemic or anything even approaching an epidemic."

"Thank you ever so much, Doctor. I'm relieved to hear your opinion. Now, you are planning to vaccinate soon, I presume?"

"Yes, I am." A half hour before I had planned not to but when I heard that the Division was ordering vaccination, there was no question in my mind that we were threatened with an epidemic among the horses.

"Then you'll be over in the next few days?"

"I certainly will." As a matter of fact, I went to Mrs. Wells the next day—as soon as I got the vaccine. You feel like putting yourself out for people like her.

My reason for telling Mrs. Wells that if the disease happened to be transmissible there would still be no epidemic among humans was based on my assumption that the vaccine would work, build up an immunity in healthy horses and thus stamp out the disease. This assumption proved correct. However, although I had no scientific basis for the notion, I believed that the disease was not transmissible. It had been experienced in the west for several years and I had not heard of any cases of transmission. Why should it suddenly develop into a menace to the *genus homo*?

This opinion of mine was incorrect. It was demonstrated conclusively a few months later that the disease was actually transmissible to humans and further, that it was fatal in a large percentage of the cases. Physicians have no serum with which

to fight the disease. They are helpless to cure it and can only give palliative measures. The vets stepped into the gap with the new chick embryo vaccine and stamped out the disease at its source.

Right here I'm tempted to brag even more than I have elsewhere in this book about my profession. Here was a disease that could decimate a population. It could kill and maim with the effectiveness of a first class war. It could easily have been a plague comparable to any in history. People had no more defense against it than our Atlantic coast has when our fleet is involved in the Pacific. But our medical profession had an ace in the hole just as our navy has an ace in the hole (we hope!).

The ace was the veterinary profession. The M.D.'s couldn't wait for the enemy to assault the human race. They never should wait for it, if it can be avoided. But this time they couldn't, because, as I have said, they had no defense against the disease. We horse doctors, however, made up a mosquito fleet which sped out and met the enemy and licked him almost before he could strike a blow, just as in the event of an invasion of our Atlantic shores our navy would swarm the sea with a mosquito fleet and consign a goodly portion of the enemy's ships to Davy Jones' locker.

We thought, at first, that all we were doing was saving horses, but soon we realized that for every horse we vaccinated we were probably saving not only the horse but several human lives. But we did it quietly, with no fanfare whatsoever. As usual, we hid our light under a bushel, many of us not realizing that the time was at hand to strike for recognition of the vital service our profession performs. What we needed was a good press agent. A lot of us, however, didn't give a hoot about recognition and many of us felt that eventually, as in our in-

dividual cases, our work would speak for itself. This latter idea seems to be sound, too, for today the term "Horse Doctor" no longer is one of derision although the fact still remains that relatively few people realize the importance of the veterinarian.

The next few weeks were a nightmare. I never want to go through anything like it again. The summer of 1938 here in Massachusetts was almost tropical. The heat was intolerable and the relative humidity so high your clothes were damp when you put them on in the morning and they clung to you all day. We had a mosquito and insect plague such as we had never before experienced. Mosquitoes swarmed about every living creature like bees around their queen. Tiny black ones penetrated screens and fed on man and beast alike while he slept—or tried to sleep. No wonder an epidemic of encephalo had started! While it hasn't been proved conclusively that the mosquito is the carrier of the disease, we are sure it is some blood-sucking insect. No one as yet has captured any blood-sucking insect which showed evidence of carrying the disease but such an insect would be very difficult to obtain.

A layman asked me why we vets didn't capture one of the mosquitoes we found biting horses infected with encephalo and then send it to the laboratory for analysis. That would be a good idea if it would work but it won't work. The reason it won't work is that such a mosquito could not be a carrier because the blood of a horse already down with encephalo would contain so many anti-bodies that it could not possibly spread the disease. If anything, it would act as an inoculation against it. In order to spread the disease a mosquito would have to bite a horse just coming down with it—before the anti-bodies in the blood had started to develop. A horse in that condition would not reveal any visible symptoms of encephalo. Lab-

oratories are, of course, working on this problem now but it is not a point of very great importance since the chick vaccine provides an effective preventive.

So the weather conspired with the insects to start the epidemic and we vets were faced with the job of inoculating all the horses of our clients promptly. It was some job. I found I had some three hundred horses scattered over an area of nearly two hundred square miles. The weather being what it was, most people—except of course myself—were short tempered. They couldn't see why I couldn't do their horses at once. It didn't take but a minute to jab a horse, why didn't I hurry things up a bit? What was I doing all the time anyway? After two weeks went by and I still hadn't contacted all the horse owners, Mary was pestered from morning until night. Some even called at midnight to be nasty. They generally got Mary up, for I was usually out working on a cow or a horse with the belly ache. Then she'd have a midnight harangue to listen to. Not very entertaining.

After the first two weeks things were even worse. The horses had to have two separate shots spaced a week to two weeks apart. Some horse owners were confused, believing that the second shot should be given punctually one week after the first. Then Mary had even more telephone calls. Every time the phone rang she expected to get a bawling out and when anyone like Mrs. Wells called up, and inquired for everyone's health, Mary hardly knew what to say. Nine times out of ten, though, she had to explain that any time after one week and within two weeks was perfectly all right for the second vaccination.

About four times out of ten they wouldn't believe her and insisted on telling her to have me call them. I did call them once or twice but my time was so limited I soon gave it up.

Usually when I finally showed up everyone was civil enough unless someone made a crack about my being a little slow which was enough to make me explode. I think I bit more people's heads off (figuratively speaking, please) in those days than in my whole career. I remember one teacher of equitation who got the surprise of her young life. I was vaccinating horses in the stable when a very wealthy family drove up. Their children were pupils of hers. They were nice children and I guess they were nice people but the sight of people loafing when I had to work like a dog infested with fleas, in weather which would wilt a desert cactus, gave me a pain in the neck. Their conversation was more of a pain:

Wealthy Mother: "Dreadfully hot, my deah, isn't it?" (As if we didn't know it.) "Why I'm definitely just melted." (Too bad she wasn't literally, I thought, as I wrestled with a big black hunter and felt the sweat pour off me, leaving me as weak as if I were losing my life-blood.)

The equestrienne: "It is definitely the warmest day all summer, Mrs. MacAster. Definitely." (Why the hell was everyone saying "definitely" all the time? A thing either was or it wasn't; it is or it isn't; it's hotter than hell yes, but not definitely. I jab the hunter the way I'd like to jab Mrs. MacAster.)

Wealthy Father: "Why that's the veterinarian inoculating the horses. Look, Will-yum, isn't that interesting?" (Any dope that calls his son Will-yum is a sap! Why are all these guys with money so damned affected? I've reloaded the syringe by that time and am ready for the thoroughbred which happens to be next.)

Will-yum: "What is a vegetarian?"

Wealthy Father: "Ho-ho-ho, har. Now isn't that cute, Alicia? Vegetarian. Ho-ho-ho, har." (Cute my eye, it's so old it's got a beard like Rip van Winkle!) "Say 'veterinarian' Willyum."

Will-yum: "But what *is* a veteran?" (The thoroughbred has been led out onto the floor. I apply the alcohol generously to his neck.)

Wealthy Father: "Ho-ho-ho, har. 'Veteran' now isn't that just as cute, Alicia?"

Wealthy Mother: "Oh but definitely. Hee-hee. But definitely!" (Why the hell can't they keep their asinine mouths shut? Oops, spilled some alcohol. I let it run up my arm. Cooling, you know.)

Wealthy Father: "He spilled some of his stuff, Will-yum. Now that isn't efficient. If you're going to grow up to be a big manufacturer like your Daddy, you won't let anything so inefficient happen. You'll devise ways and means to prevent all unnecessary waste." (Nuts! If you damned business men weren't so preoccupied with piddling wastes, piddling associations and piddling details in general, you wouldn't be led around by the nose by labor and government and other organizations. P. S. Besides, who bought the alcohol?)

Wealthy Mother: "Oh look, children, he's going to stick the syringe in the horse's neck. Just like the doctor does on us!"

Will-yum: "But the doctor never stuck the syringe in *my* neck."

Will-yum's Sister: "Tee-hee-hee. No, he stuck it in your bum!" Even in my sour mood I thought that was funny enough to laugh at. Evidently another case of threatened tetanus.

After the laughter had subsided, Wealthy Mother: "This inoculation isn't going to interfere with the riding lesson?" (What of it if it did?)

Equestrienne: "Oh no, Mrs. MacAster, definitely not." (Definitely!)

Wealthy Mother: "Well, I have an appointment with the hairdresser and unless the lesson can be carried out on schedule,

I shall be late for my appointment." (A break for the hairdresser!)

Equestrienne: "I'm sure Dr. Dinsmore will be willing to wait for you, Mrs. MacAster."

"The hell he will!" Yes, that was I, exploding. I'm no gentleman. The poor riding teacher flushed to the roots of her hair. The MacAster patronage probably meant a lot to her but then, I didn't give a damn. I wasn't going to let Jim, the stable boy who was helping me with the horses, take time out to saddle up for the lesson just for a spoiled brat of a woman who probably never had any discipline in her life. There were still fifteen horses in that stable left to vaccinate.

MacAster looked at me. "Ho-ho-ho, har!" Then he peered at me. His wife glowered down her nose at me as if I smelt (which no doubt I did). The MacAster children gazed at me with mingled fear and awe, probably because they had never heard anybody speak that way in the presence of their parents and they feared for the results.

"I have a hundred and fifty more horses to vaccinate. Every minute of my time is precious. My time is money. It's not to be wasted. I won't tolerate inefficiency in that respect." I glared at my uncomfortable audience and then turned my back and went back to work on the thoroughbred.

That little speech of mine rather knocked the wind out of the MacAsters and the equestrienne. After all, I surely didn't look the part. I looked like an ordinary bum. My face was pinched and grey and peppered with a two day stubble of beard. Eyes were sunken in hollows as if I hadn't slept for weeks (which was almost the truth). My hair was even longer than usual sticking out under the limp brim of my hat at the back of my head like a bustle. My brown jumper was rumpled and worn, my pants frayed at the bottom and my shoes looked

as if they had never been polished. To have such a creature rear up and strike back deflated the MacAsters considerably. In fact, they started an appeasement policy.

I could feel their eyes watching me as I vaccinated the thoroughbred. He was a nice horse to handle, a perfect specimen for grandstanding. I caught up the loose skin on his neck where I had applied the alcohol, inserted the needle of the syringe with my right hand and then pushed the plunger slowly while gradually describing a half moon with the syringe so that all the vaccine was spread so evenly under the skin you couldn't see the least trace of it. I then withdrew the syringe with a grandstand flourish.

Wealthy Father: "Remarkable, Alicia, isn't it? Look at all the stuff he put in and you can't see a trace of it. Remarkable!" (Nuts to you, old boy. You can't make friends with me that way—I'm not one of your factory employees whom you flatter into doing a good job.)

Wealthy Mother: "Oh, but definitely. Definitely." (Why doesn't she learn another word?)

Horse Doctor (while refilling syringe): "One gets used to it after using vaccine therapy a few million times."

Wealthy Kids (both): "When do we go to ride?"

Wealthy Mother: "Sh-h, sh! Can't you see the men are busy?"

Horse Doctor: "You can have your riding lesson provided that you don't heat these horses up. You can walk them but that is all." I meant that too. While most people worked their horses right after vaccination, it is not the ideal way to do it. The horse should be rested and kept cool.

Wealthy Father: "Thank you, Doctor. We'll see that the little beggars treat their steeds with respect." (Curtain).

None of us vets blamed the horse owners for getting panic stricken. We were fighting the eastern form of encephalomye-

litis which is a good five times as fatal as the western form. I don't yet understand why the western form never crosses the Appalachians to the east, or the eastern form journey westward across that same range, although the horses are shuttled back and forth constantly. Occasionally we do see a few cases of western encephalo here, but it is always in horses which have recently been imported from the west. As far as I know there have never been any cases of western encephalo in horses which have spent their lives east of the Appalachians nor have there been any cases of the eastern form in horses which are natives of the western side of that range. A mystery. Your guess is probably as good as mine and perhaps even a little better. I think it may be due to some subtle difference in the "bug" but since the disease is due to a filterable virus, this could not be determined microscopically. It may also be due to some subtle difference in the blood of the horses, perhaps caused by some variation in the feed, rendering the virus much more virulent in the east than in the west.

As the weeks went by, the cases of encephalo crept nearer my territory, sneaking along the river banks and attacking horses pastured there. Wild rumors went about that thousands of horses were dying in Massachusetts but since there are only twenty-five to thirty thousand horses in the State, the rumors were hardly credible. By actual count, our losses were slightly under three hundred. Of the eastern and western cases combined, however, there were almost 185,000 reported to the United States Bureau of Animal Industry and these were scattered over thirty-nine of our states.

That surely was a challenge to the veterinary profession and to the laboratories. The latter did a swell job supplying us with vaccine, and we outdid ourselves using that vaccine. In 1939 there were only 8000 cases reported, which seems to indicate

that the vaccine was effective. As a matter of fact, we probably would have had more cases in '39 but it was an exceptionally dry season throughout the nation and consequently there were much fewer insects. Then too, in the western form of the disease, animals which had been exposed to it would be likely to be immune. Nevertheless, the vaccine and we vets were probably the chief contributing agents to the conquest of the disease. Pat us on the back.

I had only two cases of encephalo and unfortunately both of them were so far advanced I could do nothing for them. One horse was down when I got there and the other went down just after I arrived. When they are down with eastern encephalo, my opinion is that the prognosis is so unfavorable that the owner should save his money rather than spend it on serum. Even if the horse should recover after the disease is so far advanced, he is liable to be useless, due to the invasion of nerve centers. He may become an equine imbecile or a cripple. Of course, catch it early enough and we vets can save a large percentage of the cases.

I threatened day after day to plug the telephones so Mary, at least, could have a bit of rest from the constant strain of handling worried clients. Fortunately I didn't have many emergency calls or I'd have been even slower in attending to the horses. But weeks slipped by, each week seeming more of a nightmare than the last. The fingers and thumb of my right hand became calloused and sore from the constant use of the syringe. I was so weary I could hardly speak intelligibly. I prayed for something to happen, anything to happen to give me a rest, even if I broke a leg. Then something did happen. The hurricane of 1938.

I remember that day—who doesn't? I was heading for Northboro. So tired and numb both mentally and physically

was I that I hadn't noticed the sultry clouds and the rising fury of the wind. Somehow I couldn't seem to control the car without a great effort. It threw me to one side of the road and then to the other. Surely the trouble must be with me. Never had the wind done a thing like that. But I was so dumb it took the crash of a maple ahead of me to tell me that it was indeed a hurricane.

I turned around and picked my way home amid the mounting piles of debris. Believe it or not I took a temporary pleasure in the sight of broken telephone lines and cables. I'd have at least a few nights' rest without having one ear open for the telephone. A few days later a neighbor, whose phone happened to be in order, arranged to take my Framingham calls. My neighbors are like that—always helping. It was several weeks before service was restored completely at Hill Top Farm and by that time I had had all the rest I needed. The epidemic of encephalo was over, the vaccinating completed. The events of those hectic weeks retired into the dim recesses of memory reserved for those things which we prefer to forget.

4. Unusual Cases

EVERY horse doctor would go mad eventually if all his work consisted of the usual round of colic, cleanings, check-ups, and vaccinations. Let that keep up many weeks and he'll feel like a newspaper editor when no news is breaking. Except he may be even more cantankerous. I have always been fortunate in having plenty of variety in my daily grind and one or two of my cases have been so unusual that they are worth recording either for their human interest or scientific values—or both.

The first case that comes to my mind is such a good joke on me I can't resist telling it. That it was put over by Jeb Dobbin's son, Ezekiel, seems to indicate that there has been little change in Yankee character in the last thirty years. You remember Jeb, his "poor" mouth and his ability to trade advantageously to himself. Well, Jeb retired a few years ago and Zeke took over the place.

Zeke is a tall, spare Yank like his father. There is an air of leanness and frugality about him which always makes me think of Canadian bacon every time I see him. Noting some years ago that there wasn't near the opportunity in ordinary farming that there was in fur farming, Zeke decided to raise silver foxes.

Everything went well when he had only a few foxes and they were all more or less pets, but one year he had exceptional luck with his breeding and was enabled to expand his plant

to something like two hundred and fifty. Naturally he couldn't give the whole two hundred fifty the individual attention he had given his small pack so they were not tamed nearly so much as their fathers and mothers. In fact, their atavistic instincts got the better of them many times. Fights broke out between the dog foxes, fights which resulted in many a torn hide and consequent depreciation in value.

Zeke had the bad habit of handling his pet foxes with his bare hands, catching them by the tail, lifting them bodily, and running the hand down the spine to the back of the neck. If they objected all he had to do was stretch them out and they could snap and wave their claws in the air all they wanted to without harming him. Usually they didn't object but rather enjoyed his attentions. However, when their kits started to grow up it was a different proposition. He started to pick up one of them to examine the injuries after a fight and found himself the recipient of an attack by a black ball of fury which used teeth and claw with all the effectiveness of his wild brethren. When Zeke managed to beat a retreat, one of his arms was badly mangled. After a trip to his physician, he drove in the yard at Hill Top Farm. I happened to be at home.

"Look at that arm, Doc." It was swathed in bandages from the elbow down.

"It's a nice job of bandaging."

"Nice—yeah. And the doc burnt it out with nitric acid or something." Instead of saying it hurt like hell as most anyone but a Yankee farmer would say, he grumbled about the price. "Cost me two bucks. Ain't much profit in that, is there Doc?" I guess the Yankee farmer's pain centers are not located in his nervous system but rather in his pocketbook. And that, if you understand the problem of the Yankee farmer at all, is exactly what he must think of every minute today, if he is to survive.

I finally got the story out of him and he wanted to know what to do that would be cheap and yet effective. "How about cutting down those teeth?" I suggested. "Without fangs they won't be able to tear each other so indiscriminately."

"Say, that's an idea too. But wouldn't it take a lot of time. Cost quite a penny?"

"We could cut down on the time if we had a dental outfit. Of course, we'd have to give them an anesthetic but that wouldn't take long."

"Don't know where you could borrow a dental outfit?"

"No. But I can scout around and probably buy one cheap."

"Why don't you do that, Doc? You could use it on dogs—they must have a lot of trouble with their teeth—after you got through with the foxes."

If I'd known what he was thinking I wouldn't have bought the outfit. I picked up a fairly good one, for thirty or thirty-five dollars, if I remember correctly and early one morning arrived at Zeke's ready to work.

He captured one of his most recalcitrant beasts—using tongs about the neck rather than his bare hands—and I applied the anesthetic. That fox had almost as much B.O. as a skunk on the warpath. It's a pungent cloying stench that makes your head ache if you aren't used to it. However, I went to work, cutting away merrily and soon had disarmed the creature of his most effective natural weapon. I then did another, and a third. After that Zeke didn't bring in any more. "How much do I owe you, Doc?" he wanted to know.

"Tell you better when we finish. I'll have to see how long it takes."

"We're all through now, Doc. I just wanted to learn how you did it—I can finish them now myself okay."

You could have knocked me over with a microbe. "Well for

the love of . . .” Then I began to laugh. “‘Like father like son,’” I quoted, remembering Nathaniel and the mud puddles.

He grinned rather sheepishly. “Don’t want you to think I’m putting over anything on you, Doc. You’ll get plenty of chances to use your outfit on dogs.” That was the way he soothed his conscience I suppose. “Just happened to pick up an outfit for myself the other day. Cheap, too.”

As a matter of fact I have never used the dental outfit since. It’s for sale. Cheap, too. In spite of what seemed to be a dirty trick, I was not angry. I like Zeke. Outside of the fact that he lacks their keen sense of justice, he is representative of the Yankee farmers of today. We need men like him to sharpen our wits.

I remember one day I was bored stiff with my work. I had had several cases of pneumonia in cows, colic, and now I was doing a cleaning. You can imagine my mood after all that prosaic work. Just as I finished the cleaning, I was called to the telephone. “Mrs. Wales has a cat with a pin in his neck,” Mary told me. Welcome news. Something different for a change. I didn’t waste any time getting to the Wales’ residence where I found the lady of the house holding a very frightened and pain wracked kitten. He was about half grown. He crouched in her lap and gagged, shutting his eyes against the pain. An examination revealed what felt like a pin or needle point directly under the skin at the side of the neck.

“It’s a case for surgery, Mrs. Wales.”

It was in the days when kitchen surgery was quite usual and Mrs. Wales was not at all surprised. In fact, she made an excellent nurse. I had no trouble getting things ready as I had spayed one of her bitches on the kitchen table some years before and she had assisted at the operation. Soon the kitten was

inhaling ether from a cone improvised out of a few sheets of newspaper and some cheese cloth. It didn't take many whiffs to put her under. I always like to use ether as an anesthetic, by the way, for it gives more complete relaxation than any local anesthetic. It is safe enough if the anesthetist is careful.

I made a small incision in the skin near the point of the object and was able to catch hold of it with a pair of forceps. I pulled. It was wedged into the throat with unbelievable force but I managed to work it out far enough so I could catch hold of it. First I thought it was a pin, then a needle but after three inches of steel was showing, I suspected a hat pin. But why a kitten should attempt to ingest a hat pin I couldn't understand.

"But Doctor, how can you ever get it out that way? Why don't you cut right into the neck? If that's a hat pin, there'll be a big bulb in the end and you'll have to make the opening big enough to let it pass anyhow."

I smiled, my Cheshire cat variety of smile. You know, the superior male, the I-know-what-I'm-doing smile. "I won't have to make any incision in the throat," I said and let Mrs. Wales wonder. She knew me pretty well so she didn't have anything further to say.

The kitten started to tense up on me then so I had to wait a moment until Mrs. Wales soaked a bit more ether to it. Then I caught hold of the offending pin and worked it out further and further. "Heavens!" gasped Mrs. Wales. "Heavens! The pin is as long as the cat!"

Well, it wasn't quite that long. The kitty was probably about eleven inches in length and I had all of six inches of hat pin protruding from the side of his throat. I felt the nob on the end, judging its size by working the pin back and forth. It would have been funny if I had had to make an incision after my

boast. But I didn't have to. I worked it gently until its direction was reversed and then shoved it out through the kitten's mouth.

"Why how clever, Doctor." Mrs. Wales clasped her hands together. "I never in my life saw anything like that."

I had made a friend for life.

One of the most difficult operations I have ever had to perform was my own fault. I had spayed Gretchen, a sleek German shepherd. After the stitches had been in five days, I decided to snip them out and take her home. The wound had healed perfectly with nothing but a few drops of serum oozing from the points where the stitches had been inserted. That is perfectly natural. I left Gretchen in her cage for about a half hour while I ate some lunch. Returning, I was shocked to hear her whimpering. I rushed in.

She stood up, or tried to, but her insides didn't stand up with her. They were in a heap on the floor of the cage. "Easy Gretchen, easy," I said and kept talking to her until I got the door of the cage open. I managed to get her to lie on her side. On the iron floor of the cage were newspapers which are very convenient in case a dog should have an "accident." Gretchen's viscera, a throbbing red with congestion and inflammation were spilled out all over these dirty newspapers. But as far as I could see there was no break or tear in them. What she had done was eat out her wound—a thing which happens occasionally but which is usually due, I should think, to the extreme itching due perhaps to improper suturing or possibly to the fact that the dog's blood is such that healing is difficult.

In some dogs, unlike Gretchen, it leads to the severest form of masochism, resulting in suicide. I think I have had three dogs which I have lost in this way, in each case five or six days after the operation and in each case they not only ate out their

wounds but also tore their viscera as if it were a choice morsel of meat. These losses I regard as more or less my own fault. I have collars which will prevent them from biting their wounds but they look so uncomfortable that I hesitate to use them unless the dog shows some indication in that direction. These hadn't been at themselves at all. And anyhow, to lose three in that way out of several thousand isn't enough of a percentage to worry about. I guess it happens to all of us.

Gretchen hadn't shown the least interest in her wound, not even licking it when the bandage was removed like most dogs so I was doubly surprised at her condition. I gave her a hypo, held her down on her side and yelled for Lester, who came on the run and took care of her while I raced around in circles trying to find the simplest darned thing possible—a normal salt solution. I had everything but the makings of that so I had to raid Lester's pantry. I mixed up the solution as fast as I could and set to work bathing Gretchen's viscera. It was some job. Worse than trying to bathe a kid who has stripped himself stark naked and rolled up in fly paper. However, I kept at it, finally washing away every last vestige of newspaper, then I etherized her, shook her intestines back in place and sewed her up.

This time I put a collar on her—it's one of those collars that fan out across the shoulders as much out of proportion as the picture hats on the ladies. Of course, the collar has some justification for existence. I also shoved in foetal extracts to prevent adhesions. Without that treatment, she would probably have had so many adhesions her life would have been one continuous misery—if she lived at all. She was game, fighting for her life for three days. The fourth day she was better and the fifth day out of danger.

Naturally I told her owner what an awful time I had had and how under the circumstances not one in a hundred should

recover. "Too bad you took the stitches out in the first place," was his only comment. I had to laugh. I had taken the blame for it, charged him nothing for the operation outside of the regular charge for the spaying. Had I taken the dog home instead of stopping to eat my lunch, she would have gone to work on herself just the same and probably finished herself before aid could reach her. People are funny, sometimes they are overwhelmingly grateful for nothing at all and other times, such as this when I actually had done one swell job in saving his dog's life, they have nothing but criticism. Sometimes I don't see how our dogs stand us.

When I hear of a colleague refusing a case because it is hopeless I always prick up my ears and do my darnedest to cure the animal. That's human nature, I suppose, the good old spirit of competition. Practically always the colleague is right and I have to agree with him before I even get so far as doing my darnedest but there is one case of which I am quite proud. An airedale had a cancer of the rectum. All the hospitals in this vicinity advised against operation, saying the dog was eleven, probably couldn't stand such an extensive operation and, anyhow, it couldn't be successful.

I asked the owner if he thought it would be successful if the dog lived two years—thirteen is a good age for any dog. He said he'd consider that darned successful. So I went to work, removed the cancer, which was about the size of a walnut and arranged the tissue as best I could so the anus would still be usable. It wasn't an easy operation—there are so many blood-vessels around there and I should have had some apparatus with which to shoot some blood into him. But I didn't have, so I had to be on the alert, catching the blood vessels as quickly as they spurted so I could preserve all the blood I could. He

came through the operation magnificently and lived his two years. In fact more, I think. I expected the cancer to return but he was so old, it developed so slowly it didn't interfere with his enjoyment of life at all.

Probably none of my colleagues thought that it was worth while to give the dog another two years of life—but two years is a big slice out of a dog's life, the equivalent of ten or fifteen out of our own. This cancer case reminds me of one of my old clients who had a cancer of the jaw. He was eighty odd at the time and when asked what he was going to do about it, he shrugged. "That'll never kill me," he said. "I'm so danged old it won't be able to grow fast enough to kill me. I'll die of something else first." And he did.

Now and then cows enjoy slight altercations. I remember a couple of usually very ladylike Guernseys who picked one of the hottest days last summer to have a slight disagreement. They engaged in a push-of-war, putting their faces together and shoving. That would have been harmless but they were both equipped with horns which curved like small sickles over their foreheads. These sickles became locked. Then began a wrestling match such as few have ever witnessed. Attracted by the sudden interest of the whole herd in their struggling members, some employees on the place rushed into the pasture. There they found the whole herd circled about the contestants like small boys witnessing a fight.

The fighting Guernseys jerked and pulled and bawled and snorted. Their feet tore up the turf and sent it flying like hay from a tedder. They twisted and turned, the sickle like horns grinding into each other's eyes. With a super-bovine effort they tossed their heads and each lost her balance somehow seeming to tumble end over end like vaudeville actors. The

employees finally calmed them, marveling that their necks were not broken. I was called.

When I arrived, the cows were lowing uneasily, their ears twitching back and forth. The men trying to hold them were wet with sweat and so was I before many minutes in that broiling sun. About the only creatures that seemed cool were the cows themselves—and they don't sweat. Remember those chain-link puzzles they used to have in the old days? I was good at those and to free these cows from each other was similar to doing one of those chain-link puzzles.

First I canted their heads sharply. This sent one of the horns plunging into the other cow's eye and also worried the owner considerably. However, while it looked bad, it did no harm—cow's eyes slip down behind their cheek bones in cases like that. Then I stuck my fingers into one of their noses, instructed one of the employees to do likewise and hold on. I lifted, twisted, and they were free. After that it was merely a matter of applying ice to the swollen eyes and cutting off the points of the horns so they wouldn't catch again. It's lucky it happened during the day and within sight of the employees or they might have had two dead cows.

One of the most spectacular things I ever did was just a piece of luck. It was a case of calcaemia. The cow was down and out. When I got there she was just breathing her last. Before I could get an injection ready her breathing had stopped. "God, Doc, she's croaked!" And the owner started a harangue. "Paid \$150 for her. Nicest damned cow I ever bought and now she ain't worth a damn. I've had the damnedest luck lately . . ."

I was pumping at the cow's paunch. "Here get to work on her—she's still got a chance."

"Hell, Doc. You're a good vet and all that but you can't bring back a dead cow."

"Ever see a drowned man brought to life?" I was still pumping.

"Never see it, but 'course it can be done if he ain't been under water too long."

"Well, so can this."

He then took up the task of artificial respiration, keeping up a rapid fire of conversation while he was working. "God, Doc, this is the toughest job I've done in a long time. Ugh! Phew! How the hell long do I keep it up? Phew!"

I had jabbed the needle into her jugular by that time. Her blood didn't seem bad at all. "Stick to it," I said, coupling the injector and giving the solution a wiggle to see if there was circulation enough to draw it out. It was going so slowly, I kept shoving at the blood in the jugular with my thumb and forefinger in an attempt to stir up the circulation.

"Jeeze, Doc, I can't keep this up forever. Ugh! Phew!" Sweat was running down his face and dripping off the tip of his nose. "Jeeze, Doc. Have a heart."

"Well, it's your 150 dollars—not mine."

"Yeah, but is it doing any good?"

"Don't know—yet."

"Say Doc,—Ugh! I hear tell how you're quite a wag. You ain't taking me for a ride, are you? Ugh!" He was pumping at her like a fellow running one of those man-powered trucks they used to have for railroad crews.

"Never more serious in my life. Keep at her." The solution was down a full third in the bottle.

"By God—Ugh! If this is a gag I'll shove your teeth down your throat."

"Shut up and get to work. Hell, I could do better than that with one hand."

"Yeah? Well come ahead and do it."

"I told you it wasn't my \$150." I was doing the best I could attempting to drive the solution in. Over 250 cc had been taken up already.

"\$150, or no \$150, I quit." He collapsed beside the cow. In an instant he straightened up again. "For crying in a bucket, Doc, didn't she just take a breath?"

"Watch." Her paunch lifted of itself, her breath something like a sigh. I began to breathe with relief for I hadn't been at all sure she would come around—it was just one chance in ten.

"Well you could knock me over with a toothpick. Gad-damned if you ain't brought a dead cow to life. Never thought I'd live to see a thing like that." Then he disappeared towards the house. "Maw, hey, Maw!"

By the time "Maw" came out the cow was breathing regularly. She lived. But let me hasten to add that there have been a good many of them in seemingly fairly good shape with calcaemia and I've had to go back and give them a second injection and then have them die on my hands. It's luck and nothing else but.

I remember another case similar to that, only it was a dog with strychnine poisoning. The dog didn't have quite enough to kill it but when I got there it was out stiff. "Too late," the lady said weeping, "he's gone." I looked at him and then fished some nembutal out of my bag and gave him a subcutaneous injection. That fixed him up. "Well I never," she breathed. "I never—" And she cried all the more.

I have had a lot of odd patients too: monkeys, canaries, parrots, mice, rats, rabbits, mink, pigeons, ducks, geese, hens and I don't know what else. Enough variety anyhow, both in cases and patients, to keep me happy most of the time.

5. Midsummer Madness

JOHN! John!" I wonder vaguely whether I am dreaming or if that actually is Mary's voice calling to me through the fog of sleep. "John! John! JOHN!" No, it's no dream—she's shaking my shoulder and switching the light on and off. "Telephone!" Then I hear that Marlborough phone shrilling through the house with a devilishly triumphant note, like a rooster crowing at dawn.

The Framingham phone isn't like that—it has a lower note, more gentle and persuasive, but nevertheless every bit as persistent. I mutter an imprecation or two and drag myself out of bed and down the stairs. No, I've never had the phones put beside the bed because there is too much chance of my going back to sleep after answering them. It's one of those hot, muggy and breathless nights when everything feels sticky: the stair treads under my bare feet, the bannister, and even the phone itself. "Hello!" I murmur.

"That you, Doc? This is Joe Nelson over in Cordaville." That clipped worried voice tells me it's colic without hearing any more. I groan inwardly. "Sadie's kickin' hell out of her stall. Can you come right over?"

"Sure thing, Joe," I say, trying to sound cheerful.

Damn the colic cases anyway. I had two yesterday in addition to sixteen ordinary calls. And one of those colic cases kept me up until one-thirty. No wonder I'm having a hard time waking myself up—I haven't had two hours sleep yet. It

sure looks like the start of another one of my "days." Still, it's getting pretty late in the summer for so much emergency work. The calls should be slowing down to something easy, like a twelve hour day with even an eight hour day once a week or so. But my hunch is so strong that this is a start of

fall, the government will take over his property. If he should lose Sadie, he'd be in a bad way for that would break up his team. He'd have to get another horse which would cost him at least one hundred twenty-five dollars. And one hundred twenty-five dollars would pay a lot of interest!

Adolphus covers the six miles to Joe's in about eight minutes. I take my flashlight and play the beam over Sadie. She's standing there, trembling and quivering, giant tears rolling down her cheeks and pungent sweat oozing out of her, giving her H.O. (Horse Odor!) with a vengeance. That smell always reminds me of my first case—Old Caleb Rowe's Dan.

Armed with my syringe, I go into the stall next to her and reach over the side in an attempt to administer a sedative. I can't quite make it, though. I start talking to her soothingly in an attempt to quiet her sufficiently so I can get in the stall with her, but no sooner do I get started than a spasmodic pain racks her body and she kicks viciously against the side of her stall, one blow booming clean through the two inch planking. I jump back into position in the next stall and wait until her thrashing about brings her nearer to me. Then I catch hold of a little of the skin on her neck between the thumb and forefinger of my left hand. At the same time, I bring my right arm up over the side of the stall and thrust the needle under that little patch of skin. A quick squeeze of the plunger and Sadie has had her first sedative.

When she is a little quieter, I back her out of the stall and take her into the barnyard where she can kick around all she wants to without hurting herself. In another respect, as the hours go by, her case reminds me of Dan's. That is in the length. Dan's case must have been five or six hours all told, while Sadie's lasted a full four hours after I got there. Usually, with spasmodic colic, they get over it in an hour or two at the

most—or else they die during the third hour. Other types of colic, of course, might last eight or ten hours. Sadie finally snaps out of it at about the time I'm beginning to entertain fond thoughts of bacon and eggs.

I'm just putting my syringe back in the car when Mrs. Nelson calls me to the telephone.

"Adamson, in Millis, has a cow down," Mary tells me. "Wants you right away."

My thoughts of bacon and eggs go into a tailspin and my stomach sets up a gnawing as if in protest. "All right. I was just leaving now anyway."

"Bill Desmond called. Wants the report on those milk samples."

He would. I should have run them through last night but that colic case intervened. I laugh a little. "Yes, and there's the Frohliche Hunde specimens to do and old Lady Appleby's dog to spay. Well, I'll beat it over to Millis and get home in time to see Dorothy off if I can. Say 'Hello' to her for me."

When I hang up, Mrs. Nelson wants me to stay to breakfast. My mouth is watering so much, I have to swallow, but I decline. It's probably milk fever in Millis and the sooner I get a shot into her, the better. I half run out of the house and am climbing into Adolphus when Joe hollers at me.

"Hey Doc, wait a minute. How much do I owe you?"

I'd forgotten about that. It's so seldom I get paid lately it's hardly surprising I do forget now and then. "Three dollars," I say, having Joe's financial condition in mind.

He stood there a moment, hands on hips, and surveyed me. "I get you out of bed at half past three in the morning and you come way the hell and gone over here and wrestle with a horse for four hours for a lousy three bucks? Nothing doing!"

"Well," I hedge, "the drugs won't cost much . . ." A little over a dollar in fact but there is no need of telling him.

Even if Joe has his back to the wall, he's retained his sense of justice and his hate of anything that smacks of charity. So he hands me four dollars.

"That isn't half enough," he cuts off my protest. "Now stick it in your pocket and shut up. And thanks a lot!"

He'd have been the same way if Sadie had died. He's a nice type and so long as we have plenty like him in this country, we can lick all the depressions, recessions and other national catastrophes and still come back for more.

Adolphus gets me to Millis in less than a half hour. Adamson's is a new place to me. Fine looking, too. A commodious Colonial house, freshly painted a gleaming white, looks out over a broad expanse of neatly trimmed, elm-shaded lawn. The barn at the back is comparatively new: a long, hip-roofed affair with tie-ups for about fifty cattle plus a half dozen box stalls. I notice two new cars in the garage and a late model truck beside the barn. Well, maybe I'm going to stumble onto a good paying client!

However, that notion is nipped in the bud when Adamson appears. He's a tall lean individual with a hungry look. "You were quite a time getting here, Dinsmore," he complained. "I was about to call someone else."

That remark is enough for me to dismiss the idea of working for him at all. A client so prompt to criticize can do a lot more harm than good. I offer him no apology. After all, I couldn't have gotten there any quicker unless I used an airplane. My only reply is a request to be led to the sick animal immediately. He struts into the barn with me at his heels. From his attitude, one would gather that I am of less importance than a very naughty puppy dog.

The cow is in one of the box stalls. Her belly is the size of a hog's head and her udder blown up so much her teats look like those sausage balloons children have. Evidently, Adamson has been pumping her up with a bicycle pump (the old treatment for so-called milk fever) and undoubtedly he has infected her bag in the process. Her day-old calf bleats plaintively from the next pen. I turn on my heel and start back to the car.

"Aren't you going to make a more thorough examination?" asks Adamson, in a tone which says "you make it—or else."

I decide on the "or else." "Your cow has calcaemia," is all I say.

"I don't quite understand how you can tell so quickly," he says elaborately.

I don't hear. I'm too sore to talk to him anyhow. It's hotter than hell, I haven't had hardly any sleep for a week and I've had no breakfast. On top of it all to get a headache like him to work for is enough to make anybody lose his temper. In five minutes, the cow has received the usual jugular vein therapy and is reacting nicely. She'll sleep for a few hours and get up as good as new—provided Adamson hasn't infected her bag.

"How much do I owe you, Dinsmore?" Adamson inquires while I'm packing my equipment back in the car.

"Six dollars."

"Wha-at?"

"Six dollars," I repeat firmly.

"But you haven't been here five minutes . . ."

And I wouldn't have stayed there that long, if I could have avoided it. Adamson is the antithesis of Joe Nelson. Judging from his home, his cars, his fine herd of cattle, his broad fertile fields, he is a man who should have plenty of money in the

bank. Yet he's arguing over six dollars! Undoubtedly, he calls this method driving a shrewd bargain. I call it by another name, *chiseling*.

Considering the distance I live from Millis, a reasonable basic charge is five dollars. I don't always charge that, but I never charge under four as it wouldn't be fair to members of the profession living nearer Millis than I do. Nor would it pay me. In this particular case, I've used nearly a dollar's worth of medicine, so I figure five dollars for the call and a dollar for the medicine is a better break than a man of his type deserves.

Before we can resume our argument, however, a girl in a gaily colored hostess gown calls querulously from the house. "Is that the horse doctor?"

I nod, inwardly amused. I haven't been called a horse doctor for more than a year, I guess.

"You're wanted on the telephone," she says disdainfully and flaunts into the house.

It's Mary again. "Mather in Framingham wants you right away—dog having a fit. And Stanley's terrier can't hold anything on his stomach."

Well, that isn't so bad. Both calls in Framingham. It's a few minutes past eight now and if nothing else breaks, I'll be able to get something to eat by ten and my lab work done before noon.

Back to Adolphus. There are two \$2 bills on the seat. No sign of Adamson. I suppose he thinks that was a stroke of genius. He's put something over. But it's his type, the chisellers, who contribute more than any single group to our economic ills for they won't pay what a thing is worth. Given a large number of consumers like that, and the producer is out of luck. That throws the whole economic system out of gear.

Then everybody suffers, including the Joe Nelsons and eventually the chisellers themselves.

I could go further and say that the same thing applies to the whole world economy: the totalitarian nations with their barter system are the chisellers, hacking away at the capitalistic nations and now making war on them. If they win, they'll find they've killed the goose that laid the golden egg. But after all, I'm just a horse doctor and I suppose most readers are more interested in what I do than in what I think, so from now on (since I'm near the end of the book anyhow!) I'll confine my remarks to veterinary medicine and leave political, social and economic problems to those who are better qualified to discuss them.

As I drive back towards Framingham, I notice that other people are just beginning their day's work. I envy them. They've had a long night's sleep *and* they've had breakfast. Truckloads of W. P. A. workers roll leisurely to their various projects. Gasoline station attendants are hosing out their stations for the day. In Framingham, "tired" business men are having their wives drive them to the train. My stomach rolls around for want of something to work on. I feel a little dizzy and at the moment, I'd swap jobs with any of these people—even the W. P. A. workers—for the privilege of sitting down to a good breakfast. I'm tempted to stop for a cup of coffee but I know how worried Mrs. Mather must be about her "Toodles."

Worried isn't the word for it. When I get there, I'm met at the gate by a panic stricken Mrs. Mather. "Oh, Doctor, Doctor, I thought you'd never, never get here." She hurries me into the kitchen where her Toodles, a very sick Toodles, is having her fit. If Mrs. Mather had put the dog somewhere where she would be quiet and left her strictly alone the dog would have been much better off. So would Mrs. Mather. But it's natural

for a woman to fuss over anything or anybody who is sick so it isn't very often that I trouble to tell them to leave a dog in a fit alone.

"Can't you do something, Doctor? Do something!" she cries over the hysterical barks of her kicking and twisting pet.

I reach in my bag and come up with a syringe and a small bottle. "May I have a little warm water, please?" I ask calmly.

She gets me about a quart. Her hands are shaking so much she spills some of it but I manage to get the little bit I need. In another moment, Toodles has received a subcutaneous injection. Mrs. Mather relaxes and sits down breathing heavily. The shot in Toodles' neck has done her as much good as the dog. In a few minutes, Toodles obliges with a vomiting spell and with the objectionable food removed plus the soothing effect of the injection, it isn't long before she is out of her fit.

Mrs. Mather is grateful. She'll tell everybody, including the members of her bridge and garden clubs, what a wonderful veterinarian I am. I assure her, however, that bringing Toodles out of the fit was the easiest part of the treatment. From now on, she must pay particular attention to her pet's diet to prevent a recurrence of the condition. This won't be so easy as it sounds, for Toodles has a habit of slipping away from her mistress and partaking of the odoriferous contents of various garbage pails in the neighborhood.

I get pretty dizzy on my way to Stanley's so I stop in at Travis Drug Store in Framingham Center for a cup of coffee.

"Say, Doc, what's good for mange?" asks the inhabitant of the next stool.

I don't recognize the speaker, but I look longingly at his bacon and eggs. "Sure you have a case of the mange?"

"Well, she's all broke out."

They can be all broken out and still not have the mange. "If it's a bad case, we have inoculations," I tell him.

"Oh, it's not *that* bad!"

I wonder just what he means by that. Probably he feels he can't afford a veterinarian. Or else, he's one of those faddists who think inoculations are the bunk. "Then you might try a soothing lotion. That, coupled with a strict diet, might clean it up."

"What kind of a lotion?"

He's probably tried everything on the market already but I name off two or three he can use and let it go at that. He doesn't even thank me.

The clerk shoves the coffee under my nose and looks at me with a puzzled expression. Undoubtedly he's wondering why anyone should drink hot coffee on such a stifling, muggy day. I let him keep on wondering, gulp down the coffee and beat it. Hot coffee refreshes me.

At Stanley's they tell me to call the house. In spite of the coffee, my stomach sinks.

"Hamilton in Wayland has a calving case," Mary tells me. "He says she's been at it since five o'clock."

"All right, I'll go over." I can't say what I want to say or the Stanley's would be shocked.

"And that isn't all. Lambert in Concord thinks his horse has sleeping sickness." I see where I don't get a chance to bid Dorothy good-bye. "The Frohliche Hunde Kennel man called. He's sore because you haven't done those specimens."

"Sore" is probably putting it mildly. He undoubtedly bit her head off. "Well, I'll do the best I can."

"Dorothy is down getting her car serviced. She said to bid you good-bye for her in case you don't get home in time."

"Ditto from me to her."

About the only way for me to have any family life at all would be to hitch a trailer to Adolphus and take them along with me while I make my calls.

Stanley's terrier knows me pretty well. As soon as he sees me, he sits up and begs for a pill. Since he has halitosis badly (symptomatic of his stomach disorder) I do not disappoint him. He gulps it down, wags that little abbreviated tail appreciatively and retires to his bed. That's my idea of a model patient.

I push old Adolphus pretty hard on the way to Hamilton's. That cow might have been trying to calve for a long time before five o'clock and if so, the quicker I get there the better—especially since the day is so enervating. Then too, Lambert over in Concord is no fool. He never calls me unless something really is wrong. However, I know it isn't sleeping sickness for I have already vaccinated his horse against that.

One look at Hamilton's cow is enough. Off go my necktie and shirt; on go the spotless white coveralls and rubbers. I look something like a surgeon about to do an appendectomy.

The cow isn't of much help as she is pretty well exhausted, so Hamilton and I do all the work. You have to be careful about moving the calf or you'll tear the womb. That means that you have to know the anatomy cold for one mistake may ruin a valuable cow, particularly where you have to use great strength to effect the delivery. Which reminds me of one herdsman who tried to deliver a cow with a cracked pelvis and taught himself a lesson he never forgot. His awkward attempts spread the crack into a nasty break and ruined the cow. After that, he always called me in case of any difficulty.

I finally get the chains on and Hamilton and I pull and haul and puff and maneuver. Sweat runs into my eyes. For a little while, I feel pretty weak and then along comes my second wind.

All sense of time is lost. Occasionally, I relieve myself of a good old-fashioned curse and wonder why I was such a dope as to become a veterinarian instead of a physician. All they have to do in like circumstances is monkey around with a few little gadgets. They don't even have to get the gadgets—the nurse hands them to them. Still, I'm thankful for the chains—they've done away with the rope burns I used to suffer.

At last the calf's head comes clear. The rest is easy. I reel back against the wall to fight off a spell of dizziness and the nausea of an empty stomach.

"For cryin' out loud!" from Hamilton. "Look Doc, that damned calf is still alive."

Sure enough, it's alive, its heart thumping its sides like a triphammer. The cow will come along okay in a day or so. This isn't a record delivery of any kind. I've worked on them several hours longer and still had them both live and I've lost the calf in much shorter deliveries. The only cows I ever lost had complications, usually a hardware store (the popular term for nails or wire in the thoracic cavity). This isn't because I'm a wonderful veterinarian but rather because cows, unlike women, can take it.

I drag off my coveralls. They are no longer spotlessly white. They look as if they've done a Sir Walter Raleigh act across a dung heap. I wash in highly disinfected water, get dressed and start Adolphus again.

For lunch, I have many extra-deep breaths of very warm, humid air which doesn't revive me very much. In Concord, I find that Lambert's horse has a case of the flu. I give him a shot in the neck and then proceed to Sudbury where I vaccinate six horses against the sleepy death. This should have been finished sooner but neither the farmers nor I seemed to get around to it.

At Sudbury Center I stop at Al Young's and call up the house. "Anything else?"

"Nothing new," comes the cheerful reply.

Those are the best words I've heard all day. On my way home, I notice W. P. A. workers putting up their tools, their day's work done. They've not only had breakfast but they've had lunch. People don't know how lucky they are.

At home, I'm just starting on the steak—yes, I eat steak in hot weather—when the Framingham phone rings. I sigh and get up. No matter who it is or what, I resolve I'm going to eat that steak before I do another thing.

It's Mrs. Appleby. "I simply *must* know about my Patsy!"

You can't blame her for being angry. I've had the dog a week and it doesn't seem reasonable to most people that there would be no chance to operate in all that time. "Patsy's fine," I explain, "but I've had such a run of emergency cases, I haven't had a chance to operate."

"How long will this 'emergency' work last?" she demands.

I wish I knew the answer to that one, but I don't, so I pour on a little oil. "I tell you what I'll do, Mrs. Appleby, I'll make Patsy's case an emergency case."

She hangs up mollified but I'll sure be in hell if I can't get Patsy spayed right away.

With the steak in my stomach, I'm beginning to feel that all is right with the world and a veterinarian's job isn't so bad after all. But the telephone soon puts an end to that frame of mind. It's Marlborough this time. The Frohliche Hunde Kennels—and they don't sound "frohliche."

"How about those specimens?"

"Sorry, I haven't had an opportunity as yet—emergency work."

There's one of those long pauses calculated to tell you you're

a liar more effectively than if he said so in so many words. Finally comes the cold command: "I shall expect a report by seven this evening." The click at the other end of the wire cuts off my rejoinder. I'm tempted to call him back and tell him to get somebody else to do his dirty work and then the humor of the situation dawns on me and I forget about it.

I run Bill Desmond's milk samples through. The results are gratifying—not a single "strep." He'll be tickled pink. I'm just going to start up the centrifuge for the Frohliche Hunde specimens when the Marlborough phone rings stridently. It's Mrs. Mayberry. Her Matty has been awful naughty and got out and got into a fight and now he's all bloody and one ear is split and oh, he looks so, so awful Doctor and can you come right over. I can.

I'm just climbing into Adolphus when a car jerks to a stop behind me. The driver is embarrassed. "I just run over this kid's dog," he confesses, jerking his head towards the back seat where a pale faced girl of ten is sobbing quietly. Her skirt is a red blotter of blood from the pet mongrel she clutches to her bosom. The case is hopeless. The poor kid lays her cheek against the pup's shoulder as he gasps out his last.

At Mayberry's, Matty, the Scotty, rushes out into the yard to greet me. He's a comic sight. Blood from a gash over one eye circles around the eyeball making him look as if he's wearing a red rimmed monocle. One ear is mangled and drooping, the other still pertly erect.

Mrs. Mayberry appears at the door and calls me to the telephone.

"Henley in Westborough, wants you right away—sick calf. And Giunto in Wayland says his cow is no better." Mary sounds tired.

"No better? It ought to be dead by this time!" Giunto called

me yesterday after he'd given his cow two pounds of salts and she didn't seem to be doing right—another case of giving salts when the paunch wasn't working.

I tell Mrs. Mayberry I'll have to take Matty along with me and patch up that ear. Matty is delighted at the idea of a ride in Adolphus. He barks ecstatically and prances up and down on the running board impatiently until I let him in. Then he sits erect on the seat beside me like a proud old man. The mangled ear and bloody eye add to the comic effect so that even his worried mistress has to laugh. Whereupon, he holds his head even higher and gazes up at me with mock solemnity. Matty, like many dogs, has a real sense of humor and when he gets a laugh, he persists in that same technique until it is no longer rewarded. Radio stars use the same method.

Henley's calf has been indulging in too much grain, having slipped his collar and raided the grain room. I give him a dose and then push Adolphus home as fast as it will go. I have to get to Giunto's right away to satisfy him, although I'm sure I can't do anything for his cow. Wayland *would* be in the opposite direction from Westborough. Before I go, however, I patch up Matty's ear. It may look like something again and it may not—most likely not. In which case, Matty will get even more laughs.

I'm just starting for Giunto's when the phone summons me. It's the Frohliche Hunde Kennel man, suffering I should say, from hyperacidity.

"I'm waiting for the reports on those specimens."

"You'll have to continue to wait."

"In other words you don't intend to do it."

"I've explained about emergency work."

"Yes, but what have you been doing since I called?"

"I'm sorry," I say, "but I'm off on another emergency call."

If you can't wait, you'd better get someone else to do it."

"That's just what I'll do."

He may and he may not. These people usually cool off sooner or later and if they don't you aren't out anything.

Giunto's cow has already passed out when I get there. "Me a poor man, Docca. Me no can lose cow. Can't you do a somp'in?"

But I can't do a thing for a dead cow except suggest that he bury it. Instead, I try to teach him how to tell whether a paunch is working or not so he won't make the same mistake again.

As I drive in the yard again, Mary switches on the porch light. It's after nine now. She tells me I have to go back to Marlborough—a goat with a broken leg.

It's a mean fracture too—compound—damned susceptible to infection. My hands and arms are pretty tired after that calving case and all the other work, but I get the splints out and start reducing the fracture. Nanny is a good patient. She only bleats once or twice and she shows more interest in getting hold of my shirt sleeve than in the broken leg. By the time I finish, my stomach is grumbling for food again.

The porch light doesn't go on as I drive in this time. It looks like the end of another "day." It's about ten-thirty. I've been on the jump for nineteen hours but I've only made fourteen calls, counting the vaccinating, and Adolphus and I have covered about 125 miles.

I swallow a light supper—too tired to eat very much—and go to bed. I'm just sinking into slumber when the Framingham phone starts its persistent ringing. I ought to have known better than to go to bed before eleven. I drag myself down the stairs gulping in deep breaths of the humid night air in an

effort to drive that drugged feeling from my body. Finally, I reach the phone. "Hello," I murmur.

"That you, Doc? This is Ron McEvoy over in Sherborn." That clipped, worried voice tells me what's coming without hearing any more. I groan inwardly. "That bay gelding of mine is kickin' hell out of his stall. Colic, I guess. Can you come right over?"

I can.

6. *Looking Forward*

WHEN people ask me if I'd become a horse doctor if I had my life to live over again, my usual reply is the customary "Never again," which we all give when asked such a question. However, like most people's "never again" that is not the truth. When we think over our life's work it is natural to feel that someone else, say the physician, or the lawyer, or the clergyman, has a much more pleasant time of it. We think of the instances of ungratefulness, of the insults, of the lack of consideration with which we have had to deal and feel that surely other people do not have to contend with so much.

To a certain degree that is true in my case for the story of my life is after all the story of a profession struggling for recognition. Respect is never granted an individual or a group unless something has been done to earn it, and that something broadcast where it will do the most good. A hermit may be a healer of real merit but if no one knows he is a healer, he will still be just a hermit. In other words, that "better mousetrap" fiction is indeed, nothing but a fiction.

We vets have done our little "something," have contributed services of almost immeasurable value, as you have seen, both as far as the economic well-being of the nation is concerned and as far as the health of the individual is concerned. Our work has spoken for itself much of the time but until comparatively recent years it has not spoken for itself to enough people.

Lately, however, with the nation-wide interest in pets, a whole new cross-section of the public has been added to our clientele. It is there, I feel, that our profession, through its services, has won its present recognition. Strange to say, too, small animal practice, outside of the eradication of the animal-to-man diseases, is the least important phase of our activities. But even if we hadn't won this recognition, even if the attitude of the general public towards the profession were the same as it was when I started, I'd still pick a veterinary career.

I wouldn't take up small animal practice either for that isn't where the real, personal satisfaction in being a veterinarian lies. Also, it lacks stability. Right now small animal hospitals are sprouting all over the country and doing mighty well, but they are dependent on milady's whims. Let her decide that she is sick of pets and the small animal specialist is out of luck. You know as well as I that one can never tell what milady will do. It wouldn't surprise me at all if she got so sick of dogs eventually, she'll go back to having babies.

There is another reason I wouldn't take up small animal work. The hospital has to be equipped with all sorts of gadgets so it seems to be a cross between a drugstore and a beauty parlor with an electrical accessory store and a hospital operating room thrown in. These gadgets, like those required today in many a physician's office, are expensive and a nuisance. True, it's fun to use them and they are invaluable to the specialist but to the man in general practice, they are just a front, a façade, which the public demands. Any general practitioner, whether vet or physician, can make a pretty darned accurate diagnosis of the more common diseases with no other gadget than his five senses. Perhaps the worst feature of these gadgets is that the man who uses them loses his ability to diagnose without them.

No, I wouldn't become a small animal practitioner. I'd go into large animal work. Yes, I'd become a horse doctor. It would still have its disadvantages—every profession does—people would still be critical and insulting at times, but there would not be near so much of it. I know because today it is very rare that anyone makes any crack about the veterinary profession to my face. Even ten years ago that was quite common, and that sprang from a misunderstanding of the vet and his work. I wouldn't worry about not having any horses and cows to doctor. Horses have died out all they are going to—and horse doctors have died out a lot faster than horses. As for cows, their future is assured. With the advent of artificial insemination, we'll have finer herds than ever, choicer beef and better milk.

Yes, there is a good living to be made as a horse doctor. Any young man who can get into one of the better veterinary schools and who is willing and has the ability to do the work will find a brilliant future ahead of him. The present chaos will take care of itself. We are a young and vigorous people and my guess is that we'll solve all our problems and emerge a greater and more prosperous nation than ever. In any event, the young horse doctor will be as secure financially as anyone.

More than financial reward, will be his satisfaction in his work, satisfaction that springs from the knowledge that what he is doing, the service he is rendering, is vital not only to the patient but to every man, woman and child in the country. As time goes on the vets and physicians will work in even closer cooperation. Veterinary medicine may become a sort of additional proving ground for human medicine for there are many factors met in our field which are similar to those physicians have to meet and which the laboratories—the present proving ground—find difficult to copy.

And so the young vet may find himself in a position to pioneer in the use of newly discovered drugs—a thing which in itself would give him added zest for his work. Scientific research, we hope, will not have the political interference such as I experienced and he may be allowed to carry on a few experiments which every man with a medical degree yearns to do. Granted only one more thing—that this young man loves animals—and he'll wish, as the years pile up, that he had many lives to live instead of just one.

As for me, well, you know my story. The clients of my first years of practice have nearly all died but their loyalty to me through my whole career has more than counteracted the bitterness which conditions and other people might have engendered. The most encouraging factor in my practice and one that augurs well for the future is that the majority of the clients I have today are just as loyal as those of the old days. They are more than clients. They are friends.

I hope I shall never have to retire. When my time comes, let it be while I'm on a case, perhaps on a calving case, or perhaps while trying to give a colicky horse a shot in the neck. I suppose it is every man's prayer to die in harness—it surely is mine. As for a vacation, I have never had any in all my forty years of practice. Nor do I want any. My work is my life and so far it has been a forty year holiday.

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